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THIRTY YEARS AGO;

OR THE

MEMOIRS

OF A

WATER DRINKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE; BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE; AND HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN IN THE UNITED STATES.

"I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them."

"Of two hundred and thirteen convicts received at the State Prison of Sing Sing, during the year 1835, ninety-six were of the State of New-York; and of these one-third were foreigners. Two-thirds of the tax paid by the community, is for pauperism and crime produced by intemperance."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY BANCROFT & HOLLEY,

BROADWAY, ASTOR'S HOTEL, No. 8.

1836.

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by WILLIAM DUNLAP, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

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THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

Manœuvring and plain dealing.

" Be just, and fear not."

" Corruption wins not more than honesty."

" We call a nettle but a nettle: and
The faults of folly but folly."

" A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil."

" And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of."

" He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder."—*Shakspeare.*

THE wretched Williams, a slave to sensuality, and involved in a labyrinth by his own practices, lived in perpetual fear of losing the reward of his meanness; of being exposed to infamy by the disclosure of that transaction which had given him the means of indulgence. He feared to thwart the perverted inclinations, or the frenzied whims, of his partner. She had been long convinced that his professions of love had been false, and that she had cause for jealousy. She knew, however, that her hold upon him, that grasp which gave her power, was *the secret:* and she had cunning enough, even in her moments of passion or of voluntary madness, to preserve unbroken the bonds by which she controlled him. She suspended over his coward head the lash he feared. Often she appeared to triumph in the power she possessed, and, in part, revealed the cause.

After the last exhibition at Doctor Cadwallader's, there appeared but little hope to escape from exposure. Still the man

of art flattered himself that his address, and the doctor's interest, might suspend, if not ward off, the blow that threatened. He soon had his suspense removed.

It is not well to repeat epithets, or, in speaking of our hero, I might say the wretched Spiffard, for he retired from Doctor Cadwallader's in a plight almost as lamentable, (though from very dissimilar causes) as the man who proved to be the husband of his aunt; but we will simply say that Zebediah Spiffard, on going home, found Emma Portland alone; employed, as usual, with her book and her needle. His wife and her mother were still at the theatre. Mrs. Spiffard had, on this evening, represented the heroine of the "Taming of the Shrew," a character in which her tall and noble figure, powerfully expressive features, flexible, sonorous and overwhelming organs of speech, and great discrimination in giving the language of the poet, made her a favourite of the public. Cooper was equally excellent in Petruchio, and the curtailed play being performed as an afterpiece, he had made his appearance at Cadwalladar's before attending to his duties as an actor.

Spiffard left Emma and proceeded to the play-house to meet the ladies of whom he had become the protector. We have seen what the feelings of the actor were in respect to accepting invitations to parties in which ladies participated, and to which his wife was not asked. It may be imagined that the actress, such as we have endeavoured to describe Mrs. Spiffard, would feel as little pleased as her husband at the distinction. He had talked the matter over with her previous to going to the doctor's, and she, although by no means objecting to his determination, had expressed no little bitterness on the subject generally. In truth she felt mortified and degraded:—whether she played the shrew better or worse that evening we do not pretend to say. When Cooper appeared in the green-room, she asked if he had seen her husband. He answered, carelessly, "O, yes! he is the fiddle of the company. I hope, like the man in Joe Miller, he does not hang his fiddle up behind the street-door when he comes home. He is as gay as a lark, *faisant l'agreable*, and quite the ladies' man."

The call-boy cut off further remark by interrupting the colloquy; as frequently happens, (and sometimes very apropos) to green-room conversation.

Spiffard found the ladies ready to depart, and, with his thoughts still occupied by the events which had shocked and overpowered him, he placed himself in melancholy silence be-

tween his towering spouse and her lofty mother, the three forming the figure of an inverted cone.

"You have passed an agreeable evening, I hope?"

"All the great folks of the city were there, I suppose," added the mother, before he could reply to his wife's question. After a moment's silence Mrs. Spiffard added, inquiringly, "a great many *ladies*?"

"Yes."

"All very gay?"

"Yes."

"Very agreeable and amiable?"

"Yes."

"Ah," thought the wife, "the fiddle's hung up before we reach the street-door."

The lady had been excited by the plaudits of the theatre. She had been further excited by what her mother had urged her to take after the fatigue of the stage; notwithstanding a promise she had made her husband, who, in kindness, though with firmness, had remonstrated against the practice. She knew not the cause of his taciturnity, and remembered the idea that had been given of his gaiety in the company of others. The darkness might have veiled the lowering of her heavy brows, even had Spiffard looked up to them; but the thunder that broke from the cloud startled him from the gloomy musings of his afflicted spirit.

And a shower of words on "the insolence of the rich—the injustice inflicted upon genius—the unhappy fate of actors, particularly females—" lasted until they had reached their home; where, in the happiness of innocence, combined with intelligence, still sat Emma Portland.

The quick perception of Spiffard on the subject nearest his heart, left him as miserable for the night (perhaps more miserable) as the man I have termed wretched at the commencement of this chapter.

The colloquy of Doctor Cadwallader and *his* wife was not as pleasant as usual with people so truly high-minded and intellectual. The subject was not agreeable. It was the untoward events of the past evening. Williams had been received by the doctor, who was a Philadelphian, and knew the excellent quaker relatives of the general, with the warmth of a fellow townsman. Cadwallader had been employed as the family physician. He had faithfully forewarned the wife, and undauntedly remonstrated with the husband. He was no flatterer.

After a serious consultation, (to use a medical phrase) with

his best friend, the doctor waited upon Williams, the day after the party, and, with very little previous ceremony, addressed him in the following manner:

"I have come to perform a duty which is extremely disagreeable, but, as *it is a duty*, I shall not shrink from it."

"You have always done your duty."

"And will now. After the scene of last evening, at my house, and before so many witnesses, I must be explicit with you in respect to our future intercourse."

"What do you mean, my dear friend."

"Sir, I mean, that after the exhibition made by your bringing Mrs. Williams to my house, when you knew the impropriety of so doing, I must come to a clear understanding with you respecting the future intercourse between my family and the person in question."

"My dear sir, you astonish me! You know her unfortunate nervous temperament—the affection——"

"Sir, I am a physician."

"Known to be the first in the western world."

"I have acted as physician to your family, probably *called in* because we are both Philadelphians, and, as a physician, I know the cause—that is, the immediate cause of this deplorable effect. The more remote is probably only known to yourself."

"A delicate constitution—morbid nervous susceptibility—"

"Sir, you seem to forget, that, as your physician, I have before told you the nature of the disease. I have never flattered you, and never shall."

"My dear sir, you know——"

"Sir, sir, I know too much. I have witnessed too much. I have been forbearing: but I now tell you plainly, that, when the disease prevails, the patient must be kept at home. The alienation of mind, inflicted by natural causes, can never be mistaken. I tell you, sir, that the true, immediate cause, is known; and a remote cause imagined. For my own part, sir, I must decline all further intercourse between the two houses, except such as may be called for in my professional capacity."

"Sir, I do not understand—this—"

"You may as well understand, without forcing me to speak plainer."

"Such language, sir, calls for explanation."

"It had better be avoided; but I am ready to give a plain answer to any question you may propound."

"My dear doctor, you must not take offence. You are my friend. My fellow-townsman. I perceive that—that the meeting with a young gentleman at your house, has made it necessary that you should be made acquainted with the previous history of your patient—it is necessary that you should know circumstances which the meddling world need not be made acquainted with."

"I beg that no secret may be confided to me, sir."

"You are my friend. You have always been sincere, and I value sincerity as the first of virtues. I hope you will listen to me." And the accomplished courtier related such parts of his wife's early history, as he thought necessary to account for the scene connected with Spiffard, as far as he himself knew or could understand his behaviour.

Doctor Cadwallader entered into some further explanations in respect to the causes which were suspected or imagined, for the general's extraordinary conduct. He dwelt at some length upon the tendency of mystery to create suspicion. But as we know that the reader is sufficiently acquainted, by this time, with the Williams's, we shall not repeat more of the conversation. The general winced—but bowed, and praised his friend's candour. The doctor concluded by saying, "My advice is *that*, not only of a physician, but of a friend—a friend to my fellow-creatures. There is a point to which the world may be led blindfold. Men are not averse to being hoodwinked; but if they do open their eyes, they are very apt to believe *their* testimony. Good morning, sir."

Thus ended the interview between the general and his townsman, the doctor; who, having made his bow, was attended to the door with congees and smiles, mingled with sighs and a general humility of demeanor suited to the occasion. Left to himself, Williams burst forth into passionate exclamations and bitter curses. The pent-up tempest had free vent; and he traversed his splendid apartment with such furious looks and gestures as might be attributed to a disappointed demon.

He bethought himself of the necessity for seeing his wife's nephew. The necessity for gaining his good will, and securing his silence. This operated like oil upon the surface of the agitated waters. He became outwardly calm. The storm of passion appeared to subside; and again arranging his features, and even his thoughts, the accomplished courtier and despicable hypocrite sought at the box-office of the theatre a direction to the comedian, and presented himself at the door of Mrs. Epsom.

The ripened age, commanding person, and courteous manners of the *soi-disant* general, insured him a reception anywhere. The only servant of the house introduced him to the room in which our hero sat in meditating mood.

"I speak to Mr. Spiffard?" said Williams, bowing with an air and look something between the friendly greeting of an old acquaintance who wishes to renew intimacy, and the condescending, patronizing, gracious, encouraging, and affable expression of a superior to a favoured inferior.

The words, the bow, and the condescending smiles, were only answered by a formal and repulsive inclination of the comedian's body.

The general had a practised face, carefully *educated*, as we have seen, to mask the movements of his mind; and although he felt the repulse, he did not show the shock his pride had received, or evince his surprise at the return to his courtesy from an actor—"and such an ugly little fellow too."

He proceeded. "I was prevented, last evening, by one circumstance or another——"

The words "last evening" called up the scene (which had been from the time recurring to Spiffard's imagination) in the most vivid freshness. It was present to him. His colourless cheeks became blue; his long chin dropped; and his pale lips quivered. For a moment the upper teeth were visible, owing to the convulsive motion of the muscles of the mouth; but by an effort he closed his thin lips, and held them firmly compressed while the general continued.

"I was prevented asking an introduction to you, but I determined to seek you immediately, and assure you, that your aunt and myself will both be extremely happy to see you at our house." Zebediah bowed coldly, and there was an awkward pause. At length he said—

"I suppose, sir, that you expect me to thank you for your invitation?"

Even the general's educated visage could not stand this. It became a blank. It denoted a chaotic state within, that is anything but comfortable. The water-drinker proceeded.

"Until I know more of you and of Mrs. Williams—for Williams I understand is your name—until I learn something more, and something different from what I gathered last evening, I beg leave to decline your invitation, or more intimate acquaintance."

The general's face almost forgot its lessons. Even practice had not made perfect. It was suffused with red, far be-

yond the medium colour of tranquil beauty; but its master remembered that there was a point to be gained in a game of some moment; and he composed it to an air of surprise before he said "Very extraordinary!"

"Is it extraordinary that a man of common prudence or common sense, should decline the acquaintance of a person, whom he has only seen in a light by which he appeared to great disadvantage—to say the least? Or is it extraordinary that I should shrink from contact with one, although the sister of my mother—one, who, from some cause, which probably you can explain, was considered by her father dead, although living?—one, whose name was prohibited the lips of her pure sister?—one, who, though not physically lost to life, was *dead* and outcast from the heart and hearth of her father?"

Williams, glorious actor as he was, could act no longer. Spiffard had not asked him to be seated. He leaned on the back of a chair; and as the young man's face flushed with indignation, and his eyes flashed the meaning his words expressed, the self-condemned deceiver became pale, cast his troubled glances on the floor, and sunk into the chair he had caught at for support.

Spiffard stood firmly before him—dignified by the consciousness of sincerity and rectitude. Williams at length said, "I perceive, sir, that you *know*——," and he paused.

"Sir," said Spiffard, "you will pardon me, perhaps, if I quote a line from a play on so serious an occasion, but 'I have been used all my life to speak,' if not to hear, 'the plain and simple truth,' and I will not deviate from it now. I have been at the house of my grandfather—the father of your wife. I was for days together a guest and a child in the family, after your wife had become an alien to it."

Williams started. He recovered himself, and stood up—not erect—but he stood up. Your habitual man of courtesy, or your sycophant, never stands perfectly erect.

"You would not wish to injure—to destroy—your unfortunate aunt? Already broken down by disease, which is cruelly misrepresented! After what she has suffered, to be banished from the society in which she now moves, would murder her! You are not called upon to mention the—the cause of her leaving the house of her father. You will not?"

"I will make no promise, sir, but will act to the best of my judgment, as circumstances may appear to require. I will not wantonly or unnecessarily injure you or your wife by speaking of you. My relationship to her is unknown."

Here the habitual inclination to prefer falsehood to truth, prompted Williams to assent, and leave Spiffard in ignorance of his having divulged so much of the secret history; but he thought of the danger of leaving him in ignorance, and concluded that it would be best to mention that fact.

"Unfortunately, perhaps, my love of candour and open dealing has caused me to communicate the circumstance of your relationship to Mrs. Williams, in explanation of the words your aunt made use of in public, occasioned by the surprise at hearing your name."

"Then, sir, I can promise nothing."

There was a long and very awkward pause. Both parties continued standing. Spiffard stiff and strait, as is very much the case with men of his scanted height—an uprightness for which there is an anatomical cause, separate and independent of any moral impulse. He looked up in the face of the general, whose eyes were cast down as if examining the texture of the common coarse carpeting on which he stood. At length Williams broke the silence.

"You will, however, Mr. Spiffard, not mention——"

And he paused, as if at a loss for words to address a being so dissimilar to any he had been accustomed to—a being of whose nature he had not a distinct notion—a man of truth. Spiffard replied to the broken sentence.

"I will not start the subject; I will even avoid it, or anything that might lead to it; but if directly questioned by any one to whom I think an answer is due, my answer shall be—truth."

Another pause; and the discomfited general moved towards the door. The unbending, and, in this case, inhospitable comedian, followed him in silence.

When in the street, and before covering his head, although the cold wind—no flatterer—waved and ruffled his silken locks discourteously, the retreating tactician once more bowed and said—

"We shall be happy to see you at our house."

No answer was returned, and the door was shut, almost before the back of the bower was turned.

Neither the man of truth nor the man of deceit were the happier for this interview. The latter felt that the foundation on which he relied for his standing in the American world, was sliding from under him; and the depth to which he was to sink, was not defined. He saw the net-work he had woven

and patched for years, whenever a hole happened to be made in it, now dissolving like a thing of mist, or the delusive banquet raised, to cheat the eyes of his dupe, by a necromancer. The light was pouring in, and he shrank from it appalled. He had not altogether lost confidence in his long tried powers; but no redeeming scheme presented itself. He would willingly have cursed the insolent actor, but, like Balaam, he was constrained to bless—for involuntary praise is blessing. "This fellow is too honest to be tampered with." After his interview with Cadwallader, equally a man of truth and honour, he had burst forth in exclamations and curses. He had reviled his country, her institutions, and her society. But as he walked from the player's modest dwelling, he experienced something of the calmness of despair. He strove to rally his thoughts, and to send them on service to the dark depths of his sink-like soul, to seek auxiliaries in the narrow precincts and obscure corners, where cunning always dwells. As he passed slowly on toward his proud dwelling, his outward man had reassumed its wonted appearance; he went on bowing and smiling in courteous recognition of every genteel acquaintance he met, until he reached his house—home he had none.

Spiffard had of late been in a constant state of excitement. It had been wrought to a most painful height by the events of the last evening. His tendency to monomania was daily increasing. He did not accuse himself of acting wrong in his interview with Williams; but his nature was of the kindliest sort, and he felt a pang in consequence of having treated a fellow-creature harshly.

He turned from the street door, which he had with good will interposed between the general and himself. He regretted that he had pushed it so violently. He strode through the short and narrow entry to the room he had just left, which was still vacant, the females of the family avoiding it, as they had heard from the maid-servant that a strange gentleman was below. He put to the door softly, and approached the fire. He saw in the red hot coals the faces of Williams and his wife, and that of his own mother. He looked up, and ejaculated "God forgive me! poor creatures!" Who he meant by the last two words may be doubtful. He wiped the tears from his cheeks before he sought the company of his wife. He felt the necessity of hiding his emotion, and of evading any questions respecting his visiter. "Should he tell her that there were circumstances of moment to him which he could not confide?"

If such a necessity existed, it was a sad and ruinous necessity. "Should he preserve silence altogether?" He knew that every man should look for advice and support in difficulty, and for increase of joy by sharing it, *both* from his life's partner; still he had doubts; late circumstances bewildered him. He decided wrongly.

CHAPTER III.

The beginning of a hoax.

"Thus his special nothing ever prologues."

"————————let times news be known
When 'tis brought forth."

"*Puck.* Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

"When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer."

"————————————'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?"

"The seeming truth which cunning "oft" puts on
T' entrap the wisest."

"None are so severely caught when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool."

"Wink at each other, hold the sweet jest up;
This sport well carried shall be chronicled."

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As fooleries in the wise."

"It is much that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders."

"You have some offence upon your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of." *Shakspeare.*

YOUTH! how delighted dost thou revel in the full flow of nature's bounteous stream, swelling to expected perfection! To the present feeling of enjoyment, and to the unbounded anticipation of future bliss, how open is youth! How full of delight and how beauteous in infancy, although, like the early blossom of spring, it feels the chills that its nature is heir to. We press the elastic muscle, full and soft, of the healthful child, and pass our fingers through the glossy curls, and fondly pinch the rosy, dimpled cheek, and gaze in the laughing eyes, and express with enthusiasm our admiration of the promise na-

ture gives of its future perfection—we know not what; but we feel and know that we love youth even in its imbecility. As it approaches to and attains maturity, how admirable, how lovely is youth in its pristine purity!

Such is man's love of youth, and so prone is he to compare and measure all else by himself, that, as he experiences age and decay, and sees that generations after generations have sprung up, bloomed, performed the acts assigned to them, sickened, withered, and died; and the cities and kingdoms of the earth have in like manner had their feeble beginnings, growth, and death—their childhood, youth, maturity, splendour, decline, and fall. When he looks to the past, and sees that his species and all connected with it, have ever had the same unvaried path and progress through life to extinction: that the infant, the man, and the tomb, are but types of the building's corner-stone, erection, existence, dilapidation, and ruins; and both but symbols of the empire's commencement, growth, glory, intoxication, reeling, subversion, and utter destruction: so that he looks in vain for the traces of its existencc. While he contemplates on all this, the thought occurs, that even "the great globe itself, and all that it inherits"—this glorious orb, for whose use the sun and the moon and the stars seem to have been created—and even more, that this immeasurable universe, of which they are a puny part, has had its childhood, its youth, its maturity, and must have its decay and extinguishment. Thus man measures the infinite by his own finite. But shall we say, that all these myriads of light-darting suns, with their countless revolving planets, the proofs of the Eternal One, his goodness and power, are only formed to cease? May we not think that the Eternal has impressed upon them the image of his eternity? Even in this our planetary habitation, though ever moving, ever changing, we can perceive no indications of decay. Though life is ever ceasing, it is ever reviving. As the sea recedes here, it advances there. The mountain summit is washed to the plain and to the ocean, or sinks into the bowels of the earth—but another mountain ascends from the plain or from the great deep. Where the arid sand of the desert now lies, denying sustenance or being to animal or vegetable life, once flourished the date and the palm, and every living thing in its full perfection—man, in his greatest pride. And who can say, that the same power which caused its former fertility, will not cause the mountain to start from the sands of the desert, and pour the river from the hill upon the barren plain; causing the fountain to spring, the herb to grow, and

every living thing to flourish; peopling the same region again with life, and youth, and joy—not again and again to see disease, decay, and death, but perfection and immortality?

Though man may not measure the power of God by his own weakness, he may, and must, love youth, beauty, and purity; and while such love is active in him, he must adore his infinitely good Creator.

But while we talk of youth, we are growing old. Time flies, and our story is yet to be told.

The incident in the life of Zebediah Spiffard, which I am now to relate, produced consequences which could not have been foreseen by the most quick-sighted. The actors in the scenes, connected with this incident, were of course blind to their results; nor could they, by any knowledge of the past, have the most remote conception of the events which followed; otherwise they would have refused their participation; or in phraseology suggested by the words "actors" and "scenes," they would have thrown up their parts. But in this, as in many other instances, jocund youth led on to sport, ending in repentance and sorrow.

The train of unintended and unexpected events, materially affecting our hero's future life, must be ascribed partly to the discrepancy existing between Spiffard and his companions of the theatre, (and the associates of those companions,) and partly to the circumstances attending his various domestic ties.

The opening scene of these volumes has given the reader some notion of the contrasted characters of the water-drinker, and the gay young men his choice of profession had brought him in contact with. The dinner at Cato's further introduced these gentlemen to notice.

This discrepancy, combined and mingled with domestic circumstances, made the winter of 1811 and '12, productive of a succession of miseries, a complication of irritating and stinging tortures, to the hero of our tale, such as few, with his purity of mind and action, have been called upon to endure. The sufferings he experienced were occasioned, in part, by faults of commission and omission, with which he is justly chargeable, (as is the case with most, perhaps, all men;) and these faults might be traced to the early incidents of his life, his defective education, and his unguided, unrestrained modes and habits of thinking as well as acting.

His natural good temper, and his musical as well as conversational talents, made him a welcome guest among the gay young friends of the manager, at the same time that his

artlessness tempted them strongly to amuse themselves by what they intended as innocent tricks, and playful pranks, to the effects of which his unsuspicious nature made him obnoxious. These sports might have passed off harmless, and often had done so; sometimes ending in the triumph of the man of temperance; but the unhappy position in which he found himself placed at this time, by his hasty matrimonial connexion, and the effects of meeting his mother's sister, were powerful causes in producing most untoward effects. He was involved in perplexities, which, as we have seen, he feared to communicate the knowledge of to that person, whose duty as well as interest, it was, most of all others, to assist him with consolation and counsel: the person, of all others, who, it is the duty as well as interest of every man, to trust with his fears, his doubts, and his perplexities—his wife. With every disposition to frankness, he became incommunicative where most he should have confided. We shall see the result.

While our hero's affairs were in this posture, and his naturally imaginative and irritable mind, in this state of excitement, he and the young gentleman we have before mentioned by the name of Allen, met at the front door of the theatre; the latter lounging toward the boxes, more to kill ennui, than from love of Shakspeare; the first hastening from the green-room, where his majestic wife was left adjusting the robes of the Thane's ambitious lady, before a mirror capable of reflecting her lofty and splendid figure, previous to her first entrance on the stage for the evening. Already Mrs. Spiffard had established her fame in this character; still, her husband was anxious to see the reception she would meet from a brilliant audience, many of whom were already thumping with sticks, and stamping impatiently, for the show to commence; for to the thumpers and stampers, Macbeth was little more than a show.

Mrs. Spiffard, as my intelligent reader already knows, was eminently gifted by nature for the representative of the ambitious, guilty, and sublime Lady Macbeth. Her tall and masculine frame; powerfully expressive eye; strongly marked, black, flexible brow, and mental energy in the expression of passions, (by no means uncongenial to her nature, or strangers to her vigorous but ill regulated intellectual faculties,) would have made her, had they been brought together, no contemptible rival to the great Lady Macbeth of the English stage.

"Ha! Mr. Spiffard, I am glad to encounter you *here*," said Allen. "You must give me your opinion of the play and the acting. Cooper has got it up in magnificent style; and has

added to his reputation by playing Macbeth. Don't you think so? Is it not his best part?"

"We actors must be cautious when we speak of actors. I think the Hamlet of Cooper even better than his Macbeth. But we shall see Cooke likewise, though not to advantage. I will speak frankly of the play and the players generally, provided you give me your opinion of Mrs. Spiffard's performance."

"Agreed. I have seen her in the character before; by Jove, she is superb! Let us go into this box."

"No. These boxes are crowded. There is more room aloft: besides I don't like to sit below—I am too notorious."

"Well, well; but not the upper tier; that is truly too notorious. Let's go into the Shakspeare."

This was a spacious central box in the second tier; principally occupied by men, and supposed to be the resort of critics. They took their seats accordingly, rather back from the stage, the front seats being already crowded. The play commenced.

Allen would have spoken, but Spiffard quietly remarked—"Between the acts there is time enough to compare notes. Let us now see, hear, and observe."

Mrs. Spiffard outdid herself, and exceeded her husband's expectations. She was, indeed, the undaunted leader of the wavering Thane. The instigator to atrocious murder. The woman who could unsex herself to place a crown on the head of her husband. Who could herself have done the deed of blood, but that the victim resembled her father. She embodied herself with the character; for it suited, as she felt, her appearance, and her histrionic powers. The soul with which the poet had endowed his creation, was transfused into the actress, as the fabled magician, leaving his own body, could animate the body of another, and accomplish his wishes, by appearing in the corse of one he had murdered. She possessed the queen-like port and towering height of Siddons, though not the elegance of her form. She could assume the insidious smile and courteous action, when she welcomed the good Duncan to the castle, where the nest of the swallow betokened purity of air, although she had already plotted the manner of his death. The high tone of her ill-governed mind enabled her to conceive and express the feelings of the haughty Scottish dame, while urging the Thane to treason and inhospitable homicide.

With an elevated head, surrounded and coped with locks and braids, glossy and black as the raven's plumage; with murky brows, that could be elevated to a crescent, or bent

into the contorted wavings of a serpent; with a voice deep toned and clear, she spoke and looked the destiny of the man who *would*, but dared not.

All the scenes in which these terrible powers were displayed by the actress, had been witnessed by her husband, before the occurrence, which, as we shall see, occasioned his leaving the front of the theatre. Allen remained, and saw the consummation of her art; the triumph of her power over the audience.

When in the troubled wanderings of guilt-directed somnambulism, the actress appeared in her white night clothes, colourless, desolate, the black masses of dishevelled hair streaming portentously over the snow-white dress; her glaring eyes starting from their sockets, to gaze upon the little bloody spot that would not "out." That head so lofty and regal, which, at the banquet, had been decorated with a royal diadem, now devoid of ornament or covering. The tresses which then had been mingled with sparkling jewels, now hanging in lines on each side of the pallid countenance, and only striking the beholder with admiration of their unusual profusion, as they float over her snowy garments, forming a long black veil, almost sweeping the floor as she stalks, ghost-like, and with her death-white fingers strives to erase from her hand the stain fixed upon her soul. When the spectators beheld *this*, breath seemed suspended, and silence was only broken, when, by the vanishing of the figure, the magic of the scene ceased.

This last great exhibition of his wife's tragic powers, Spifford had not seen. For while, in the pride of his heart, he had been absorbed in admiration of the previous incidents of the play—while he was administering balm to his soul by the thought, "surely such a mind will rise superior to all that is unworthy"—while filled with new hope, and elevated by a dignified matrimonial reflection from the mirror of the stage, two rough and clownish fellows, enveloped in coarse furzy overcoats, boisterously entered the box. They might, from their exterior and manner, have been two frequenters, if not inhabitants, of the Five-points, who had mistaken their way, and stumbled upon the haunts of refinement instead of those devoted to noise and vulgarity. They strided from seat to seat, leaving on each the marks of their dirty boots, as I have seen men in better clothing do upon the benches of the pit. These ruffians took a station, standing, by the side of Spiffard, almost touching his elbow as he sat.

The noise they made in the lobby, and on their entrance,

had annoyed our sensitive man of temperance. Their mode of approach and attitude annoyed him still more. His sense of propriety, and his physical senses, shared in the suffering; he heard the crackling of roasted pea-nuts, and his olfactories were assailed by the smell of those rivals of Shakspeare, mingled with others, of tobacco and alcohol, brought in their clothing from the last tavern they had loitered in. The senses of a temperate man are acute in proportion to their purity. The moral as well as physical sense of Spiffard was offended: his peculiar circumstances increased the offence.

The total indifference to the passing scene, which these intruders evinced, aggravated the irritation of Spiffard. He arose. He looked in their faces. They looked over his head. He mounted on the seat and stood beside them, swelling with indignation as near as might be to the size and height of the offenders. They heeded him not. He resumed his seat, that he might not disturb the performance.

"Who is that tall raw-boned grenadier of a woman?" said one. "She's a thunderer."

"That's Lady Macbeth."

"She's a roarer. Any thing but a lady, thank'ee! Unless its a landlady. Fine feathers make fine birds; or else she looks more like a landlady from Banker-street, than a woman fit for a room like that. See how she tosses her black mop about, and knits her burnt-cork eye-brows at Cooper."

This dialogue attracted the attention of Allen, who had been carried away by the passing scene of the stage. Spiffard saw this, and felt as if it was incumbent upon him to repress the insolence of these disturbers of peace and defiers of decency. The neighbouring young men, too, had their attention drawn from the stage, and with the levity of youth began to laugh; and one or two of them looked at Spiffard, as if recognising in him the husband of the actress on whom these indecent remarks were made. At least he thought so. Again he tried to look them into silence. That again failed. His choler rose—and he rose. Spiffard was conscious of his own extraordinary muscular strength, his agility, and his skill in all the arts of defence. He felt, and perhaps truly, that he could throw either of these big bullies into the pit; but he made as marked a distinction as Sir Charles Grandison, between defence and offence; and such an act might be particularly offensive to the quiet people below. He squared himself with an air of defiance, and of threatened hostility. The aggressors

still overlooked him. When the drop-curtain fell, at the termination of the act, he sprung upon the seat, and his enemies not only looked towards him but made way for him.

Fixing his eyes on the nearest of his unwelcome neighbours, Spiffard said, with firmness and deliberation,—"You may imagine yourselves wondrous witty in your remarks on the play and actors; but you may be assured they savour more of ignorance than humour. Before you recommence, what I consider impertinence, I must inform you, that the lady of whom you have spoken disrespectfully, is my wife. To disturb an audience is a mark of blackguardism in which I did not think fit to imitate you. But, if the impertinence is repeated, I am willing and able to punish it." Spiffard appeared to be in earnest. His antagonists felt that they were wrong. The offenders looked first at Spiffard and his handsome herculean companion, Allen—then at each other—laughed—and as they meant nothing by their frivolous and thoughtless ribaldry, they turned away from the incensed comedian, and, quiting their conspicuous situation, silently left the box; not without covering their retreat by an affected laugh."

Spiffard felt himself a victor. The enemy had fled, and he was undisputed master of the field. He had been the champion of decency, good order, the fair sex generally, and his own wife in particular. He enjoyed the glow of self-approbation, and after having retained his triumphant stand for a few moments, he resumed his seat; but soon left his companion—descended from the Shakspeare—passed through the lobbies with longer strides than usual—walked somewhat heroically out of the theatre—passed through the crowd of blackguards in its front—groped his way through Ann-street and Theatre-alley—(places at that time the resort and habitation of vice and depravity) and, having entered the back door of the play-house, marched into the green-room with a dignified air, approaching a little, to swagger—passed unnoticed by the students who were conning their parts, at the last moment, before the expected summons of the call-boy—and took his stand with his back to the fire, (a coat skirt under each arm) as much like a thorough John Bull, as could be expected from one of John's Yankee progeny, even when swelling with the pride of self-approved prowess, and longing for an opportunity to relate the circumstances attending upon recent victory.

If our readers think such feelings incompatible with our water-drinker's good sense and real dignity of character, let them look back to their own lives, and examine the motives

for many of their past actions. Let them seek for the causes of those moments of exultation in which they have felt like heroes of romance, defying fortune or foe to harm them: or of those sinkings of the soul, when humbled in spirit, nothing on earth or in the air—nothing in man, "or woman either," delighted them; and probably they will find their causes for pride or despondency as little "german to the matter" as those which now swelled the bosom of Zebediah Spiffard. Disease, water-gruel, nausea, sea-sickness, or dire, indefinable dyspepsia, are the devils which pull down courage: while good appetite, a good dinner, and good digestion, lift a man to the skies, as surely as gas does a balloon, unless he is well provided with ballast. Now, the consciousness of having prevented the interruption of rational enjoyment in hundreds of well-disposed citizens, and of having put down, by just reproof, the insolence directed against a female, is a better cause for exultation than beef or pudding, even when "good digestion waits on appetite and health on both."

Spiffard's recreant adversaries only laughed at the adventure, and soon forgot the tall lady with black hair and eyebrows, or her short sturdy husband. The incident I have related produced no effect on their future lives, that I know of. Not so with our hero. Trifling as the circumstance may appear, it was one, among other seemingly trifling, but really potent causes, which affected all the future course of his life; and aided in inflicting the keenest pangs of misery, and a deplorable death, on a highly gifted being.

We left Spiffard backing the green-room fire. The warmth of a good fire is no inoperative cause when properly applied—and philosophy has determined that heat expands matter.

It was Mr. Cooper's custom to walk into the green-room occasionally in his way from his dressing-room to the stage. Zeb tried to catch his eye in vain. He was too full of his own kingly attributes to notice the low comedian. He proceeded to and fro, he visited his festive hall, or his castle of Dunsinane, without appearing to note any thing of the real life of these degenerate days, when men die if their throats are cut, or the "brain is out," and do not rise to "push us from our seats."

Spiffard's desire to communicate grew with disappointment. He found an opportunity to mention the incident to the stage-manager, Mr. Simpson, who approved his conduct, but did not appear to enter sufficiently into the victor's feelings, or appreciate fully the service he had done.

He ascended to Cooke's dressing-room, and finding th veteran at leisure, and disposed to listen, he related his adver ture a second time. The variation was very little from th first, which was very literal. Cooke, who, as has been sai played Macduff to Cooper's Macbeth, the two tragedians occ sionally playing second to each other, was not called to "g on" until he had heard and warmly approved his young friend conduct. He was cool and collected, for his late sufferin had not yet lost their salutary effect. He was at leisure, f Macduff was in England and had not yet heard of the massac of his "little ones." That important personage, the call-bo (whose usual duty only extends to calling performers fro the green-room, but is stretched to the dressing-rooms of t magnates of the drama) at length appeared, and shoute "Macduff." Macduff hastened to the scene of action, a Spiffard was left with trustworthy Davenport, who opportune entered with the call-boy.

"A great house to-night," said Trusty. "They swarm lil a snarl of bees, before hiving, at the sound of a warming-pa I don't wonder at it, when there is three sich great actors, a sich a play to be seen.

"A fine house," said Spiffard.

"To my notion," continued the traveller, "Mrs. Spiffa beats all the world to-night. I'm not easily frit, but darn m if she didn't almost scear me just now."

"Why? have *you* been in front, Davenport?"

"No, sir, I have been standing behind the prompter, a looking over his head. I should be puzzled to do that thin if Mrs. Spiffard was prompter, for she is a most a magnifice woman—'most as tall as I be."

Zeb stretched himself as high as Davenport's shoulder.

"Did you notice any disturbance in the boxes while Mr Spiffard was on the stage?"

"Not the dropping of a feather:—only when they made shake again with applauding her. What a thunder-clap th was, to be sure!"

Spiffard could not resist the tempting opportunity offer by his brother Yankee's leading remarks, and he told, for t third time, the adventure of the Shakspeare box, with but litt variation.

At length the tragedy was over; Spiffard took his sta again before the green-room fire, to wait for his wife.

Cooper having lost both crown and life, was sooner restor to the habiliments of commoners than the lady, and joined t

comedian. Soon after Simpson and Hilson, who were dressed for the farce, added to the party.

"Spiffard, have you been in front?"

"Yes; and I never was more provoked in my life."

"How?—What could ruffle your equanimity?"

"Two blackguards came into the Shakspeare box and disturbed the audience while Mrs. Spiffard was in one of her best scenes; and the scoundrels made use of insolent language respecting *her*—her person—her acting—and I think I can appeal to any one in favour of her Lady Macbeth at all times."

"That you may."

"She certainly never play'd it or look'd it better, than to-night."

"More than well," said Hilson.

"That's equivocal," said Cooper.

"No, upon my honour I mean fair and honest."

"But *you*, Spiff, when they insulted Mrs. Spiffard?—What said *you*?" asked the manager.

"'This may be sport,' said I, 'to you, but it is a serious injury,—a wanton outrage upon the feelings of the audience and the actor or actress.'"

"'Sport to you, but death to us,' just what the frogs said to the boys when they pelted them."

"Pooh, Tam, don't interrupt the story."

"'Your remarks are impertinent'—I don't mean yours Hilson—and 'savour more of ignorance than wit.'"

"Very well, Spiff, I'll mark you for that," said Hilson.

"'None but blackguards would insult a female or disturb the representation of scenes in which the feelings of an audience are deeply interested.'"

"Well. What said they."

"They look'd at each other, and then at me, as much as to say, 'who are you?'—I answered the look——"

"With a look?"

"'I am that lady's husband.' They look'd at each other again—appeared to feel like fools by quitting their places, for they were standing on the seats of the box, and soon after they shuffled off, as well as they could."

"And left you 'cock of the walk,' as Milstone says."

"We ought all to thank you," said Cooper, "they were your pea-nut fellows, I suppose."

The reader will observe that this recital varied somewhat from the scene as *he* witnessed it. These were not the very words that were spoken. Yet Spiffard did not mean to mis-

represent. This was more than a thrice-told tale. Who among us, lovers of truth as we all are, tells the same story in the same words?

In very truth, there is something very strange in this machinery of ours:—excitement or depression; winding up, or running down; causes those sounds which we call words, to vary not only in tone but signification; and a little variation in the light, materially changes the picture. Zebediah Spiffard is our hero, and an adorer of truth: yet he was but a man. He was tempted, perhaps, by the influence of his light-hearted companions, to deviate from the strict letter of his story, and, like many others, whose memoirs have not yet been published, dearly he paid for it.

It can't be too strongly insisted upon, in defence of Spiffard, that this, as has been already said, was the fourth time that he told this story,—perhaps it was the hundredth time that he had thought it over. Now, there is a poetical spirit in mankind, or at least in some men, and women, which amplifies, or magnifies, or adorns, or distorts, according to circumstances, without any criminal intention of falsifying or deceiving, but merely from an amiable desire to appear well in the eyes of our hearers, as we dress, decorate, and show ourselves to the world, not to gratify ourselves, but to give pleasure to others.

Of all men, Zebediah Spiffard was the most conscientious in his statements of fact; the most literal in his repetition of words, when cool and collected; but now he was, and had been for some time, in a continual state of excitement; and his imagination (always active) unnaturally vivid. 'Will he, nill he,' his imagination would colour his words, and even his cheeks had a tinge of red in consequence of its activity.

"What manner of men were these?" inquired Cooper.

"Of very bad manners, I should think," said Hilson.

"Tam, keep your stage jokes till you meet those who relish them. If you speak before you get your cue, I'll forfeit you. What did the fellows look like, Spiff?"

"Rough looking fellows, wrapped up in coarse great coats."

"You behaved like a hero. I doubt not they were some of your pea-nut-munching gentry. I will petition the corporation for an ordinance prohibiting the sale of pea-nuts, from the hour of six until ten, P. M."

"Why those hours?" asked Hilson.

"Because the intermediate hours are devoted to tragedy—tragedy hours. They may eat as many pea-nuts as they please while you are mumming Numpo."

By this time, Cooke had doffed his harness, and, arrayed in suit of sober grey, entered the green-room. He joined the group of young men by the fire. Spiffard went out to inquire if his wife was ready to go home.

"So," said George Frederic, "Mr. Spiffard has had an affair with some persons who behaved improperly in the boxes. I give him credit and thanks for putting down the illiberal impertinence of these box-lobby-loungers."

"Pooh! they were only a brace of blackguard swaggerers," was Hilson's remark. "They didn't know the difference between box and gallery."

"The ticket-seller might teach them that. No, no. I gather from what Mr. Spiffard told me, that they were men of some bearing."

"Bears, I doubt not," lisped Hilson.

"They found themselves in the wrong box, and crept out," continued Cooke.

"They saw by his squaring," added Hilson, laughing and lisping, that Spiff was a boxer; and as Allen's square shoulders were ready to back him, they backed out. Don't you call this 'backing your friends?'

"I'll bet a hundred," said the manager, "that Spiffard begins to think this an affair of some consequence. Hark'ee, Tam, couldn't something be made of this?"

Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard entered. The gentlemen made way for the towering and fine-looking dame. Cooke complimented her on her great performance. She replied in an appropriate manner—cast one glance at the full length mirror of the green-room—bowed her "good night" to the young gentlemen—shook hands with George Frederick—took her husband's arm—and—they were gone.

Spiffard walked off with his stately and over-topping dame, better pleased with her and with himself, that both had acted well. He had not felt so much satisfied with his lot, since the scene in the park. They had no sooner disappeared, than Cooke observed,

"That's a fine actress; and a fine woman."

"A *great* woman," said Hilson; "and Zeb's a great man, for a man no greater. And I think he behaved most heroically to-night; and what's more, he thinks so, too."

"He is what the old dramatists call 'a tall fellow,'" said Cooke.

"Of his inches."

"You envy him his tall wife."

"He showed courage when he attacked that castle."

"While this passed, sportively, between Cooke and Hilson Cooper was in a revery.

"Good night, lads, and good thoughts," said the veteran—for Trustworthy entered to announce a hack, ready for th convalescent tragedian, who left the scene: a scene wher actors and actresses were reading their "parts," preparator to their "going on;" some refreshing memory; some connin over that which had been neglected—some trying to compre hend the meaning of a passage, to which their cue furnishe no clue. There, two might be seen rehearsing a dialogue and near them, a third, reciting, aloud, speeches from an author the whole forming a medley of babel-like sounds, proceedin from the motley-dressed company.

"Cooper," said Hilson, "though I like to quiz Spiff, I thin he has pluck. If these same fellows had shown fight, the af fair might have ended in a box-lobby challenge."

The tragedian made no answer, but stood with his bro most terrifically knit. Hilson continued, chuckling, "I wis that the bullies had turned upon Zeb, only for the fun of it. suppose they were big-boned Goliahs, who might think, con jointly, to make a meal of one of us middle-sized gentlemen or, singly, to put Spiff into either of their coat-pockets; bu they would have found him a hard bargain."

"What did you say about challenge?"

"I? Nothing."

"'Darkly a project peers upon my mind, like the red moo when rising in the east.'"

"Numpo!" said the call-boy.

"Tam," said Cooper, very deliberately, "do you an Ned——"

"I'm called."

"Stop. Do you and Ned Simpson meet me in my room after the farce,——"

"I have been called."

"Old Kent has orders for a supper——"

"Terrapins?"

"Terrapins. If I do not mistake my talents, or Kent's, will produce a plot shall give zest to *his* supper. I will edif you with a plan of operations, that aptly carried into execution will try little Zebediah's courage to the heart of it."

"Why, Cooper, you don't think——"

"Stage waits!" shouted the call-boy, bouncing into the room.

"Stage waits!" cried the stage-manager, running in. Off scampered Hilson.

"Simpson, be sure you forfeit Tam for that," said the laughing tragedian; "and be sure to come to my room when the curtain falls." Thus, for the present, parted those who were to be the plotters, in pure sport, against the peace of Zeb Spiff, the water-drinker.

CHAPTER IV.

Our heroine in Theatre-alley.

"Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day."—*David, King of Israel.*

"Towards his design moves like a ghost."

"These eyes, like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim as drawing to their exigent."

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud."—*Shakspeare.*

"I know not what disposition has been made of my plantation at Cayenne, but I hope Madame de Lafayette will take care that the negroes who cultivate it, shall preserve their liberty."—*Lafayette.*

"Mistake me not for my complexion."—*Shakspeare.*

"There is something in the nature of man, by means of which, as long as he is not penetrated with the sentiment of independence—as long as he looks up with a self-denying and a humble spirit to any other creature of the same figure and dimensions as himself, he is incapable of being all that man, in the abstract, is qualified to be."—*Godwin.*

"The facility of relieving the coarser distresses, is one of those circumstances which corrupt and harden the rich, and fills them with insolent conceit, that all the wounds of the human heart can be cured by wealth."
Mackintosh.

We will turn our eyes from the mimic scenes of the stage, and the bustling drama of the green-room, to scenes and characters contrasting with the first by their reality, and with the second, by their sober tone of feeling; yet agreeing with both, in that they are equally belonging to our story.

Let it be remembered, that at the time of which we write, plays were performed (at the only theatre in New-York) but three times a week—except that an occasional Saturday night was pressed into the manager's service. The occurrences which we are now to relate, happened on the evening after those of the last chapter.

Every body conversant with New-York, its streets, and alleys, knows that there is a narrow passage behind the park *play-house*, called Theatre-alley. We have introduced the

reader to this thoroughfare, already, in an early chapter. Of this place, the building from which it derives its name forms nearly one side, and on the other (at this time), are towering, miscalled, fire-proof store-houses, and manufactories of those potent missiles, fraught, like Pandora's box, with good and evil, but leading on the human race to its destiny—*books*. At the north-east corner of this alley, stands a stupendous hotel, dedicated to temperance and every godly virtue. This passage or alley existed at the time of which we treat; but of all the towering walls which now enclose it, none were in being except those of the theatre.

Opposite to the back or private entrance to this building, stood a lofty wooden pile, erected for, and occupied by, the painters, machinists, and carpenters of the establishment; to the north of which (where now the above-mentioned temperance hotel is planted), were several low, wooden dram-shops, and other receptacles of intemperance and infamy; and to the south, several taller wooden houses, occupied by the poor and industrious; one of which tenements, immediately adjoining the scene-house, was the residence of John Kent, the property-man of the theatre, and his wife. We have seen in the last chapter, that among other *properties*, he was to furnish a tarrapin-supper for the young manager and his joyous companions. As some of my readers may not be sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of stage-management, I will tell them what a property-man is.

Though, in such matters, I do consider my authority as indifferent good, yet I will first give *higher*. Peter Quince says, "I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants;" and Bottom, who appears to be the manager, gives us a list of beards, as "your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow."

That I may not mislead, let me note, that actors in the year 1811 found their own wigs and beards; but then *property-beards* and *wigs* were supplied to the supernumeraries, the "reverend, grave and potent seignors" of Venice, the senatorial fathers of Rome, or parliamentary lords of England.

Quince performed the part of the prompter, whose duty it was, to give a bill of properties to the property-man; and these consisted of every imaginable thing. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, for example, one property is an ass's head; which, if not belonging to the manager, or one of the company, the property-man must find elsewhere. Arms and

ammunition, loaded pistols for sham mischief, and decanters of liquor for real:—(for though the actors could dispense with the bullets, they required the alcohol,)—love letters and challenges—beds, bed-linen, and babies—in short, the property-man was bound to produce whatever was required by the incidents of the play, as set down in the "bill of properties" furnished by the prompter. Such was the office of John Kent, besides furnishing suppers occasionally for the manager, and doing other extra services, for which he was well remunerated, and experienced the favour of his employer. He was habitually kind—perhaps, owing to former situations in life, he was rather submissive; but Cooke used to say, when in his abusive half-tipsy vein, that he was the only gentleman about the house.

This worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, had no children; and the wife was at this time dying of consumption—real, honest, much-to-be-pitied consumption—not that disease sometimes so called, which is the effect of folly or vice.

Kent and his wife were old. In youth they had been slaves to the same master, under that system established and enforced on her colonies by that nation who at the same time boasted, *justly*, "that the chains of the slave fell from him on his touching her shores;" that he became a man as soon as he breathed the air of her glorious island; yet, with that inconsistency so often seen in nations as well as individuals, sent her floating dungeons with the heaviest chains, forged for the purpose, to manacle the African, and convey him to a hopeless slavery among her children in America; even refusing those children the privilege of rejecting the unhallowed and poisonous gift. But England has washed this stain from her hands; while the blot remains where she fixed it, and has produced a cancerous sore on the fairest political body that ever before existed.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent were not Africans by birth, but descendants from the people so long the prey of European and American avarice; and by some intermixture of the blood of their ancestors with that of their masters, their colour was that which is known among us as mulatto, or *mulatre;* still they were classed with what people of African descent (who abhor the word "negro") call "people of colour."

The master of this couple had been a kind one; and they had both received the rudiments of English literature, with the foundation of a good moral and religious education; so that being freed by his will at his death, they had lived reputably, without the means however of accumulating property beyond decent clothing and furniture. Owing to the long sickness of

the wife, honest John's emoluments as property-man, had not proved sufficient to supply the much valued little delicacies that become necessaries to the sick; and which were the *more necessaries*, as these people, having been house-servants in a wealthy family when in a state of slavery, had been accustomed to many of the luxuries of the rich.

Emma Portland became acquainted with the situation of this honest pair and the sufferings of the woman, by observing in the first place the conduct of the man, who, in his capacity of property-man, was often brought under her view while she attended upon her aunt and cousin. Hearing that his wife was a helpless invalid, she introduced herself to her apartment and bedside; for Emma had been taught not to shrink from the duties of humanity, when most wanted; when the sufferers were surrounded by objects, or divested of proprieties, rendering their situation more deplorable. The precepts of her master as she read them, or heard them read, and commented upon from the pulpit, were as seed falling on good ground, and springing up into fruits of well doing.

Neither the colour of the inhabitants of the house (for Kent only occupied an upper apartment, and below, lived a mass of deeper tint, with marks of greater poverty, and much less of worth or cleanliness,) nor any objects disagreeable to sight, could deter this delicate and lovely girl from frequent visits to the worthy and grateful invalid. To motives of duty and benevolence were added admiration of the resigned patience of the sick woman, and the exemplary attention of her husband. Emma carried fruits and conserves to the dying woman; and she read to her in such books as she wished to hear, and particularly passages in the bible.

To converse with the well disposed poor—to console them in sickness or grief—was to Emma Portland a delightful duty. It sometimes happened that the conversation when she was with Mr. and Mrs. Kent, turned on topics which personally interested her, owing to Kent's knowledge of affairs connected with the theatre. I would willingly introduce my reader to one such conversation, before relating the incident which is the principal subject of this chapter.

The original of the picture I wish to paint, could only be found in our northern portion of the United States, and I will not believe that my readers are so fastidious as not to take pleasure in the contemplation of such a painting, because it treats of the familiar life of the poor; there shall be nothing in it so low as is seen in the admired paintings of many a famous master. I

would willingly execute my work in all the force of light, shade, colour and expressionof Rembrandt, if I had the skill, but I feel that I can only sketch.

Three figures were sitting in a small apartment, ten feet by ten, or thereabout, the furniture of which, though decent and clean, showed that it not only served for "parlour, kitchen and hall," but for bed-chamber. A table, small and of plain white-wood, occupied the centre of the room. A tin lamp stood on this table, and threw its light in just gradation, on the nearer, or more distant objects of which my sketch is composed. Opposite to the door and near the fire-place, where some bright culinary utensils reflected the rays of the lamp, stood the bed; on which, in a reclining posture, appeared a female in the decline of life, much emaciated by the effects of a wasting chronic disease. Her dark complexion rather than her features, showed that she was allied to the African-race. She was what is called in the West Indies a *quadroon*. Disease had blanched her face, and the hectic red on her cheek, death's seal, marked her approaching dissolution. Her black eyes shone with that brightness which, to those who know its cause, is so touching, or so alarming.

Having given the dimensions of the room, I need not say that although the table was in the centre, it was very near the bed, and not far from the fire-place. On the mantel were several china cups, some glasses and phials, apples and oranges. Above these hung an india-ink drawing, a copy from a print; it was enclosed in a black frame and covered by a cracked glass. Between the table and the door sat a man of sturdy frame, but time-worn; his age appeared to be sixty. He was darker than the woman, and his features more African. His crisped iron-grey hair thickly covered his head and shaded his temples. His forehead was prominent; with many deep wrinkles crossing it; while furrows as deep marked his cheek. His dress was that of a labourer. It was neat, but here and there patched with cloth that denoted the colour originally belonging to the whole garment. He held his spectacles in his left hand and his snuff box in his right. His eyes, full of respectful attention, were fixed on the figure nearest to the table and lamp; as were also, but with a more earnest gaze, those of the reclining invalid.

The figure on which the light of my picture is concentrated, and on whom the rays from the lamp fell, was a perfect contrast in form and colour to her companions. She was seated by the table, gracefully bending over, and reading in, a bible

that occupied its centre. The light of the lamp illuminated strongly the book of the reader. This made her, as she ought to be, the principal figure, as well as the central one, of my canvass. As she bowed her head over the pages, the reflected light from the paper imparted a soft radiance to the lower part of her countenance, while the direct rays illumed the alabaster forehead. She was a figure of light. The glowing beams from the lamp glittered and were lost among the clustering tresses that surrounded and crowned with golden tints this portrait of a virgin saint.

Emma Portland ceased reading and said, "Do I fatigue you, Mrs. Kent?"

"No, Miss Emma," was the reply; "but I fear you will fatigue yourself—you read as if you felt every word."

"I hope I do feel what I read; and I hope you have felt every word."

"Miss Emmy," said Kent, "I hope it's no offence to say so, but you read better than any body I ever heard, if I may not except Mr. Cooke."

"A good reader, an excellent scholar, took great pains to teach me." And Emma, as she spoke, thought of her lost brother.

"When I have heard Mr. Cooke read over his part in his dressing-room, it was just the same as talking," said the man.

"So all good reading must be. It is only varied in dignity or familiarity, as the subject requires. The good reader must understand and feel the subject. It is this understanding and feeling, added to Mr. Cooke's powers of voice, eye, and action, which place him so high in his profession."

"When you make your appearance," the sick woman said, "if I live I must see and hear you."

"If you are not too much frightened, Miss Emmy," said Kent, "you will be—you will do—I will not say what. But I remember Mrs. Darley, when she was Miss E. Westray, and played in 'Lover's Vows,' and 'False Shame,' just about your age; her lovely figure and innocent face—and you—"

"My friend," said Emma, interrupting him, "you speak as if you thought me devoted to the stage. Be undeceived. It is the thing farthest from my thoughts."

"I am glad of it," said the invalid.

"It is the talk of the theatre," said Kent.

"I can say I certainly never will be a player. I should prefer a very humble station in private life, to the most splendid rewards which follow on the applauses of a theatre.

My duty has carried me to the house to serve my cousin and aunt. I have been gratified to hear the applauses which my cousin receives, when she gives additional force, by her genius, to the lessons of the tragic muse; but I never wished to be a teacher in that school. I would rather open the way to knowledge by instructing the poor little neglected ones that we find in holes and corners, and bring to our sunday-school. *There* I feel that I am doing some good; and I do not seek applause. In a short time, I hope to be excused from entering the walls of the theatre, unless to see and hear some dramatic piece of my choice; for there are many that I have seen with delight, and many that I wish to see."

"But you don't intend to go on the stage as an actress?"

"Certainly not."

"Thank God," said the sick woman.

"Thank God," echoed her husband.

Emma looked at them with an air of surprise. There was an earnest expression in the tone of voice, and the faces of the old folks, that suggested to her the idea of relief from an anticipated evil. There was a pause. At length she said, "Why are you so earnest in your expression of satisfaction that I have taken such a resolution?"

"Perhaps I ought not to say so," said Kent; "but I think —I think you are better as you are."

"That may be," she replied, smiling. "I might be the worse if I failed in my attempt, or I might be intoxicated by applause if I succeeded. But although I do not wish to tread the stage, and exhibit myself before the mixed multitudes I have seen in the play-house, yet, there are many who have passed unhurt through the trials which must await those who challenge public opinion in this manner, and, I hope, many who have been of service to others."

"After another pause, Kent said—"Miss Emmy, I hope so too."

"Mr. Kent, you must have known many excellent persons, of both sexes, who have been, and are on the stage."

"Certainly. But I believe they would have been full as good if they had never been there. Miss Emmy, I have known the play-house and the actors, ever since there was a play in the country, almost—and to tell the truth—"

"Go on, Mr. Kent."

"I would not wish to offend. I could tell—"

"I am sure you would only tell the truth."

"That you may depend upon, miss; but the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"At all times? Perhaps not. But we should not hesitate to speak the truth, and the whole truth, if, by so doing, we can prevent evil, or do good."

"I should be very sorry to tell all I know, for all that."

"There may be no necessity. But if we knew that all our misdeeds would be seen and reported, perhaps we should act better than we do. The actions of persons who make the stage their profession, are more scrutinized than those of men and women in private life; otherwise, perhaps, they would not be found more obnoxious to censure."

"John," said the sick woman; "if the knowledge of what she may be exposed to, can prevent any young person from putting themselves in the way, surely the truth ought to be told."

"But Miss Emmy has said that she has no such intention, and that's enough, and I'm glad of it."

"How came you to be brought so intimately in contact with theatres, and theatrical people, Mr. Kent?"

"I'll tell you, miss. My master wished to give me a trade, and as I always had a notion of drawing, he put me apprentice to a house and sign-painter that lived in John-street, near the play-house; and it was by waiting upon my '*bos*' that I got my first knowledge of actors; for as there was no scene-painters then in the country, and he having some little skill, (little enough to be sure,) of that kind of work, he was employed for want of a better; and I ground the paints, and mixed them, as he taught me. So, by and by, as I could draw rather better than *bos*, I became a favourite with the actors."

"That drawing over the fire-place, I understand, is one of yours."

"Yes, miss; but I can't see the end of a camels-hair pencil now."

"How long is it since you practised scene-painting?"

"This was in the year seventeen hundred and seventy four, at which time Mr. Hallam went to England. Mr. Henry was the great man of the theatre then, and a fine man he was. When I left New-York, to go to Canada, there were four sisters in the old American Company, the oldest was Mrs. Henry; and when I came back, after the war, the youngest was Mrs. Henry, and the other two had been Mrs. Henrys in the meanwhile, and were still living. This was a long time ago. Things have mended."

"I hope so."

Soon after Emma prepared to leave the sick woman. Kent, who generally, on such occasions, attended her with a lantern, had been called away, as there was a rehearsal in progress on the stage. This did not prevent her going, as she had done before, through the southern part of the alley, towards Mrs. Epsom's.

There is a halo which surrounds the virtuous. It may be seen at night or at noon-day. It must be acknowledged that there are those so blind as not to see it at any time. Even Emma Portland, had, on one occasion, been beset by two creatures, dressed like gentlemen, who followed her until a watchman placed himself between them and the object of their persecution. They then slunk away like things of darkness, shunning the sturdy watchman as a ghost does cock-crowing.

The conduct of the watchman attracted Emma's notice; not because of this act, evidently a part of his duty, but for the respectful, and somewhat peculiar manner in which it was performed. The nightly guardians of our city are respectable tradesmen, who add to the comfort of their families by this occupation; but they are not of the most polished manners. The individual who thus came to the rescue of persecuted beauty, had an air of, she knew not what—a something that raised images, and caused thoughts, indefinite and evanescent, yet giving her confidence while in his presence; although, previously, she had felt rather shy when she met persons of his description, probably owing to impressions derived from English books. On this occasion, the watchman followed at a respectful distance, until he saw her stop at her aunt's house; he then stood, as if determined to be convinced of her safety, nor moved until she had entered and closed the door. She had not seen his face, or heard his voice.

From this time, she felt more than her usual security in passing from the sick woman's chamber to her home. If she thought, (which she seldom did,) of danger, she thought of the friendly watchman at the same time; and once or twice she almost imagined that she saw him, indistinctly, at a distance; he never appeared to see her. If it was the same person, it was strange; but she had no fear of danger from him. We are great advocates of the doctrine of sympathies and antipathies; and we think they operate full as much on individuals of opposite sexes, as they do on those of the same. Philosophers will hereafter settle this point.

The same evening on which the conversation occurred by

the bed-side of the invalid, as above recounted, another adventure was experienced by Miss Portland, which exposed her still more to a just apprehension of violence.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when Emma left the abode of the honest property-man and his sick wife; and except the light which issued from the back door of the theatre, (open that evening for a pantomime rehearsal,) the street or alley was in perfect obscurity. Knowing, as she did, how much the invalid relied upon her for consolation, in the trying hour which was fast approaching, Emma's visits of charity had been so frequent, and she had become so familiar with the route, that as she glided with rapid steps, she was almost unconscious of the presence or absence of any other living creature but herself, in the lonely, narrow, and dark passage she was threading. She had not proceeded far on her way, when she heard the door of the theatre open, and turning her head, she saw the figure of a man, by the light which momentarily issued. She thought nothing of this; it was a frequent occurrence, when, (as she knew was then the case,) the stage was occupied by performers. Quick steps were, however, heard approaching her. The strides were long, and notwithstanding her usual light and elastic walk, were fast overtaking her. She approached the wall of the theatre to let the person pass; and, at the same time, slackened her pace. The sound of steps approaching were very close, but much slower than before. She stopped, nothing doubting but it was the man whose person she had seen as he issued from the door of the theatre, and who, even in that momentary glance, had impressed on her the image of a tall and gentlemanly figure. When arrived opposite to her, the pursuer arrested his steps, and in gentle accents, begged permission to attend her through the solitary passage. She knew the voice was that of a stranger; and, at the same time, the tones struck on her ear as similar to sounds she had heard, but when, or from whom, she had no recollection of circumstances to guide her to any conclusion; and she could only see enough of the figure to discern that it was a remarkably tall person, and enveloped in a cloak. Indefinite as her impressions were respecting the voice, it excited sensations very unusual in her, and nearly allied to terror. Drawing up her fine figure to its utmost height, and darting a look at the person who addressed her, she said, "pass on, sir!"

"This is a dangerous place for youth and beauty. Permit me to accompany you until you have passed this dismal street."

"Pass on, sir!" she repeated, as the stranger placed himself more in her path.

"You must not be offended, lovely girl; when out of this place, you have only to command my absence—"

"I command it now. I must judge for myself of the necessity of protection. None is needed, but from such importunity as you now assail me with."

"I cannot forego this opportunity—"

"Your appearance is that of a gentleman; and your figure indicates a time of life that cannot claim excuse from inexperience. Pass on before I call for assistance."

"I have sought this opportunity of speaking to you."

"You are mistaking me for some other."

"O, no, there is none like you. I have watched for your coming out from that house, where I have often observed you to go; and I must—"

Emma was by this time convinced that she had heard the same voice before, and memory recalled the occurrence on the private stair-way of the theatre. This was the person who had blown out the lamp, and waylaid her, when descending from the dressing-room of her aunt and cousin. The conviction flashed upon her, and the feelings that overcame her were gaining upon her rapidly. He attempted to take her hand. She recoiled as from a serpent, and would have called for help, but found that her voice did not obey her will. She looked up and down the black and lonesome alley, in the hope that some one would appear.

"Why this terror—my object is your happiness; I know your dependant situation—"

The terrified girl heard him not; but seeing a light glimmering from the door of the theatre, the thought suddenly suggested itself of seeking a place of refuge in that house which this same persecutor had caused her to abjure. She suddenly turned and attempted to retrace her way; but before she could take a step, she found herself impeded by the arm and cloak of her assailant—she shrieked—the clang of a watchman's bludgeon was heard on the pavement beyond the asylum she had in view, and at the northern extreme of the alley. This signal, which is equivalent to the rattle used in Europe, gave her courage, and she disengaged herself, as she again shrieked for "help." In a moment she was alone. As she hesitated whether to return or pursue her way towards her aunt's, she looked to the door of the theatre, and saw several persons come

out, who were immediately lost in the darkness. She determined to go from them, and towards her home, although she heard the footsteps of the wretch who had assaulted her, pursuing the same course; but she knew that a few steps would bring her to Ann-street and place her in safety. She hastened on in the same direction with the person whom, the moment before, she had turned back to avoid—she saw him by the light of the street, beyond the alley, turn towards Broadway, and she, taking the opposite course, after issuing from the abodes of poverty and vice, gained, without further molestation, the shelter of her aunt's dwelling.

The persons who had issued from the playhouse, had been met by the watchman whose signal put the aggressor to flight. Uncertain from whence the voice crying for help proceeded—(a cry not uncommon in that neighbourhood at that time)—he had stopped to make inquiry of the histrions: his inquiries, and their conjectures, had given Emma time to escape observation and to reach home, as she thought, unnoticed; but as she cast a furtive glance back, before closing the door, she saw a watchman returning towards the theatre. "Could it be that the same individual had again watched over and protected her?"

She found Mrs. Spiffard and her mother busy in preparation for the next evening's performance. Mr. Spiffard was reading. The ladies made some inquiries respecting the sick person; which, being answered, Emma retired to her chamber. She was agitated by the recollection of the late occurrence: not that she feared personal injury. She knew herself and the country of her birth too well. But to be insulted by the licentious address of a stranger who had been on the watch for her. To have so narrowly escaped the mortification of being seen, flurried, frightened, and crying for help—seen by strangers—in such a place. Then the certainty that she was systematically pursued by some one whose perseverance might render him dangerous. That he was not one of the performers, she was convinced, from her knowledge of the members of the company. Their persons and voices were too familiar to her for mistake. She felt that her freedom of action was contracted, and feared that she might be circumscribed in her efforts to do good. She debated with herself on the propriety of speaking to Mrs. Spiffard, her cousin, on the subject. She concluded not. There was one, to whom she would relate the circumstance. She determined not to expose herself to

like insult unless called imperiously by duty to the pestilential neighbourhood, where the poor are, from necessity, mingled with the depraved, and where the licentious feel licensed to prowl. She opened a book that was a gift from her brother. She read—she prayed; and with a quieted mind retired to the rest of the pure and virtuous.

CHAPTER V.

The hoax progresses.

"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth."

"All's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides."

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
Some that will ever more peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper."

"With mirth and laugher let old wrinkles come."

"Men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

"I combat challenge of this latten bilbo."

"He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria."—*Shakspeare.*

We have seen in the last chapter that Emma found Spiffard on her return, reading. But he read to little purpose. The events of the day had troubled and perplexed him.

Before we recount them, it is necessary to mention what passed at the theatre after Numpo made the stage wait.

The sportive manager having gone through the arduous part of Macbeth, and received ample testimonies of the approbation of a full house; and after having tricked Hilson into a forfeit for not being ready to 'go on' at his cue; proceeded, with all the happy buoyancy of youth, health, wealth, and popularity, to take a seat in the boxes, and laugh at Numpo, while Kent procured the tarrapins. His object was merely to beguile the time until, the farce being ended, he might return to meet Tam, and Ned, and other worthies, at a supper-table in

an apartment adjoining his dressing-room. He passed to the boxes by a private communication, through a door of which he carried the key, and repairing to the Shakspeare, found Allen still there, who, as soon as the curtain fell, accosted him with, "have you seen Spiffard lately?"

"Yes."

"He had nearly got into a quarrel."

"He has been telling us. Pray who were the fellows?"

"Mere blackguards. Spiff showed spunk I can tell you."

"Allen, I have been thinking that sport might be made out of this. Could not we make up a challenge?—Conjure up offended honour?—Drag up 'drowned honour by the locks'—ha?"

"No. Certainly not. The fellows sneak'd off as if ashamed of themselves."

"Did Spiffard use such language as would justify a gentleman in calling him to an account and demanding an apology?"

"Gentleman? I tell you these fellows were mere ruffians."

"No matter. We'll make gentlemen of them. What did Spiff say?"

"He told them, very plainly, that they were backguards."

"That's enough. Come with me to my room. Tarrapins and whiskey-punch. One of these gentlemen who have lately been so grossly insulted is a man of nice honour."

"They either of them looked like any thing else. It is a hard matter to make a silk purse you know—"

"Imagination can make any thing."

"Two such rough fellows, in coarse furzy great coats—"

"Disguised. Pooh! Dress is nothing! 'Leather and prunella,' you know. Two gentlemen on a frolic."

"Ah, now I take. And, so, one of these gentlemen in disguise, must demand satisfaction of Spiff."

"An apology or the *duello*. He don't know yonr hand writing, does he?"

"No. I see it! It will do! I'll be Lieutenant —— who?"

"Let us see. A captain of a ship might suit the rough furzy great-coat better, as well as better suit our purposes.—You shall be—"

"Bravo! I'll be Captain Tomkins or Jenkins."

"Smith. Smith is every body's name and nobody's name. Johnson and Smith are hanged every day. You shall write to Spiff and demand an apology. I will be his adviser. Who shall be his second?—You are known to have had an affair—

yes—I will advise him to put his honour into your hands, and then we have him in safe keeping."

"Capital! That's what you call doubling. I'm to be second and first. Captain Brown and ——"

"Smith."

"Ay, Smith. I'm to be the offended challenging captain, and second to the adversary. Who shall be the Captain's second?"

"Some one that Spiff does not know."

"But will he bite?"

"Never fear. At all events we shall see how he takes the demand. He has acknowledged that he bullied the men. He knows he was right in reproving their insolence. He will not apologize. Then follows the rest as may be."

"But can he believe that they were gentlemen?"

"In disguise. You saw them, and if *you* are convinced of it, surely he may be. You were cool. He is the best fellow in the world, and the least suspicious. His marriage for that. I would not harm Spiff for the world, but it will do him good when the joke is known—it will cure him of a little of his too much good faith in the men and women of this faithless world. Come—the tarrapins wait. After supper we will arrange it all—cast the parts."

The company met. Men, particularly young men, are very punctual on such occasions. The tarrapins were discussed, as was the hoax, which appeared more pregnant with sport as more wine and whiskey-punch coloured the anticipated incidents.

The next morning, after this grave consultation in the manager's private room, Mr. Spiffard received the following letter, which was left, by an unknown boy, with the servant woman, before the intended victim was out of bed. The servant was enjoined to give it to Mr. Spiffard as soon as he got up. There is nothing, for effect, like receiving a letter with some bad news, or a disagreeable call for money, or notification of the failure of a debtor, or, "sir, your bank account is overdrawn 10,000 dollars," or such and such notes or drafts are protested; such a letter before breakfast, (or such an one as we are about to transcribe) places a man in a situation similar, in some respects, to the aspiring cardinal, when his master places in his hands the proofs of his guilt, with—"read over this; and after, this; and then to breakfast with what appetite you have."

A man seldom over-eats himself at a regular meal, after swallowing a luncheon of this kind.

The letter was as follows:

Albany Coffee-house, New-York.

To Mr. Spiffard, of the Park theatre,

SIR,

The ungentlemanly epithets you thought proper to use in addressing me last evening at the theatre were passed over, at the time, to avoid a disturbance in a public place, but they require an ample apology. I take this method of informing you who I am and where I am to be found, rather than, in the first place, to trouble a friend. I shall be at home to-morrow at eleven o'clock, A. M.

Your obedient and very humble servant,

JOHN SMITH.

"Apologize! No. Certainly not. Why, what did I do to him? Apologize? Why, is it possible the fellow is a gentleman? Apologize! Poh! I suppose I am to be challenged for resenting an injury offered to my wife! But I am neither fool enough to apologize for doing right, or, to expose my life at the call of a ruffian!"

Appetite for breakfast, however, was spoiled. He eat little. He was silent. His mind was in the Shakspeare-box, and imagination recalled the scene; but he had told the story so often that the images became confused. He strove to recall the faces and figures of the two aggressors. He could find nothing, in their recollected appearance, that indicated gentlemen. He remembered their sturdy figures and rough great coats, much more perfectly than their faces. He remembered that they looked at each other and laughed, without replying to his reproof. That laugh—it might imply a consciousness of something that did not appear. How deceitful are all appearances! He thought the matter over in every possible way, but always came to the same conclusion, that he would neither apologize nor fight.

"What's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?"

"Nothing, my dear."

Now this was unlike himself. It was false. He was at the moment thinking he would consult Cooper. Besides—how could he tell the truth to a person so much concerned in the affair? So he excused the falsehood as a thing of necessity.

" I'm sure something must be the matter. You dont eat or speak."

" Why, my dear, don't I tell you that there is nothing the matter?"

Of all things, when a man is discontented with himself, and sullenly silent, the most provoking is being asked, " what's the matter?" especially by his wife; and more especially if he knows he has uttered an untruth.

" There was a very fine house last night," said Mrs. Spiffard, and her eyes sparkled at the recollection of her triumph. Her head was erect, and, as she adjusted a lock of her glossy raven hair, she repeated, " a very fine house."

" Yes," said her husband, his head supported by his right hand; his elbow on the table; his figure sunken, and his eye lack-lustre—" very fine."

" A truly genteel audience!"

" Genteel!" He threw himself back in his chair. " What did you say of genteel?"

" A fine show of gentlemen and ladies. I never saw a better display of dress in the boxes."

" Very—genteel." And the two fellows with rough great-coats were full in the eye of his imagination. And the look and laugh. He thought he recollected that one looked down upon him, before that sly glance at his companion and the suppressed laugh. The men began to appear less like blackguards. One of them even began to assume something of the gentleman, notwithstanding the great-coat and pea-nuts.

" I think," said Mrs. Spiffard, " I never played better."

" I never saw you play so well," and he thought of Mr. Smith's remark; and its injustice, as well as insolence. ' Your deportment was lofty and dignified. You looked taller in person, as well as more towering in ambition, than Macbeth. Your majestic stature seemed increased by the spirit of the lofty-minded leader of the thane. The characteristic dress gave force to the majesty of your deportment. Is it possible that any one could object—" By this time Spiffard had affixed the name of John Smith to the man who had returned a smile in answer to his reproof; and in imagination he saw a person very different from that who in reality had received the rebuke. Little of the original remained but the rough great-coat. " To be sure you are remarkably tall."

" You did not use to think me too tall."

" Too tall? What did I say?"

" You said, ' to be sure you are remarkably tall,' as if an objection might be *made to my* height," and she elevated her

majestic neck and head, and shook the curls of jet that might have adorned the brow of Juno, while her eyes shot rays from a towering height on the low-comedian.

" 'Remarkable'—that which is remarkable is frequently admirable—I certainly meant nothing disparaging by the word—but" and he looked at his watch, " I beg pardon—I must see Cooper."

And he left the table abruptly, and the house. Mrs. Epsom, her daughter, and her lovely protegee, thought he had an appointment with the manager, and, though he did not say so, his words and action conveyed the meaning.

" Mr. Spiffard behaves very odd this morning," said the mother, with somewhat of an offended air, at the same time administering a pinch of snuff.

" Somewhat absent, I must confess, both in words and looks," said the wife.

" But cousin," said Emma Portland, " Mr. Spiffard seemed fully alive to your fine appearance and performance of last evening."

There was harmony in the look, the voice, the words, of the beautiful speaker. There was harmony within, and its influence was felt by all who heard or saw her. Are there not beings whose presence acts upon the turbulent spirits of the world as oil upon the troubled waters?

Spiffard had made up his mind (while sitting at the breakfast-table) to see the young manager, and consult him in regard to the conduct he ought to pursue in this unexpected affair of the letter received from John Smith. He knew that the young tragedian was well versed in the etiquette as well as the reality of honour's laws. He wished to have the approbation of those he associated with, though he felt no inclination to yield either to John Smith or to the customs established by duellists. Our associates should, in their habits, be such as will confirm our own better resolutions.

The effect of Allen's letter had been anticipated by the contrivers of it; and, with the view to sport, (of which they did not foresee the consequences) it was contrived that Cooper should not be seen by Spiffard until after dinner; when, as usual, his board would be crowned by the sport-encouraging bottle, and surrounded by such a knot as would seize every occasion that might offer to carry on the joke of the quarrel, between substance and shadow.

Spiffard passed the morning in suspense. At length he found the manager at table over his wine, and attended by

his well prepared friends, all looking for Spiffard's arrival. He was welcomed, as he always had been; for though he partook not of the wine, he did of the wit, and always brought his share. As had been agreed, the conversation was turned upon duelling.

We have said the company were prepared, but there was one exception. Cooke had unexpectedly dropt in to dinner, and was ignorant of the plot.

Spiffard found the good fellows in full convivial gaiety; each with his glass, and each with his cigar—Cooke being in the last also an exception.

"Spiffard, what do you drink?"

"Water."

"Why ask him?"

"I did not know but he might have wished small beer."

"Or switchel," said Cooke, "as my man Davenport calls his molasses and water. Mr. Spiffard is the only wise man among us, however. He will not put his 'enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.'"

"You, sir," said Hilson, bowing gravely, and looking very seriously respectful, "fear no enemy."

"And you, sir," said the veteran, laughing, "know you have no brains."

"I hold," said Cooper, "that the man who rejects such madeira as this, has no brains worth stealing. Fill! and pass the decanter, Allen!"

"The man who rejects every liquid, save water, will be found the wise man," persisted Cooke, as he deliberately filled a bumper of wine.

"Is wisdom to be found at the bottom of the well, in company with truth?" demanded Allen.

"Wisdom and truth are the same," said Spiffard.

"Truth is found at the bottom of the bottle," said a little hard favoured man about forty, dressed in a kind of half military blue coat, the button-holes of which were trimmed with tarnished gold lace.

This gentleman was an old bachelor and an oddity. He had, when a boy, served during the war of the revolution, whenever he could escape from his guardians; and, towards the close of the war, being his own master, with some property, he obtained a commission, and, as he said, would "never sully the honour of a soldier" by stooping to any useful occupation. He therefore lived to old age upon the credit of what he had done in youth, merely to gratify boyish curio-

sity, and in obedience to over-boiling spirits. This bank of credit, upon which he drew most liberally, was a store unknown to all but himself; for the name of *Phillpot* neither appeared in the dispatches of the commanding generals or in the pages of the historians of the revolution. He was remarkable in the streets for military carriage, and the old fashioned half-regimental coat above mentioned, (which, whenever renewed, was of the same cut), but his old cocked hat, with a black and white cockade, and his long Frederick-the-Great *queue*, was even more conspicuous than his diminutive martial person and coat. He was no less remarkable in the chamber than the field, and with a dry quaintness told stories of his campaigns, that were ever new, though the recital of the same events, for the incidents were such as the imagination of the moment presented. "Truth is found at the bottom of the bottle! When the army lay at Valley-Forge—"

"Right, Colonel!" cried the master of the revel, "wine brightens the wit; and wit is your true terrier for unborrowing truth! You are a Diogenes seeking truth by the light of the bottle."

"Not altogether by that light," said the Colonel; "I have sought truth by the light of history."

"History is a tissue of falsehood," was the manager's exclamation.

Spiffard added, "historians have propagated immorality, with few exceptions, from the earliest to the latest."

"They are great liars," said the Colonel,—"of that I have no doubt; but they have fostered the noblest qualities of our nature. Homer (for I rank him with the historians) made an Alexander; and the history of the conquering Macedonian has formed all the great men that have since lived."

"Great men! According to you, Colonel," said Spiffard, "none are great but the butchers of mankind! The preachers of peace, and teachers of divine love, the explorer of science and martyrs to truth,—are of no account; they are not great men! Till such opinions are corrected in the mass of mankind, the reign of peace and benevolence cannot *come*."

"It is the sword that prepares the path for the *savans*. What had we known of Egypt if the 'fire king' had not preceded the scientific explorer? So Alexander opened the path to the Grecian philosophy. Alexander is my hero!"

"He was a jolly toper," said Allen.

"That he was!" And the Colonel, in most discordant notes, sung,—

" Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about the council-board,
He subdued the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword."

ubdued the world! but not himself! Had he been tem-
he had not mourned over a slaughtered friend, *and* might
een a friend to the human race."
Ie was a conqueror! Show me his equal!"
can name, even a military man, much his superior, (if
nust have a soldier). One who preserved a nation, and
ished an empire, composed of freemen! Washington!
onqueror of himself!"
suppose I must succumb! But he would have done
if he had drank more! Cooper is right! I seek truth by
ht of the bottle and peace by the force of the sword."
ay discord, instead of truth," said George Frederick.
drink away our senses and then talk politics, dispute
words, say harsh and rude things, and finally abuse one
r. I believe nine quarrels out of ten originate over the
."
t's only your quarrelsome fellows by nature that quarrel in
ups. You never quarrel, Mr. Cooke, or say an uncivil
—*not you*—neither do I. If the disposition to quarrel, or
l-will towards a companion is in the bosom, wine brings
. Allen," continued the speaker, (who was Hilson,)
n, you know all these matters and things.—Allen is a
opher, Mr. Cooke, and his opinion is oracular.—Allen,
has caused the greatest number of quarrels and duels
your experience?"
'olitics," was the reply, " party politics."
o I thought. Your politician is a fellow with the hea-
Your water-drinking politician. Your lily-livered,
looded, office-seeking, place-hunting, mischief-making,
earing, under-mining, politician. Colonel! did you
now a man with a ruby-coloured-nose and a carmine
that ever fought a duel?"
vill be readily imagined that this question was intended by
y to bring on the reply and discussion that followed.
es, many a one, as scarlet and purple as yourself. Lin-
and Alcort were neither of them chalk-faced. There
ohnson too, who was shot by Brown, had a face as full of
as your own, though it showed through a browner cover-
skin."
Colonel, you know the particulars of that affair," said

Allen inquiringly, as he puffed a volume of smoke towards the man-of-war.

"Yes. But they are not to be told. It was a bloody business."

Our hero inquired if either fell, and looks of intelligence passed from one to the other among the young men, who were in the plot. Spiffard's eyes were fixed on the Colonel, who answered with a tremendous oath, "Both ought to have been killed ten times over, if either could have hit the broad side of a church at ten paces. To be sure, it was rather late in the evening; but there was snow on the ground, and that gave light and made a mark surer. I remember in the year seventy-nine——."

"Where was this?"

"It was when we were hutted near Morristown—"

"No, Colonel, not that story; but the duel of Brown and Johnson."

"That was just over the fence to the north of Love-lane."

"Love-lane?"

"Called so," said Cooke, "because no love is ever lost there. Does Hoboken mean love, in Dutch?"

"I suppose," said Allen, "that Brown never fired a pistol before in his life, and let me tell you it is no easy matter to keep a muzzle in line."

"No, nor would he then," said the gruff man of war, "if he had not been told that his standing with the party and in society depended upon his fighting."

"So the yankees commit murder, for fear of losing their reputation as good members of society."

"Yes," said Spiffard, "it is fear, that makes men brave death in many cases. The fear of losing the good opinion of those with whom one associates, makes many a man expose himself to his adversary's ball, or risk the shedding his brother's blood."

"No man," said Allen, taking the cigar from his mouth and breaking off the ashes which had accumulated on the end like the snuff of a burning candle, "No man," and he deliberately placed the brightened cigar on the table, the fire end a little over the edge, "No man," and he spoke with emphasis, assuming a most oracular air, "can refuse to fight when challenged, if he has provoked the challenge."

Spiffard looked at the oracle with lack-lustre eye, the upper lid hanging remarkably low—his chin elongated and his mouth a little opened. He was taken in the snare. He had no

greater dread of death than is common to humanity, and he thought himself principled against duelling; yet he began to have a glimpse in imagination of a duel impending, and himself one of the parties. John Smith's letter—the great-coat—the sarcastic smile—were dancing in mournful measure, in his mind, when the speaker continued: "If a gentleman makes use of offensive language to another gentleman, and is called upon for an apology, he must make it, or accept the offended party's challenge if he thinks fit to call him out." Allen resumed his cigar.

Spiffard look'd ruminating. He was chewing the cud, without that satisfaction which attends it in some of his fellow water-drinkers.

The Colonel responded to the oracle's exposition of the law of the *duello* with "certainly," and an immense volume of tobacco smoke.

"No doubt," said another.

The conspirators watched the countenance of Spiffard, and saw the success of their hoax.

"Johnson," said Allen, "insulted Brown brutally, and deserved to be shot."

The Colonel, with his cigar in his mouth, and speaking after puffing off a cloud of smoke, observed, "I believe it is always the case that the offending party is shot."

"'The offending party,'" repeated Spiffard, "but, Colonel, do you mean the offence that called forth the demand for an apology, or the offence first given?"

"Let me understand your question. State a case."

"Why, as thus. If a man reproves another for improper behaviour to a female, for example, and the person reproved demands an apology?"

"It cannot be given," said the Colonel.

"It cannot be given," said Allen.

"Certainly not," said Hilson.

"If," continued our hero, "on refusal of apology a challenge ensues?"

"He must fight," said the Colonel.

"Yes," said Hilson, "he must fight."

"Certainly he must fight," said Allen.

"As long as the challenger chooses to shoot at him," said Hilson.

"I knew a case in point," said the Colonel, "but the parties fought with swords. Two of the French officers who were with us at Yorktown—"

"But, Colonel," queried the Vermonter, "according to your theory I should suppose that the person giving the offence, would in this case, be the man whose behaviour had been improper towards the female. He would be the offender, and not the person who reproved him."

"The reprover being right, cannot possibly apologize," said Allen. "It is a pity that one cannot be sure *where* the ball would strike; for notwithstanding the Colonel's theory, who knows which may fall?"

"It's a difficult question for powder and lead to decide upon," said Hilson. "I think it likely both might fall."

"Both might miss," said Spiffard.

"Not likely," said Hilson, looking seriously at Cooper. "The science is brought to great perfection. The hair-trigger was a great invention. Steam engines and spinning-jennies are nothing to it. Formerly if a man's nerves happened to be a little the worse for wear and tear, or constitutionally trepidationally inclined, he was sure to turn the muzzle of his pistol out of line by the exertion of the pulling trigger; but now, though he shakes like an aspen leaf, or the hand of an old tippler when lifting the first glass, if he is only quick upon the word, and brings his muzzle within a foot of the horizontal—touch! whiz!—the lead must tell—if both parties fire—both may fall."

"Spiffard! give us a song," said Cooper.

"Yes. But Colonel, you said that the two gentlemen you mentioned, fired repeatedly."

"They did. But the seconds were determined to bring the affair to a happy conclusion, and finding that the light failed fast, they brought their principals up to three paces."

Spiffard looked upon the carpet, and seemed to measure the distance, as he said, "Three paces!"

The Colonel proceeded, "It is all nonsense and stuff not to settle these things when you have begun, you know; so at the three paces, the word was given to fire."

"Well?"

"Johnson missed his antagonist, and Brown's fire was reserved by the circumstance of his second having neglected to cock his pistol."

"Well?"

"So, the second did his duty by cocking the pistol, and all Brown had to do was coolly to put the ball through Johnson's body."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Spiffard, "and the seconds stood by—and—"

"My good fellow what could they do? Johnson was asked to apologize."

"Well,—and he,—?"

"Said, fire away; and there was an end of it. Mr. Cooke, pass that bottle."

"What! pass it without filling!" demanded the host.

"I drink no more wine to-day," and the veteran emphatically turned his glass bottom upwards.

"Mr. Cooke, here is brandy," said Hilson, very gravely offering it. Cooke looked up from under the heavy folds of his eye lids, and then laughing good naturedly said, "Tom, you are a big blackguard."

"What?" said Cooper, "has Hilson offered you the empty brandy bottle! George, more brandy!"

"Ah, you was a pretty set of fellows!"

"But Linstock and Alcort the duellists you first mentioned are both alive, I know," remarked Spiffard.

"Linstock hit general Alcort three times without bringing him down, and these rude thumps,—(although the general did not mind a pistol ball more than the proboscis of a musquito,) prevented his steady aim—he couldn't touch his mark. A man must be iron, you know, to be perfectly unmoved when another is breaking his shins with leaden bullets."

Spiffard told Cooper that he wanted to speak with him in private. They accordingly withdrew.

"There he goes now to show Cooper Captain Smith's letter —I think it is Captain Smith, is it not Allen?"

"Yes, captain of a merchantman, sailing out of Philadelphia."

"Did you mark how miserable Spiff looked while the Colonel kindly described, and mercifully dwelt upon the particulars of the bloody encounter in Love-lane? Colonel, did you note how his jaw fell when you shot Johnson?"

"I hope," said Simpson, who had taken little part in the plot, and had been a silent observer, "You will not carry the joke too far."

"What? Are you afraid that Captain Smith will shoot Spiff!"

"He has more to fear from his good natured friends than from Captain Smith. Torture is worse than death."

"Torture and death! What say you, Allen? As you made John Smith, I suppose you can prevent his committing murder or inflicting torture?"

"He will obey his maker doubtless," said Allen, "as all men should."

"Not if he is like most men," said Cooke. "But what is all

this? What does it all mean? Who is captain John Smith? Tom, who is he?"

"He is a man of straw, or buckram. A buckram-man, sir John; don't you remember little Spiff bullying two men in the boxes?" said Hilson.

"Yes. Two blackguards."

"One of them proves to be captain John Smith, master of the good ship—what's her name, Allen?"

"'Anna Matilda,' trading between Philadelphia and Liverpool; but the captain is a man of spirit and honour.—'Is'nt he, Moses?'"

"'I'll shwear to it,'" responded Hilson.

"And he requires our friend to make an apology. 'Does'nt he, Moses?'"

"No doubt of it."

"He has written to Spiff, who is now consulting Cooper on the subject."

"You seem to know all this by intuition. I am sure Mr. Spiffard said nothing on the subject," remarked Cooke.

"Now, Mr. Cooke," said Hilson, "don't you *peach*. Allen wrote the letter—he is to conduct the business. And if it should come to a duel, he will be Spiff's second."

"Ah, you are a precious set of boys!"

Just then Cooper returned, took his seat, and all were attention. He said, "I have advised him to let Allen manage the business; but I consented to accompany him to the Albany Coffee-house, and witness his interview with John Smith. After what has passed, I told him, and he thinks, he ought rather to receive than make apology. So we are to go to-morrow at eleven o'clock, to meet captain John Smith. He asked me if I knew any one of that name? I told him I remembered a dashing fellow in Philadelphia of the name of Smith, a notorious duellist, and little Spiff has gone home pretty considerably cogitative."

"You did not hesitate telling him you knew such a man?" said Cooke.

"Smith? I do know such a fellow. John Smith or Tom Smith. Why I have known a hundred of them. I'll bet a hundred I find a John Smith in every street in town that has a hundred houses."

"So," said Cooke, "This is the way you treat your friends? Deliver me from such friendship."

"What! you are not going?"

"Home, to read."

"Say nothing to Spiff."

"I shall not see him until your hoax is over. You will go to the Albany Coffee-house, and as you will find no John Smith, there is an end."

"I suppose so. *Nous verrons.*"

"I shall have an eye upon ye, boys," said the veteran as he left them.

The young men lost sight of the duel for the present, and indeed only looked forward to carrying Spiffard on a fool's errand to the Albany Coffee-bouse, and perhaps having a laugh at his credulity and serious deportment. He went home, musing, and was very bad company the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

More hoaxing. Mr. Smith and Captain Smith.

"It is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits.—*Swift.*

"Win me and wear me—let him answer me."

"Give-a-dis letter to Sir Hugh: by gar it is a Shallenge.—I will cut his troat in de Park."

"I had as lief not be, as live to be,
In awe of such a thing as I myself.—*Shakspeare*

Spiffard had determined to make his adversary hear reason; and doubted not the power of reason if enforced with due eloquence and a spirit of benevolence. He was not a man to shed the blood of his fellow creature; neither would he consent that another should shed his blood. He felt no enmity to the person he expected to meet; and did not doubt, upon a mild statement of the circumstances attending the offence, they should part friends, if he was a reasonable creature; if not—he saw no necessity for further proceedings. He had often deliberated on and examined all the arguments for and against duelling—he had made up his mind that not the most extreme case, which the casuist can conceive, would justify the practice. In short, he detested duelling; but he would not submit to insult. He would repel aggression by force even to the death, in the last resort, but thought that with a reasonable creature, reason must triumph. In this case it had not escaped him, that his antagonist, if disguised, must attribute the offensive words to that disguise; as the expressions which offended Spiffard, might be supposed likewise, to have been an assumed language suited to the disguise.

These reasonings were communicated by Spiffard to his friend, who was of course to use them in his behalf, and who received them with great apparent gravity.

Cooper and Spiffard met at the hour appointed, giving sufficient time to walk to the Albany Coffee-house, by eleven of the clock. The tragedian did not fail to enjoy the serious and determined countenance of his pale-faced companion; who was thinking

how he might avoid the hateful consequences which might spring from a meeting with the letter writer, and preserve the good opinion of his associates and himself.

"Cooper, if the fellow should say that he is sorry he made use of improper language in respect to Mrs. Spiffard, I may say that I am sorry that I was called upon to speak harshly to him?"

This was said by way of query, as they passed toward Greenwich-street.

"Your if, is a notable peace-maker, you know Spiff; but I do not see how you can be sorry for doing right, because Mr. John Smith is sorry for having done wrong. Besides, he has not invited you to the Albany Coffee-house to receive, but to make an apology. Would you know the fellow again?" Spiffard hesitated. The manager asked, "If you were to see him, he not speaking to you, or noticing you, would you know him?"

"I think I should know one of them—there were two, you know—both in rough great-coats. I think I might know the one I spoke to."

"If they were disguised for a frolic, they probably wore wigs."

"My man had a shaggy bush of shock hair, as far as I could see below his hat."

"A wig no doubt. You would not know him again, I see." The manager was determined that it should be so.

"'The Albany Coffee-house.' This is our place," said Cooper, as he read the sign. Zeb stretched himself to the height of full five feet five, and took a desperate stride towards the door.

"Stop," said his patron, and he took his arm. "Don't look as if you would eat the man. An easy, careless air. Take my arm. Let me be spokesman."

"Zeb obeyed. They entered with an air of *nonchalance;* but careless as our hero might be, he rolled his lobster eyes around the public room, in search of the redoubted John Smith. The bar-keeper was at his post, and but one other human being was to be seen. A little consumptive-looking, elderly man, was reading the news at a table, and did not notice their entrance, or lift his eyes from the paper.

"Is that the man?" whispered the waggish manager.

"I—I think not. He was much stouter and younger, and his face full of colour."

"There is no knowing. A large overcoat, and a bushy

wig of shock hair; and then, probably, his face flushed with exercise and liquor."

"It may be—it is possible—and yet—"

"I'll soon know;" and stepping up to the little old gentleman, he said, "Pray, sir, is your name Smith?" Here the wag thought that a simple negative would have settled the point; but to his great gratification, the little old gentleman, squeaked out, "Yes, sir, my name *is* Smith."

The manager turned round to watch the emotion depicted on his protegee's face, and could scarce refrain from laughter, as he saw the eager look Spiffard fixed on Mr. Smith; who, seeing this unaccountable "bye play," exclaimed in a sharper tone, "And pray, sir, what have you to do with my name?"

"That we shall see, sir, in due time." He took off his hat, and bowed to Mr. Smith; then turning again to his companion, who was gazing with earnestness, at the little old gentlenman, (whose exertion had produced a fit of coughing, that brought the tears in his eyes, and a flush of red over his face,) Cooper said, "Here *he is*. See how red he looks. Would you have recognized him?"

"No."

"Nor his voice?"

"His voice was as gruff as the low notes of a bassoon."

"He was hoarse; you see he has a cold. See what a colour he has now."

The little man having, in some measure, subdued his cough, was wiping the tears from his face, when he again squeaked out angrily, "What do you mean by asking me my name?"

"No offence, sir. You are not ashamed of your name. You are a man of honour, sir; and we have come to meet you, and give assurance that you shall have any satisfaction a man of honour may, by the laws of honour, justly demand."

"Tom, don't be so precipitate."

"If you think you can manage the affair better?"

"No, no, no—but—"

"Meet me! Satisfaction! Waiter! Bar-keeper!"

"Coming, sir," and the bar-keeper went out of sight, and listened.

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"Far from it, sir." While the little man underwent another fit of coughing, the tragedian took out the letter of "John Smith," and with great gravity demanded, as he displayed the epistle, "Is that your signature, sir?" The astonished old

gentleman sought for his spectacles, and the wag proceeded, "Is your name John Smith?"

"No! Robert! My name is Robert Cunningham Smith! Robert!"

"Then we have nothing further to say, Mr. Cunningham, but that an appointment made by a Mr. Smith, brought us here; and your name being Smith, has led to this intrusion. We beg your pardon, sir. Bar-keeper! Captain Smith is waiting for us in a private room." He whispered to Spiffard.

"Never was so treated in my life!" And Mr. Smith took the newspaper again.

"Waiter! bar-keeper!" shouted the tragedian.

"Coming, sir." and he came forward from his hiding-place. "Is there any gentleman in the house who has engaged a private apartment?"

"The boarders are all gone out, sir."

"Is there any one of the name of Smith?"

"John Smith?" said Spiffard, by way of making the matter sure *this time.*

"No, sir; there is no Mr. Smith boards here."

"Is there no stranger in the house?"

"No, sir; only that old gentleman."

"Do you know any one of the name of Smith—"

"John Smith?" added the principal.

"No, sir—yes—there is a Captain Smith who sometimes comes here."

"Is his name John?" said Zeb.

"I really—I don't—I believe so."

"That's the man, depend upon it," said Cooper. "Captain John Smith!"

"But, Tom, he is not here."

"Something has prevented. We shall see. If he does not apologize, you must post. Have you any mint-julep, waiter? You must post."

"I will post home. I will have nothing more to do with Captain Smith."

The friends departed, and Mr. Robert Smith took off his spectacles to inquire who they were. "I believe, sir, they are play-actors."

"The scoundrels! Ask me my name! The strolling vagabonds!"

The remainder of this day passed without interruption to the peace of our hero. He returned home light of heart. A weight

had been removed, and he was pleased with every body and every thing.

The manager, satisfied with the success of the joke, looked no further than to tell the story at the next meeting of his merry comrades, and then to let all be explained to Spiffard, and have a hearty and friendly laugh. But fate was adverse, and fate will have her way, let us say what we will to the contrary. The playful, and not unfriendly intentions of the young manager, were ——; but we will not anticipate. It was the ebb tide with our hero's affairs, and he had to flounder among sands and shallows, and thump upon banks and rocks, as the great moralist says all men must who miss the flood. Fortunately, the tide of flood was making for some of our friends, and the gales of heaven were in readiness to swell their sails, and bear them quietly over a sea of happiness.

So it is. What moment is there that is not marked by joy and sorrow, hope and despair, life and death? But life is triumphant, and will be triumphant. The light will grow more and more unto the perfect day. The will of the Author of all good must prevail.

CHAPTER VII.

Winter. An English heroine.

"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible."

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."—*Shakspeare.*

"Irrthum, lass los der Augen Band!
Und merkt euch, wie der Teufel spasse."—*Goethe.*

"Nature, with a beauteous wall, doth oft enclose pollution."

"——— thou hast a mind
That suits with this thy fair and outward character."

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

"Good alone, is good, without a name."

"Too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient."

"For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside."

"He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of the flatterer."

"That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy."—*Shakspeare.*

It is a saying as true as homely, that "time and tide wait for no man."

The first month of the year 1812 had commenced, and the tide of events connected with our hero, Zebediah Spiffard, swept on, ebbing to the ocean of eternity.

The season of merry Christmas had arrived and was gone. It had passed as usual. Some of the decendants of Englishmen, feasted on roast beef and plumb-pudding, on the day; but most substituted roast turkeys and mince-pies. Others, again, frowned on the remains of popery, abhorred the word "mass," and strictly prohibited the festival. But the seventh day after, festivity more unanimously prevailed. On the first day of the

new-year, all who could, joined in jollity. It was then, as now, the universal holiday, the day for making visits and presents. "Santiclaus" bestowed his favours on good children, and ladies their smiles on favoured admirers. The new-year's cookey, and the cherry-brandy, (especially the latter,) were more in demand than now. It was the time for visiting, shaking hands, renewing old acquaintances, strengthening friendships, and, in many instances, it was the day of cordial forgiveness, for real or supposed slights and injuries. This was, indeed, making it a holiday. Public functionaries and clergymen, then, as now, were the only males who remained at home: all the rest, old and young, hurried from house to house, to pay their respects to the females of every family, connected by ties of any kind, and to such office-holders, civil and ecclesiastical, as political or religious opinion united with them. The whole population appeared to be in their gala suits, and every face dressed in smiles. Every matron was prepared to sit from twelve to three o'clock, surrounded by her daughters, to receive and return joyous greetings. The genial warmth produced by exercise—by pleasure received from the succession of happy domestic circles visited—by alternate exposure to the cold without, and the blazing, or furnace-like fires within—by the wines, cordials, and whiskey-punch, although only touched to the lips at each visit—not to mention the influence of sunny smiles and sparkling eyes—all these combined, produced an effect on this day, which makes it to many—to very many—the happiest day of the year.

But all this hilarity is only known to those who are prosperous: to the rich—or at least to the holders of property who are rich in anticipation.

There are many, however, even although in comfortable circumstances, who appear to be excluded from participation in this yearly joyous carnival. No visiters crossed the threshold of Mrs. Epsom. Spiffard felt little disposed to visit those from whose society his wife appeared shut out by an impassable bar. Emma Portland went to church, and returned happy to her household employments, anticipating a visit to the sick or the poor, who looked as anxiously for her arrival, as any of those we have described, for the appearance of relative or admirer. The other ladies of the family were engaged in the usual occupations of the theatre; for the first of January is a day of harvest to managers, and of labour to actors.

The crowded streets, the hospitable hearths, the smoking boards, the joyous gratulations, the overflowing theatres, the

shouts of applause at the holiday play and pantomime, are all apparent on the first of January. They are the outward and visible signs of a great, populous, and prosperous city; but who can tell the wretchedness that dwells within? even in the mansions of the rich, who can tell? But in the abodes of poverty, at this season of chill and freezing, who can tell? When the ice and snow cuts off the improvident labourer's resources, and he flies to intemperance, as a refuge from cold. When the inmates of crowded garrets and cellers, unfurnished, filthy, comfortless, hear the senseless laugh of intoxication, echoed by the groans of suffering sickness. In those abodes where the noise of strife and blasphemy is contrasted with the silence of despair; where those distinctions which exist in the light of the sun, and under the influence of society, are lost, and the black thief is one with the white prostitute; where —— but enough! enough! All this exists at one and the same time—and all belongs to the first of January.

But let us look on scenes, if not of happiness, at least not presenting the dark shades of unmingled wretchedness. Let us pray that the poor may be taught, that, if temperate and provident, they cannot remain poor in America.

We will turn our attention to those connected with our story, who, though not all basking in the sun-shine which gilds a happy-new-year, were not yet plunged in hopeless darkness; and first to the domestic affairs of General Williams.

This man of courtesy, though all smiles when addressing his faulty and unfortunate wife before company, was, in private, very generally as morose as the intelligent reader may suppose; and only controlled by the fear of provoking an exposition which occasionally appeared inevitable, as on the occurrence of the display at Doctor Cadwallader's. There were few smiles in the private recesses of the general's establishment. The home—the domestic fire-side—*there*, where the good are most happy, *there* dwelled discontent, regret, and fear of exposure. "Poor and content is rich;" but sordid riches, though they give power, cannot purchase content. "There is more gold for you; do you damn others, and let this damn you," says the misanthrope; but it is only power misused that brings condemnation. The gold Williams had purchased by an act of duplicity and meanness, could not even buy the respect of the world, though backed by ostentatious display, and never-tiring obsequiousness. There are a skin and surface which belong to moral as well as physical health, that cannot be counterfeited.

The unhappy Mrs. Williams, on the partial recovery of reason, had a confused recollection of the occurrences of the preceding evening. The images of her father, mother, and sisters, were ever present to her imagination. She thought she had seen Spiffard, the husband of her sister. She questioned her husband wildly. He evaded and denied the knowledge he had obtained. What is called a brain fever, seized on the conscience-struck victim of seduction and duplicity. In her ravings, she called upon her parents for forgiveness; the name of Spiffard was uttered, and touching appeals were made to her sister, conjuring her, by former love, to come to her! to save her!

Doctor Cadwallader obeyed the call for his professional attendance, and his skill produced a temporary suspension of the disease, accompanied by extreme exhaustion. In a lucid interval, she questioned him respecting the vision, for such it seemed to her, in which she had seen Spiffard. The doctor told her the truth, and Williams was obliged to confess that he had seen, and been repulsed, by the son of her sister; that he had subsequently heard of her death, and that of the elder Spiffard; but tenderness to her had caused his concealment of these circumstances. The poor, deceived woman, felt herself an outcast. She sunk into a state of hopelessness, and the general was informed by the physician, that, in a few weeks, perhaps days, her miseries would cease in death, unless some change took place, of which he saw no prospect.

It was not long before certain occurrences, nearly affecting the unhappy lady, and very unexpected, alleviated her sufferings, and suspended her dissolution, although the excitement they produced, seemed to threaten its acceleration.

Spiffard received a letter from Eliza Atherton, the youngest sister of his unfortunate mother. It had the evil-foreboding black seal, and announced the death of his grandfather. The amiable and high-minded writer, communicated this intelligence with that dignified simplicity which accompanied all her words and actions, and then proceeded to inform her nephew that owing to her father's retired and economical mode of living, a large portion of the annuity which her generous young relative had bestowed upon them, had been saved, and constantly accumulating. That the annuity itself, now that she was alone, would much more than supply her wants. That she had seen his name, as an actor, in those newspapers from America, which, from many circumstances, were so interesting to her: and that she could not but feel that she might be enjoying superfluous luxuries from his bounty, while he, perhaps,

was labouring from necessity, in a vocation, unsuited, or disagreeable to him; perhaps bearing up against a torrent of misfortunes; perhaps suffering from privations that would be prevented by the possession of a part of that abundance, as it now proved, which he had lavished on her. That she had formed the resolution to visit America, for two reasons. One was the determination to restore to him such part of his gift as justice required, and she could prevail upon him to accept. That she would not make this offer by letter, fearing that delicacy, (perhaps false delicacy,) might cause a refusal. That her second motive for crossing the sea, was to be near her sister, now, her only sister. She knew her sister Sophia to be in New-York, and had reason to believe that her husband was not a fit guardian for one who had been so unfortunate in her first entering upon the stage of life; and, now that she was her own mistress, and without near relations in England, she thought it her duty to seek the sufferer, for such she believed her to be—(once the dear companion of childhood)—and by every means in her power, guard her from the dangers which beset the disappointed and unhappy. With these views, she had converted all the property left at her disposal, into money, and should embark in the Sally, Captain Appleton, hoping to reach New-York nearly as soon as her letter, which was dated from Liverpool.

This hope was fully realized. A very few days after the arrival of this precursor, our hero received a note, (brought from the outer harbour by the pilot who had boarded the good ship Sally,) and written by his aunt. The necessary arrangements were made for accommodating the stranger in the family of which Spiffard was the head, although Mrs. Epsom still called the house hers. He did not choose that Miss Atherton should go immediately to Williams's. This done, he hastened to the bay, and embarked in one of the many boats of all descriptions, that eliven the beautiful harbour of New-York, and was soon standing on the deck of the ship.

As Eliza Atherton is to appear on the stage where all the persons of our drama are moving, we think that our readers should have a more distinct idea of her person, than may have been conveyed by the preceding pages. Her character, (the form and features of her mind,) has been made apparent already. The three daughters of Mr. Atherton, Louisa, the mother of Zebediah Spiffard; Sophia, the victim of aristocratic seduction; and Eliza, the pure, pious, undeviating supporter of her parents in every trial to the hour of death, were all, from the hand of

nature, models of beauty. Fortunately for Eliza, at the period of her infancy, the progress of improvement had not driven afar that scourge of the human race, which, for centuries, swept thousands to the grave, and ploughed the faces who escaped, with furrows that obliterated the tint, and almost the form bestowed at their birth. The two elder sisters passed through the disease unscathed; but the younger underwent all its virulence.

When health was restored, that beauty which gave to her countenance a seraphic character, was gone. The discoloration, by degrees, vanished, but the scars and seams remained indelible. The same flowing silken tresses which adorned the brilliant beauty of her sisters, remained to remind her friends of the charms which were forever departed; and the same perfection of form was hers: but the face was disfigured—robbed of the beauty bestowed by nature—left destitute of charms—until years developed character; and beauty, unassailable by disease, replaced the fleeting attractions of surface.

The preference her sisters demanded, and obtained in early life, from all persons; the neglect and slight Eliza endured from her parents as well as strangers, gave a direction to her mind which strengthened her intellect; and instead of souring her temper, as might happen with the weak, placed her above the desire of admiration; which, as she did not consider her due, she was pleased to see bestowed upon her sisters. Her thoughts were occupied by the acquisition of knowledge. She sought, by every means that accorded with her devotion to her relatives, for every intellectual improvement; and as her thoughts were turned from vanity, they were fixed on duty and love to her earthly and heavenly parents.

Still, at the time of her arrival in America for the second time, the countenance of Eliza Atherton, at the first view, had nothing attractive—nay, was almost repulsive. But when the varied expression of her mild blue eyes were recognised, and the frank smile of benevolence which played about her pale lips, had found its way to the understanding or the heart of the spectator—when the unaffected dignity of her lady-like manners and person, made itself known and felt—when the graces of her conversation, (rich in all the lore which may best become a female,) were heard by one who could appreciate them, Eliza Atherton might be called a charming, although not a beautiful woman; and her charms were enduring as life.

Spiffard remained with his interesting aunt until she was safely and commodiously established at the City Hotel, with such part of her travelling equipage as could be immediately

landed and removed by the aid of a hack coachman, and a sturdy English lass, who, from attachment to the person she did not hesitate to call mistress, had crossed the Atlantic contrary to the advise of friends, who, though obliged to accept of parochial relief, and submit to the degradation of pauperism, clung to the soil of old England, and doubted the tales of independent abundance, which were told of a land beyond sea.

It had been Spiffard's wish that his aunt should take up her abode at his house until she had a proper introduction to that of Williams; but objections urged with perfect delicacy overruled his intention. Miss Atherton did not know of his marriage until told by himself. The name of Mrs. Spiffard had not appeared in any American papers that she had seen. It had only been announced in the play-bills some weeks before her arrival. She was too well instructed not to know the worth of many female professors of the histrionic art, yet she felt no desire to associate with them; there was an undefined feeling—an impression—almost a conviction—that her habits, manners and conversation would not agree with, or be agreeable to those who made the stage a profession. This might be mere prejudice: I only state the fact. She did not decide whether they were above or below her in the scale of society. She felt, that with the Bruntons, the Farrens, the Kembles, and the Siddonses, she would be out of her place.

In arranging the location of her temporary residence, these feelings had not been brought in view. Miss Atherton told her nephew truly, she had made up her mind before embarking on her voyage, that she would go to some hotel on landing, and ascertain the situation of her friends before determining further on her course—that, as she found her sister was ill, and might be injured by any sudden shock, she thought it best to adhere to her first arrangement until she had seen the physician who attended her. Besides, it might give offence if she went to any other private house than that of General Williams. A hotel she still thought was the best place to receive her, and after, she should be guided by circumstances and her nephew's counsel.

Williams was not a little surprised at receiving a note from Spiffard the day after Miss Atherton's arrival, informing him of that circumstance; of her father's death; and the intent of the voyage. He added, that she wished to see her sister immediately; and gave him notice where Eliza was to be found.

The subtle speculator had at that moment been employed in balancing the advantages against the disadvantages of losing

his wife. Great changes in his situation must result from her death. He would lose five hundred pounds sterling a year; but a burthen and a chain would be removed. He could start anew, free to pursue his crooked ways, and endowed with sufficient wealth to meet the world's gaze broadly. He congratulated himself upon his foresight; the cunning that had provided for his worldly well-being by the stipulation which secured him an annuity, in case of her decease before him; that ensured him competence for life. He was, (to use a common expression) "hugging himself" in the prospect of future ease obtained by his own management. "She will be forgotten, and all suspicion lulled to sleep of *my*——" He did not, even in thought, use the word that would have finished the sentence with truth.

Spiffard's note alarmed him. He could not prevent the meeting of the sisters. He feared that the dishonourable contract might be disclosed by which he had relieved his wife from her disgraceful situation. To avoid this exposure was his first consideration. He must gain the good will of her sister, and, if possible, of the ugly little repulsive actor, her nephew. The first, he thought, his person and manners could accomplish: the second appeared almost a forlorn-hope; but, in his opinion, flattery would remove mountains. In the mean time his wife must be informed of her sister's arrival, and be prepared for an interview with her.

Mrs. Williams was in a state of exhaustion; nature seeming to be supported merely by the skill of her medical attendant. She had occasional returns of brain-fever, violent paroxysms of insanity, in which her ravings appeared to be partly occasioned by physical sufferings, but more from recollections of the past, and fears of the future—the last were at times frightful—at times touchingly distressing. She received the tidings of her sister's arrival, at first, with calmness approaching to joy. It was necessary to inform her of the death of her father. This caused a relapse into madness. On recovering, the sister's image was present to her mind, and she became impatient to see her—this was succeeded by a dread of meeting—alleviated by the recollection of her uniform kindness of deportment. "She was always good! She was always good!!!—But my father! my mother!" and again a frightful paroxysm could only be relieved by insensibility.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard waited upon Miss Atherton at the hotel. The ladies did not feel that cordiality which sometimes springs forth at first sight. All, however,

was conducted in good taste on one part, and good tact on the other. The visit was interrupted by the arrival of Williams, who came to conduct Eliza Atherton to her sister.

Miss Atherton had much the same feelings on the approach and in the presence of Williams as those I have endeavoured to describe in the case of our hero Zebediah Spiffard, when he by accident first encountered him. But the lady's sensations were much more under command, and partook of the character of the sex, and of the individual.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard departed; and the General having communicated the message from his wife, and expressed, in right courtly phrase, his own vehement desire that Miss Atherton would, without delay, see and soothe the agitated feelings of her suffering sister,—Eliza placed herself, on the instant, under his guidance; every thought and feeling of self merged in the desire to convey consolation to the lost Sophia.

What a change was presented to the eyes of the affectionate Eliza!—We will not dwell on the contrast these two sisters formed. In one was seen the results of vanity and passion, unrestrained by parental admonition, leading to degradation of the lowest kind, and to disease and untimely death; in the other, the effects of patient suffering under wrongs, self-government, and self-education; conducting to strength of mind, and the practise of every virtue; rewarded by health and the consciousness of rectitude.

Miss Atherton resolved to take up her abode under the roof that sheltered her dying sister, even before she heard the earnest entreaties with which such an arrangement was urged. Mrs. Williams seemed, after an hour passed with the once neglected Eliza, to feel that in her presence alone she had any stay—any support—any hope in this world or the next. Even her exhausted frame recovered some force in consequence of that medicine, so soothing to the wounded mind, which was administered by such a physician: her sister's arrival seemed at first to threaten an acceleration of the expected catastrophe; but in reality was found to remove it to a period somewhat more distant.

To the relief which the union with such a sister afforded to the sinking penitent was added the consolation, that in his dying moments her father had forgiven her, and desired that his blessing might ameliorate her sufferings, whenever she should feel the stings of conscience. This forgiveness and blessing were borne to the sufferer by one who, in every respect, was to her an angel bringing the tidings of peace.

The extreme illness of Mrs. Williams was a sufficient reason for Miss Atherton not visiting the family of their nephew. He had been, by the desire of the dying woman, introduced to her; and, now that Eliza was an inmate, felt no reluctance to enter the house of the detested Williams, with whom, however, he had no intercourse further than cold civility required. In his dying aunt he saw much to remind him of those scenes he had witnessed in his father's house, and of that evil he most dreaded—strengthening those feelings, and rendering more vivid those imaginings, which drove him to the brink of madness, at such times as he brooded over his fears.

One day, when Mrs. Williams was in the enjoyment of comparative tranquillity, Miss Atherton proposed to accompany Spiffard to his home: with the frankness appertaining to her independent character, she made the proposal on the first opportunity that had offered; Spiffard willingly agreed: and the proposed visit was immediately carried into effect. When they arrived, Mrs. Epsom and her daughter had not yet returned from rehearsal. No one was at home but Emma Portland.

We have spoken of antipathies and sympathies; and shown the force of the first in two instances. We have now to illustrate the second by example.

Spiffard was disappointed in not finding his wife at home. He briefly introduced his aunt to Emma.

"Miss Emma Portland. Miss Atherton."

Emma was found evidently (dressed and employed) as one who was at home. She was sitting at her usual morning needle-work, in all the elegance of simple habiliment: her sunny locks, shading her soft but radiant eyes, in a disorder, not the result of slovenly carelessness, but of exuberance, and the absence of that attention to adjustment, which the expectation of a visiter would demand. The muslin and the work-basket—the needle and the thimble, all denoted one of the family.

"And who is Miss Emma Portland?" said Miss Atherton: her face strongly expressing surprise and delight. "Why should I find her here, and apparently one of your family, and not have been prepared for such a meeting? Why have I never heard of this lovely young lady?"

Before Emma could recover from her surprise—a surprise mingled with pleasure, as she gazed upon a woman she had heard described as repulsive in appearance, but who appeared to her all-attractive, from the frankness of her manner and

the charming expression of a benevolent countenance—before she knew her own thoughts at this smiling apparition and unexpected exclamation, she felt the warm embrace and maternal kiss of this frank-hearted Englishwoman.

The sympathy which unites two such beings is of no clime or country. There was an absence of reserve which might have startled some; but there was nothing in the manner of the foreigner that was uncongenial to Emma Portland, because there was nothing artificial. There was no assumed superiority; and the real superiority, which more years and more knowledge conferred, were not thought of by the one, and were felt as an offered protection—a gift and a blessing—by the other.

Miss Atherton's quick glance perceived in Emma Portland the ingenuous innocence of youth, united to beauty of body and mind. It was the glance of intelligence exchanged with intelligence. The sympathy of the good attracting to the good. From this time Emma had a friend of her own sex. One to whom, if needed, she could look for protection or advice. In her highly gifted cousin, Mrs. Spiffard, though confident of her good will, and admiring her talents, she had never felt that union of soul which is necessary to communion of thought.

The advantage which she might have derived from Miss Atherton's society, was, for the present, denied by the necessary attendance of that lady on Mrs. Williams. Otherwise, in Emma's visits to the sick and poor, or her endeavours to impart knowledge to the neglected, Eliza Atherton would have been willingly a partner, a companion, and at times a protector.

CHAPTER VIII.

The hoax renewed, and a mystery in Albany.

"I will unfold some causes."—*Shakspeare.*

"The deadly arrow still clings to his side.—*Virgil.*

"What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?"

"A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him and told him on't: and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less. * * * This is no time to lend money."

"—— it doth confirm
Another stain" * * * "as big as hell can hold."—*Shakspeare.*

We must return to the frolicsome youths, who, with perfect good will to our hero, had begun to execute a plot with success, in which they saw nothing but sport, and whose termination, in any serious mischief, was farthest from their thoughts.

On the evening of the day that the meeting with Mr. Smith (though not Captain Smith) took place at the Albany coffee-house, Spiffard, as was his wont, when he only played in the farce, and when the old tragedian was the attraction of the night, walked into Cooke's dressing-room, knowing that the veteran was not required on the stage until the second act of the play, and wishing to have a little friendly chat with one to whom he felt an attachment, the cause of which was, perhaps, unknown to himself. An attachment which was one great inducement for his frequenting the tables where wine was abused by the so called *use* of it. If it was a fault, grievously he suffered for it.

The disappointment of the morning had relieved Spiffard from a load, and he felt not a little the better for the relief. Cooke was still in good condition, and had, since his last ill-

ness, preserved his faculties of body and mind in as perfect a state asmight be with a man whose habits had been for years at enmity with health and reason.

On Spiffard's entrance, the old man accosted him cheerfully, with, " Well, my young friend! Where have you been? I have not seen you to-day."

" The morning was occupied in attempting to meet Captain Smith."

Cooke's face assumed that peculiar expression of archness which none can realize who have not seen him *on* or *off* the stage, and holding his head somewhat down, he turned up his eyes, somewhat as he used when he repeated, " do you think I didn't know you?" A look which none who saw it can forget. " So—so—you did not meet him."

The veteran felt himself bound not to " peach," as Hilson had termed it. This look might have excited suspicion in any but the straight-forward Vermonter.

" Captain Smith dissapointed you."

" Yes. After all the parade of demanding an apology, and pretension to honour, he did not keep his appointment."

" Then you—you know nothing of Captain Smith?"

" Only as the fellow who abused Mrs. Spiffard when she was playing Lady Macbeth."

" I remember—you mean the blackguard you were obliged to reprimand for disturbing the audience by his impertinence."

" He turns out to be a gentleman—or at least pretends to demand an apology from me."

" But you told me," said Cooke, wishing to give a hint, " you told me that both the fellows were in pea-jackets or dread-naughts—or some such apparel—and were as rough in appearance as in manners."

" So they were. But Cooper says that might be disguise: an appearance and manner assumed in sport. And Allen says that Captain Smith is a gentleman commanding a fine ship, and a man of honour. And Cooper, you know—"

" O, yes, Tom is up to all that. But it's all over now. You got rid of the affair!"

" He did not make his appearance."

" So. I supposed as much."

" Why?—You do not know him?"

" No.—Upon my word I *do not*. No more than if he never had existence. And you found no traces of him at the place he appointed? No Captain Smith was to be heard of."

"O, yes. The bar-keeper said that he frequented the house."

"O, then it is not over yet. You will see or hear from him again—by and by."

"I rather think that he has thought best to drop the unprofitable affair."

"Unprofitable. Yes, yes, it had best be dropt—I advise—"

What further light the old gentleman was going to let in upon his friend's unsuspicious mind, cannot be known, for the eternal call-boy, whose mandate is as peremptory as that of fate, appeared with his list of summonses in his hand.

"Mr. Cooke! to begin the second act!"

"I'm ready. Send Kent to me, my good boy."

"And I'll go and prepare for Caleb Quotem."

So ended a colloquy, which, continued a minute or two longer, might have spared years of bitter reflection. So are we governed by apparent, or real, trifles!

The gay and frolic-loving Allen, the equally sport-loving Hilson, and many other of the young manager's friends, (Cooke and Spiffard both having engagements, were not of the party,) dined with him. His ever open hand and house were like that of Lord Timon's—some of his friends were Athenians too—it will be so.

Over the after-dinner's accompaniments, the wines of France, the fruits of Italy, and the cigars of Spain, with Irish whiskey, cogniac brandy and West India rum—so tables were covered thirty years ago—over such stimulants, in the interval between the song, the glee and the glass, the manager related with much humour the adventure at the Albany Coffee-House, concluding with "I wish Spiff would come. I want to see how he would take the disclosure of the plot. He's a good fellow! I believe I might have passed the little old gentleman with the cane-coloured wig upon him for the redoubted Captain John Smith. Do you think he will believe it was all a trick, when we tell him that no captain Smith—at least for him—is in existence?"

"Why truly, a man's word may be doubted when he acknowledges a deceit. Truth has but one face," remarked one of the guests.

"Suppose," said Hilson, "that Spiff should turn the tables on us, as Cooke did after the Cato duel, and say he knew from the beginning what we meant, and only shammed innocence to let us hoax ourselves. Suppose he comes off with, 'I knew ye all,' like Falstaff?"

"He can't! He can't! He's as easily seen through as his own beverage. I long to explain and have the laugh upon him!"

"Why you don't mean to give up the joke now that you have a real Captain Smith to carry it on with?"

"We've gone far enough. Let us have our laugh and have done with it."

"Why give up the game?" said Allen, "when we have it all in our own hands. Spiff knows, from the waiter's or the bar-keeper's testimony that there is a Captain Smith who frequents the Albany Coffee-House. All we have to do is to make appointments and keep them from meeting. Chance has made a man for us, all we have to do is to play him."

The manager still protested against carrying on the hoax any further; and if Spiffard had fortunately dropped in, there would have been an end of it, in a laugh. But as the wine declined in the bottles and mounted elsewhere; as noise increased and the tobacco smoke thickened, Allen and the Colonel persuaded the company that the opportunity must not be lost of trying how far the credulity of a man of good sense might be imposed upon. They forgot the remark of one of the company, "that truth has but one face." They did not see (through the mists about them) some other truisms, that might have stood in their way: the second act of the drama was matured, the plot founded on the "lucky circumstance," as Allen called it, "that a Captain Smith occasionally frequented the Albany Coffee House; that they had a man ready made to their hands, and had only to move him as the game required."

Allen was himself to make the first move. Cooper declared off: Allen was to act as friend and counseller. The manager promised not to inform. But it was agreed to let the matter rest a few days, and a journey which Spiffard made a short time after, deferred their sport yet longer.

There was at this time a company of actors performing at Albany, and offers for a few nights' exertion of his talents had been made to Mr. Spiffard, which by a friendly arrangement with the New-York manager, he was enabled to accept.

Although January had commenced, the great river was still open, the severity of winter had not yet been experienced; and my readers know that the clear, frosty, but moderate weather of our early winter is health-and-joy-inspiring. Spiffard looked forward to the excursion with pleasure. He had been in Albany but once, and then merely to pass through it from Can-

ada. He did not feel the worse that Captain Smith had absconded.

Mrs. Spiffard did not seem at ease when the project of these few days residence in Albany was communicated to her by her husband. She even changed colour.

"You have told me that you were some time there—how did you like the place?"

"Not at all."

"Have you any friends there—any acquaintance?"

"No."

"Where is the best boarding-house?"

"By all means go to Cruttenden's. It is on the hill and near the State-house. By all means go there, Mr. Spiffard; he is a friend to the drama—you will like him and his house."

"I should wish to be near the theatre."

"There is—a place nearer—but it is a vile house and very disagreeable people. Do not go there."

Now it so happened that Cruttenden's hotel was full. Thronged with members of the Legislature; and chance, as it is called, led Spiffard, to a public house, half tavern, half boarding house, kept by an Englishman of the name of Thompson. There he was received; and found that it had been the usual resort of the Thespians who visited the seat of government; but, for some cause not within his or my knowledge, was rather shunned at this time.

The landlord was a garrulous beer-drinker, and not unlike Farquhar's Boniface in person, manner or reverence for the strength of his potations. He was a short, fat man; not stout and portly; but heavy and burly. His wife looked like his twin sister.

After the fatigues, the pleasure, and the exertion of an evening's performance, Spiffard entered and found his landlord sitting with his hand on the handle of a tankard; and his counterpart, in petticoats, employed within the railing which separated the bar from the space occupied by newspapers, and, at this time, by Boniface.

"Great house, I understand, to-night, sir."

"The house appeared full."

"Not so, before you came, sir. What will you drink, sir?"

"A tumbler of water."

Thompson recommended his beer and his brandy, his rum and his gin, his whiskey, but above all his ale—then. frothing in the tankard. To his surprise all was without effect.

"What do you drink, sir?"

"Water."

"Bless me. That makes you so thin."

"I am well, and strong. I doubt not, landlord, that I could carry you up the hill to the capitol much easier than you could carry me."

"That would be a funny sight sure enough. John finds it hard work to carry himself." said Mrs. Thompson.

"Well, sir, that may be, but I shouldn't be more surprised to find myself riding up the hill on your shoulders, than I am to find a hactor refusing good liquor. Why I've ad ladies in my ouse who would toss off a pint of brown-stout after hacting, or a glass of brandy and water before going to the theatre, and another before going to bed—haye, by George! and sometimes two or three of them. There was Mrs. Hepsom and er daughter—fine women, both—I ear she as changed er name lately—I mean the daughter—as to the mother—"

"With your leave, Mr. Thompson, I will take this candle and retire."

"The servant has been late in lighting your fire and has not come down yet. Take a little summut, sir."

"Nothing."

The landlady went up stairs shouting for the servant to come down. Thompson finished his tankard of ale and proceeded to finish his beer-imbued speech—"A fine looking stately dame that Mrs. Trowbridge—or Miss Hepsom—for I don't believe—yet if that Trowbridge adn't broke his neck hout of the gig—"

"Room's ready now, sir," said the puffing dame, "but do take a little summut"

"Goodnight, Mr. Thompson!" said Spiffard, with any thing but a comfortable addition of ideas for chamber companions, hurried up stairs.

"Good night, Muster Spiffard, and good rest to your honour!" said the burly landlady.

"Spiffard! Spiffard!" echoed Boniface, with mouth and eyes wide stretched; looking like one who tried to think but was unused to the occupation. "Spiffard! Odsbodikins, dame Thompson, by George, I do believe that's the name of that hactor that married—hand it never struck me before. I am a little frightful that I might a said a summut that ee would'nt hover-like to ear. Fore George I'm glad I didn't tell im what I might ave—what did I say? Do you remember? The thought never struck me till you called is name."

"Thoughts don't often strike *you* John. If you'd drink less and think more, the ouse might do better."

"Don't talk to me woman!— but I didn't tell him of that—"

"Hush, John! Walls ave hears. Least said is soonest mended. That was a terrible night—it's well it's only known to ourselves."

"When I mentioned er name ee was off like a stage coach."

Every hint, that had, since Spiffard's marriage, reached his ears and caused him pain in respect to his wife's former history—every suspicion that had been forced upon his unsuspecting nature—now was recalled to mind. Every light word, spoken by his light companions, was, against his will, remembered. He could not sleep during a long winter's night. The mind must be sorely distressed when youth, health and temperance, cannot find rest after fatigue of body. He could almost envy the snoring of his beer-bloated landlord, whose sonorous breathings were plainly heard through two partitions, "making night hideous."

"O, why did I marry so hastily?"

His short engagement finished, Spiffard took the stage for New-York, the winter had set in hard—not harder than "the winter of his discontent." He returned richer in purse—poorer in spirit. He was almost as miserable as a good man could be made—yet more suffering awaited him—and more cause to cry, "O, why did I marry so hastily?"

He had reason to lament that he had married a woman born and educated in another land, without knowing her domestic habits or her previous story. Our hero was the most honest, the most frank, most trusting, most credulous of any creature that had ever been thrown among civilized men, yet he was an actor by profession.

Spiffard felt that he had been deceived; and knew that he had deceived himself. He felt that the dearest ties of life were not for him. He still admired the talents of his wife, and would willingly have loved her: but love cannot exist where confidence is wanting. It is the seal to the bond of matrimony: the bond is worse than worthless without it.

Mrs. Spiffard, on her husband's return from Albany, perceived a change in his looks and behaviour. She soon understood from him that he had boarded at Thompson's. "The thief does fear each bush an officer." She thought of an avowal. She had been misled by her own passions and the arts of a scoundrel. The tale is too common to be told. This might be forgiven by one who looked for forgiveness. But the habit induced by previous misery, (with encouragement

from a weak parent and temptation from professional fatigue,) could not be tolerated. Notwithstanding remonstrances, entreaties and arguments, on one side, and tears and repentance and promises on the other, he saw *that* which he most abhorred, most dreaded. He felt that he was miserable in the time present, and anticipated greater misery in the future.

The situation of Mrs. Williams was a sufficient excuse for Eliza Atherton's not associating with Mrs. Spiffard; but the unhappy husband saw the difference in his aunt's behaviour when she conversed with his wife, and when she opened her heart to Emma Portland. Sometimes he thought of pouring out his griefs and asking Miss Atherton's counsel. But the subject was too sacred, and his delicacy too great. The attention of that lady to her suffering sister made their meetings unfrequent.

He was the favourite comedian of the public. Even Twaits and Hilson were forgotten when Spiffard appeared. He was received with plaudits, for which the sound of his voice before he entered was the signal. Merriment was induced by the sight of his face, and laughter burst forth in anticipation. His musical talents always produced admiration and delight: but he knew not pleasure nor peace. Applause had staled on his ear. He only laughed as a duty. He was merry by sad necessity.

Happily for man, he cannot uniformly be miserable. Nature has her moments when sorrow is forgotten. One continued torturing train of ideas can only be known in madness. It is madness. But Spiffard became irritable. His health and elastic strength declined. He refused the invitations of men to whom his talents recommended and would have endeared him. Even Mr. Littlejohn was neglected. He continued his attachment to the erring George Frederick Cooke; and still sought the company of the gay young men who associated with the favourites of the theatre, and enjoyed the hospitality of the manager, whose flood of prosperity flowed full and strong, and whose liberality let it pass as freely. Sometimes Spiffard was urged into this joyous circle by his wishes to save Cooke: sometimes merely to avoid his own domestic hearth. That which alone can make the fireside blessed, was not there.

CHAPTER IX.

Mystery in New-York, and another hero.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

"The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good."

"Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good ?"

"Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch !"

"I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl who loves him not."

"In these cases we still have judgment here.—*Shakspeare.*

"Auf! oder ihr seyd verloren."

"Es steht ihm an der stirn geschrieben,
Dass er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.—*Goethe.*

"Away!—I do condemn my ears, that have
So long attended thee."—*Shakspeare.*

THE reader already knows, that although Zebediah Spiffard is the hero of this story, the heroine of it, Emma Portland, is not destined to be his bride; and that there is another hero in reserve who has superior claims. It is time that he came a little more forward on our stage; but first we must follow the steps of Emma through some scenes which tend to bring on the denouement of the drama, and bring together persons heretofore estranged from, or unknown to, each other.

It was during Spiffard's short sojourn at Albany that Emma was subject to a more severe trial, by the arts and perseverance of the unknown, and hitherto unseen persecutor, who had twice before insulted her while in the quiet path of her duty. The last attack made by this mysterious personage, who conducted his approach muffled in cloaks and shrouded in darkness, had

made her resolve not to expose herself unacompanied, in the evening, to the possibility of insult in the once safe and peaceful streets of New-York. She had related to Henry Johnson all the circumstances attending upon the former attempts, and had expressed the certainty she felt, that the person, though unseen, was, in both instances, the same; and not one connected with the theatre. It was in vain to conjecture who the wretch was; but Henry asked, and obtained the promise, that her walks of charity should not be walks of darkness.

She mentioned to him likewise the friendly behaviour of the watchman, and the confidence it had inspired. But he observed, that it might so happen that none of the watch would be near at the moment she most required assistance; and explained the nature of their duty, by a detail which, to one of her sex, was new.

But the enemy was on the alert; and one morning, when Emma was alone, the black girl brought to her a letter which had been left by a boy. It was as follows:

Dear young lady,

My late husband, after being sick ever since last August, during which time I had to support him and my poor little ones, was taken from me by death, leaving me without any fuel for this cold winter weather, and my clothes sold and pawned to give him necessaries and bury him. I and my poor children are in a state of starvation. I can't work, for the rheumatism has taken away the use of my limbs: and for the same reason I can't go to the Alderman for help. I send this by a neighbour's child, humbly begging your advice and assistance, as I know, from an acquaintance of an acquaintance of poor sick Mrs. Kent, that you are always ready to help the unfortunate. I hope to see you, dear Miss, as soon as possible, at No. 356 Mott-street.

Your most obedient servant,

MARTHA JENKINS.

It was not an extraordinary circumstance for Emma to receive such applications: yet the late events made her cautious. It had no date—but it was written by a woman. The first impulse was to question the person who brought it—but he was gone. Should she go? Formerly she had never asked herself the question when called upon by misery. She had gone in search of the children of the poor for the Sunday-schools, sometimes in company, but if a companion did not offer, she

had sought the abode of poverty, too often associated with vice, fearlessly to rescue infancy from ignorance. She knew the intimate connection between ignorance and guilt; and the necessity which exists in society for strenuous exertions to make the poor see, that intemperance and improvidence are the causes of their sufferings. But now she hesitated. "Should she consult Henry? But the family are starving. There can be no danger in making such a visit by day-light." She determined, that, immediately after dinner, it being a very fine, though cold day, she would walk to Mott-street.

Mr. Spiffard was at Albany. Emma told her cousin where she was going, and took the further precaution of leaving a written direction to the place, to be given to Henry Johnson in case he called before she returned. Thus prepared, and properly equipped for a walk, she proceeded through Chatham-street, and up Mott-street, passing, on level ground, over the spot where Bunker-hill (a conical eminence which once overlooked the city and bay, so called after the 17th June, 1775), formerly reared its head; and at length she saw No. 356, marked upon the door of an isolated building, in figures of chalk. The house was of wood, and small; such as of late have disappeared from even the extremities of the city. Nothing indicated the crowded dwelling of squalid misery that she had anticipated. On knocking at the door a female voice desired her to come in. Entering, she found herself in a bed-chamber, into which the street-door immediately opened. A woman was seated on the bed. She did not rise. The room was imperfectly lighted by a window, looking toward the street, but partly closed; and from a few chips blazing on the hearth, which was otherwise devoid of the means of comfort. A chair, a three-legged stool, and an empty cradle, constituted, with the bed, the visible furniture of the apartment.

"Bless ye, my dear young lady, for your condesinshin to a poor body like me! but it's yourself that's always doing the kind act. Would ye be plased to take a sate by the fire, for sure it's cold to day, it is."

As she said this the woman arose with apparent difficulty, curtsied, and then sank again on the edge of the bed. Emma took a seat and listened to a detail of misfortunes, mingled with apologies, and what was meant as flattery, in the style of the above sample. She felt no sympathy with the speaker. Her features were coarse, her face bloated, the expression of her little white eyes sinister, and the tone of her whining voice disgusting.

"But where are your children?"

"Sure I wouldn't have them here when you came, so I axt a neighbour of my own to kape them quiet up stairs for the time."

Emma had come to this place with a reluctance not usual with her when a deed of charity invited. She wished to shorten her visit, and asked such questions, rapidly, as—Why one of the children could not have carried a written application to the alderman of the ward? If she had no friends or acquaintance who would make the application for her? All her answers were evasive, mingled with whinings and tears, except that she said she had sent that day to the alderman.

Emma told her, that if she would give her ink and paper she would write down the name of the alderman, with a state of her case, which should be conveyed to him.

"Where are your materials for writing?"

"Sure, I have none in—"

She hesitated, looked at the street door anxiously, and added,

"None below stairs—and my lameness—"

The thought that she had been decoyed hither, and that the woman had been an instrument in the hands of the person who had already evinced a daring pertinacity in his pursuit, struck her so forcibly, that she started from her seat, saying, "Tell me where to apply in your behalf: give me the name of the alderman—"

At this moment a tap was heard at the door.

"Come in."

A gentleman entered, who immediately saluted Mrs. Jenkins by name, telling her, that one of her neighbours had signified her suspicions that illness had prevented her from attending at his office for customary relief."

He bowed to Emma, whose quick apprehension discerned the discrepancy existing between these words and the tale of Mrs. Jenkins. With many professions of thankfulness, that his honour should trouble himself to come to her, she said that she was "jist then spaking of his honour to the dear young lady whose character for charity had made her bold enough to write to her, begging her assistance—and sure its a providince that your honour's come, for she was jist saying she would apply to your honour in my behalf."

The gentleman bowed again to Emma, and begged her to be seated. The light of the fire, now the strongest light in the room, flashed on his handsome face, as he courteously turned to

her; and the voice, commanding stature, insinuating demeanour, and an indistinct recognition of the countenance, all confirmed her previous suspicion. She was strong and bold in innocence; but previous circumstances caused alarm.

"You are the alderman of the ward, as I understand, and as you now know how much this person wants assistance, I have no further business here."

As she spoke of the woman she looked for her; but in vain. Her lameness had not prevented her exodus, and that so adroitly, that the quick eye of Emma had not observed it. She had passed through a back door; but whether she had gone up stairs or out of the house could only be conjectured. Emma was alone with one she feared.

The stranger, with some degree of trepidation, said, "pra y madam, be seated, Mrs. Jenkins has gone up stairs." The voice was now more decidedly the same that she had twice before heard. As the voice was identified, the figure was fully recognised. For though, even at their last meeting, he was cloaked, and concealed by the darkness of Theatre-alley, there was an impression made that fully corresponded with the person now before her, who stood without the incumbrance or disguise of a wrapper, and rather ostentatiously displaying a fine and commanding form.

For a moment she trembled. She looked around her for the means of escape. She was convinced that she had been betrayed by the vile woman, and of course could expect no succour from any one within the walls. He spoke again, and the sound of his voice recalled her courage, for it inspired indignation.

Indignant at the persevering persecution of this unprincipled wretch, (who evidently could not plead the mutiny of "flaming youth" in his excuse,) her firmness returned. The courage which nature had given her, which education had confirmed, and conscious rectitude maintained, now supported her. She neither heard nor replied to his words, but addressed herself to depart. He, bowing, placed himself between her and the door. With a lofty step, and energetic motion of the hand, she put him aside and passed on. The door was locked and the key removed. She afterwards recollected, that when she came to the house the key was on the outside of the door.

"I now see," she said, firmly, and looking proudly in the face of her persecutor, "I see the whole of this vile plot, and know you, for the person who twice before has insulted me.

If I could suppose that any conduct of mine had encouraged you, it would be the most humiliating thought of my life. I am not intimidated by the success of your plan in bringing me hither, or by my apparently defenceless situation. I have too just a sense of my own powers, and of the protection my country affords me, to fear any violence from you or your vile agent."

"Violence! Who could think of offering violence to such beauty?—To such angelic loveliness?—I have offers to make that you must listen to. Let my love plead——"

"You mistake the person you address. Such language only adds to the contempt your actions have inspired. Order your agent to open the door before I alarm the neighbourhood and expose you to shame and punishment.

"First hear me. I offer you——"

"I will not be insulted by any offers from one so despicable as your conduct has proved you."

"Hear me, lovely girl! I have seen—I have followed—"

"Hear *me*, sir! Your clandestine followings mark your own consciousness of base intentions. What have you seen in me that could induce you to persecute me with your detestable doggings and followings?"

"Nothing could encourage me to hope that I might devote my life and fortune to your happiness—nothing certainly in your appearance or conduct—but—"

"Speak on, sir."

"Your visits to the private door of the theatre—your situation—" He hesitated.

"You inquired and heard that I was an orphan and poor!"

"I saw you with—and apparently dependent upon people whose profession—and as the world says—but I will not offend—come come! lovely creature! this is all prudery. I can and will place you above dependence even upon my passion."

"You are probably a traveller, and forget that you are not in Paris. You have heard and known that some opera-dancers, and even others connected with the stage, have fallen from virtue; and therefore think all base. You forget the many that never entered a theatre, or only as auditors, who sink to the level of the most criminal: and you forget the many models of private worth who have ministered to public taste and instruction from the stage. Order the door to be opened, sir, or produce the key."

"Hear me—you mistake me—I am above the prejudices

which would censure that independence of conduct in a lady- that high-mindedness which throws off the fetters hypocris would place upon your sex. I am a man of the world; an we all know that those who break through a certain line distinction, which public opinion has placed between thos who expose their persons on the stage and bow their thank for vulgar plaudits, and the more reserved portion of societ are above that false delicacy—"

"Wretched man!—But I am wrong to waste words wit one to whom years have not brought wisdom. Open the door!

"Not until you have listened to my love."

This interchange of words had lasted so long, that, by de grees, Emma was convinced that she had seen this man unde other circumstances than those I have witnessed. The impe fect recognition shocked her, but it added to the indignatio she felt, a sensation approaching to horror. She interrupte him in a tone he little expected from one so young an delicate.

"Despicable man! You saw me the companion of my na tural guardians, the only relations providence has left me; bu I now feel assured that you saw me elsewhere. I now recog nise you."

"I never was in your company."

"Yes—I fully recognise you, though your name and situa tion in life are unknown to me—and may remain so. Yo saw me, a servant in the temple of the most high God— teacher of the poor and ignorant—a worshipper at that alta where I must now conclude that you bowed in mockery, or a the agent of that power in whose service you would enlist me I have heard and read of such base depravity, but you have for the first time, presented to me the perfect image of th most loathsome profligacy covered by the mask of hypocrisy!"

"You have mistaken me for another."

"No. I am certain: but I have no wish to expose you Let me go—and when you can—*repent.*"

"You must at least promise—"

"I hear no more, sir!"

She sprung towards the window, which she had observed on entering the house, to be near the unpaved street. He threw his arms around her and prevented her seizing the win dow-sash: at the same time he drew her from the place she had hoped to escape from, and placed himself next the street He encircled her for a moment in his arms; but, with a force which youth and exercise had given, and with an effort which

indignation made irresistible, she burst from him, leaving her cloak, which she had not taken off since entering, in his hands. In the struggle her bonnet fell off, and with it the comb which confined her mass of tresses, fell on the floor. The same effort which released her, cast him towards the door, and she gained the window, threw up the sash, and cried for help. As she cast a look out, the most welcome form presented itself that could have prevented her leap from the window; and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Henry!"

To force the door was not a business requiring much time with the athletic and excited youth, who heard the cry of distress from one whose voice at all times reached his heart with the lightning's rapidity, who saw that her face, pale with terror, after losing the flush which indignation and exercise had caused—that countenance, wild and surrounded by disheveled locks, on which he delighted to trace the mild emotions of benevolence and love. The lock gave way before him—he rushed in—Emma was in his arms. The wretch, who had caused this alarm, finding himself baffled and exposed to detection, retreated by the open window, and was not even seen by young Johnson.

Henry had called, as usual, to visit his betrothed, after leaving the counting-house in which his days were passed: he received the paper left by Emma, and, although not alarmed, as evening approached, he determined to follow the direction, expecting to meet her. Having passed the populous and well-built part of the street, he began to fear that something was wrong, and hastened forward, anxiously looking for No. 356. He came as opportunely as hero of romance, or protecting deity in an epic, could possibly have done, and received explanations as extraordinary as the appearance of Emma was alarming.

Her cloak, bonnet, and comb, strewed the floor; and near them lay a man's hat.

Her hair covering her neck, shoulders, and almost hiding her face, streamed in wild disorder over her deliverer's arms as he pressed her to his bosom. It was not until he had placed her on the only chair in the room, that he saw the man's hat, and gained, by a hurried statement, some confused knowledge of the insult that had been offered.

"His name may be written in his hat," he exclaimed; but, on examining it by the faint fire-light, only the letter W. was found.

"I am glad of it, Henry! 'Tis better we should not know."

"But I will know! Where is the woman? I will discover the scoundrel by means of his vile agent."

Emma would have persuaded Henry to depart instantly, but he was irritated, and insisted on seeing the woman who had decoyed her to the place. She came down stairs reluctantly at his call; but nothing could be elicited from her. She confessed her participation in the plot, having been persuaded by the gentleman that he meant no harm. She declared, and probably with great truth, that she did not know his name. She could not read, and did not know the contents of the letter, only as her employer had informed her. When questioned respecting her children, she said she had but one; an infant; and she had been directed to leave that with a neighbour. Her husband, Patrick Murphy, had left her and gone to Boston.

"Then Jenkins is not your name?"

"No, sure, the truth is, my name's Molly Murphy ever since I was married. The gentleman called me Jenkins only for a joke, sure."

As no trace of this mysterious persecutor was discovered, Henry yielded to Emma's entreaties; who, having reduced her disordered dress to its usual neat and simple appearance, departed in safety with her protector. On the way home she promised him never to go on an errand of charity among strangers without a companion.

She promised to be guided by him. She knew that he was entitled to her confidence, and looked upon herself as his bride elect. In her communion with this, the chosen of her affections, she might have said with the poet—

> "——— Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence."

She henceforward looked upon Henry Johnson as the partner who should add his strength to the support which her own intelligence, virtues, and purity imparted.

CHAPTER X.

A death, and a snow storm.

"If men were to act and think just as their ancestors have acted and thought before them, human nature would be merely idolatry and slavery."
English translation of De Lamartine.

"I hope it will not be conceived, that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people, who are the subject of this letter, in slavery. I can only say, that there is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished; and that is, by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting."
Washington.

"You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them."—*Shakspeare.*

"I cannot see how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of '*Doing to others as we would have that they should do to us.*'"—*Johnson.*

"To set the slaves afloat at once, would, I really believe, be productive of much inconvenience and mischief; but by degrees it certainly might, and assuredly ought to be affected; and that, too, by legislative authority."—*Washington.*

"I was born as free as they,
And what I think, that will I say."—*Southey.*

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well.
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch them further."—*Shakspeare.*

"I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."—*Washington.*

"Just Death! kind umpire of man's miseries."

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"But in that sleep of death what dreams may chance
To come, must give us pause."—*Shakspeare.*

Some weeks had flown on time's wings, when another incident occurred, even more nearly affecting the fortunes of Emma Portland than that last recorded.

My readers must excuse me if I again introduce them to the dingy company of John Kent and his wife: it is necessary that we follow our heroine, even though our motives for so doing should not be as pure as hers were.

The snows of winter had for some time covered the wide fields of the agriculturist, cherishing the root and the seed of succeeding harvests. The streets of our city were ringing with bells, as the gay and the beautiful enjoyed the rapid motion of the sleigh, while silks, velvets, and feathers, of every colour, glittered and danced in the sunbeams; or, as the thoughtless and dissipated flew shouting to the nightly rendezvous of intemperance.

Again the north-east wind whirled the dark clouds over us, and the snow had fallen all day without intermission, when honest old Kent appeared at Mrs. Epsom's, soliciting Emma Portland to give the consolation of her beloved presence to his wife, whose sufferings appeared to be drawing to a close. He proposed sending a hackney-coach for her, in the evening; but this she positively refused. She knew that his circumstances did not warrant the expense. She promised to come as soon as her duties at home permitted.

When the evening arrived, she was longer detained by offices of kindness and assistance, performed for her aunt and cousin, than she had anticipated; but after they had gone, with Mr. Spiffard, to their duties at the theatre, she prepared to encounter the storm. Taking Rachel, the black servant, with her to Kent's door, she again entered the abode of sickness, after charging the faithful girl to return quickly home, and be vigilant in her sphere of usefulness.

Kent having been excused from his duties at the theatre, in consequence of his wife's extreme illness, was at home; and the reader may imagine the same picture, once before presented to him; the same room, the same table, lamp, book, and figures; but, at the time we draw the curtain, the book was closed; the invalid had recovered temporary strength, appearing unusually animated, and the parties were engaged earnestly in conversation. It was that strength and animation which not unfrequently precedes death.

The aged man and dying woman are the same we have already introduced to the reader. The same honest old Kent, as faithful a servant to his employers, as his namesake was to the improvident and misjudging Lear.

His wife, though not a white, was an interesting figure, even in the eyes of the most fastidious. Pale and emaciated,

but with an expression of resignation. Always neat in her personal appearance, beyond that cleanliness which might have been expected from her condition, there was in everything about her and her humble dwelling, the evidences of economy and propriety.

The old property-man was occupied, in compliance with Emma's request, with that, which is always pleasant to age, recounting the eventful circumstances of his early life.

"I was born, as I have told you, Miss Emmy, in this city, when it was a poor little place compared to what it is now; when the park, now level as a floor, and filled with trees, was called the fields; no houses, but some mean wooden ones, around it; and neither tree nor green thing to be seen. The people were almost as much Dutch as English. My master took me with him to Canada, when the rebels, as they called them then, were mobbing the tories—for he was an Englishman and a loyalist."

"He was a good master to you—was he not?"

"Why do you think so, Miss?"

"Because you had a good education for—for—"

"A slave, Miss. You did not like to speak the word. Yes, I was a slave. Yes, Miss, he was a good master; but he *was a master*."

"He had you taught a trade, too."

"That makes the slave a more valuable property. He can earn more wages for his master. Having a trade, he will bring a higher price if set up at auction, to be knocked down to the highest bidder, like a horse or a dog."

"But you were not so sold?"

"No, Miss; but I saw others so bought and sold; and I knew that it might be my case. I knew that I was a *something* that must go one way when I wished to go another. No matter! It's past! No matter!"

He paused, as if looking back to long gone days. Emma said soothingly, "Such is the fate of all; and probably it is best for us that it is so. My dear mother taught me, very early in life, that it was better her will should govern me than my own. I was taught this so very early in my infancy, that I cannot remember the arguments she used; but I was convinced. Probably my conviction was the result of her universally tender behaviour—her protecting care and love—her strict adherence to truth. She told me that *her* commands were for *my* good; and I believed her."

"Ah, there it is, Miss. There's the difference. The slave

sees that the commands of the master are not even pretended to be for any other than the master's pleasure. The slave, even if he feels that he has more strength and more disposition to do good than his master, sees that he is treated as an inferior being. He labours, at the will of another, knowing that his own good is not intended; and that he must not seek his own good, if, by so doing, he interferes with his master's pleasures. He receives food as it is given to the horse, the ox, and the ass, to repair the strength that labour for his master has exhausted. Like the horse and the ass he is subjected to blows; and like them he is transferred to another master and another country, when his master wants money to supply his wine-cellar, or to pay his losses at the gaming-table. The slave cannot think that to be forced from his wife and children is for his good. The child of a good parent may think and feel that all is intended for his good; but not the man of mature age, controlled by the will of one, perhaps neither wiser nor better than himself."

"You state an extreme case. Few masters would separate husband from wife."

"I am sorry, Miss, that we happened to talk on this subject. I have known masters who inherited slaves, and who acted conscientiously for their good. My master was one. He did better for me, than I probably could have done for myself."

"His superior knowledge enabled him to do so."

"True, Miss. I had no right to expect more from him than he did. He had me taught reading, writing, and arithmetic—gave me a trade—and though that is often done by slave-holders for their own interest, I did not mean to say that my master acted from that motive. That he had me taught to read was my greatest blessing! You know, Miss Emmy, that many slave-holders are afraid to let their slaves read, even the word of God."

"It is the comment of the slave-holder upon his own practice, and proves more than all Clarkson or Wilberforce has said. I am glad to leave Mrs. Kent so much better; and now, Mr. Kent, if you will prepare the lantern you shall accompany me home—whether you will or no," she said smiling.

"God bless you, Miss! I wish all the world was as willing to serve you as I am."

"Before you go, Miss Emma," said the sick woman, "if it is not too late, please to read one chapter in the New Testament."

"I will. What chapter shall it be?"

"You know best what will suit."

Emma opened the book. She read feelingly. Kent sat with his eyes fixed on the floor, and his hands clasped, and resting on his knees.

As the reading progressed, the sick woman sighed, and occasionally sobbed; but not so as to occasion interruption. After a time, Emma heard a groan; but considering it only as the effect of the passage she was reading, from the book of wisdom, on the feelings of the patient, prepared by long suffering to experience a more powerful effect than the same words would produce on the strong and happy, she continued her reading until she had finished the chapter. She then shut the book, and turned her eyes to the bed, preparatory to taking leave. What was her surprise on perceiving that she had been reading to the dead! The woman was a corpse.

Accustomed as she was to self-command, she could not repress a cry; and not until then did the old man see that the companion of years passed in slavery and in freedom, had left him childless and alone, for the remaining portion of his life.

Emma recovered her self-possession before the man; who was so utterly bewildered, at an event as unexpected at the moment as if the woman had been in health, that he could do nought but utter broken and unintelligible exclamations. Emma directed him to run for the nearest physician.

"Yes! yes!" he exclaimed. "Is there any hope?"

"Run quickly! It may be. But all will depend upon your speed."

The old man hastened for aid. Emma raised the head of the corpse, after feeling in vain for pulsation. She was soon convinced that life had fled. The interval had been so long between the groan, which had passed almost unheeded, and the conclusion of the lecture, that the body which then parted with its last breath, had become nearly stark and cold.

Long appeared the time before the bereaved old man returned. Emma had no fears for herself, but thought that her aunt and cousin would be made uneasy by her long protracted visit. The wind howled without, and the snow, mingled with hail, beat upon the windows and the roof.

Emma Portland prayed.

At length Kent returned, and brought with him Doctor McLean, the kind physician who had long administered to the comfort of the patient; but who immediately ascertained that his skill was of no avail.

Some females living in the house were brought to the apartment by the unusual stir this catastrophe had occasioned; and, leaving the corpse to their care, Emma, (unnoticed by Kent or the doctor), stole out of the room, taking with her the mantle and hood which sheltered her from the storm when she came. As she descended the stairs, she wrapped herself in these convenient garments, and trusted herself again to the well-known pavement, which she had thought not again to venture on, unaccompanied.

The night was cold, and the snow fell thick. She hastened on, anxious to reach home and quiet the fears of her expecting relatives. It was so late, and so inclement, that the streets were abandoned. This circumstance rather assured than discouraged the courageous girl; and well protected by her long and warm mantle, and close well-padded hood, drawn over head and face, she speeded on, congratulating herself that none of the usual frequenters of Theatre-alley were seen or heard. The entertainments of the play-house were over, and the crowds who attended them, or assisted in them, were dispersed.

She had left the theatre and its alley behind, and met, on turning the first corner, the full force of the piercing blast, drifting the snow before it, and threatening to overwhelm her; but, shrinking from the gale for a moment, she recovered her strength, and encouraged by the knowledge, that on her way home she should pass the door of one to whom she had made frequent visits of charity (in its highest sense) and love, she pressed on. Arrived opposite to the door of Mrs. Johnson, she hesitated whether she should not stop, and ask a companion for the remainder of the way. But the very lateness of the hour determined her not to disturb the repose of one whom she knew to be in a state little fitted to bear a night alarm. "I shall only be later in getting home; and I may injure her." So she thought, and on she passed, opposing her delicate form to the furious blast, but speeding with the untiring elasticity of youth. On! on!

CHAPTER XI.

Effects of intemperance. A scene from real life.

ou shall make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble alk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured."
/e will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch."
Vhy you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman."

"————————perseverance, my lord,
Keeps honour bright. * * Keep then the path:
* * * If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost;
Or like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on."

"————————Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm * *
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather."

"————————how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!"
Shakspeare.

"She as a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils."—*Milton.*

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Shakspeare.*

MMA PORTLAND passed the house of her beloved sick id, Mrs. Johnson; but had not gone more than half a ıre in the direction of Broadway, which she had to cross, n she saw the figure of a man prostrate, and white with the ng snow, directly in her pathway. This object, owing to night and the blinding effect of the snow, was not seen l she was within a few steps of him.

The consciousness of her unprotected situation now flashed upon her; she feared that she had rashly exposed herself to insult or danger; for the thought of the person being dead, or one perishing in the streets of a populous and well-guarded city, did not, at first, occur to her as a possibility. She started back; and the first impulse was to cross the narrow street, and thus avoid notice or danger. She however observed that the figure was motionless. The thought of a person having fallen in a fit, and left to perish by cold, occurred. She had been reading but a few hours before, among other lessons of humanity and love, the parable of the good Samaritan. That beautiful fiction by which its great author inculcated truth—the love and duty due to a neighbour—and that the word neighbour meant, one of the human race, though of an adverse nation and religion.

Such lessons were not lost on Emma Portland. As she turned to cross to the other side of the street, the Levite who passed by and avoided the abused and wounded traveller," arrested her steps. She advanced towards the object which had alarmed her, and with feelings of mingled terror and compassion gazed on a being so pitiably exposed to suffering and death.

A lamp-post stood near; but the chilled oil scarcely served the purpose of feeding the wick of the lamp; and it was only a fitful and glimmering light which was shed through the flakes of falling snow on the surrounding objects. She advanced nearer, and the light flickered and expired. She had stooped over the object, that now interested her, at the moment the exhausted lamp shot forth a feeble and a last ray. She saw that the thin, dishevelled grey hair of an aged man, was the only covering of the head, which lay pillowed on a pile of snow that had been shoveled from the side-walk. The light of the lamp was now extinguished; but amid snow there is no perfect darkness.

Emma had too much of the good Samaritan in her composition to think a second time of passing on the other side of the way. She saw, that this poor creature, instead of being an object to create alarm, was a subject for compassion and active assistance. Her own lonely and unprotected situation was forgotten. She again stooped over the prostrate and fallen man—fallen indeed!—to ascertain whether he was living or dead. She saw by his colour and breathing that life was not extinct—that it was a "foul and loathsome" image of death

ıich she beheld—and she recognised the features of George ederick Cooke!

Involuntarily she uttered a faint shriek—rather of surprise ıd horror than terror; but, with characteristic self-possession, ıe the next instant bent the powers of her well-regulated ind in search of the readiest mode by which to overcome ifficulties and procure relief to the sufferer, apparently uncon-ious, though so eminently in peril of immediate death.

The question for her to determine was, where could assis-ınce for the unhappy man be obtained most promptly? She ıought of Kent's; but it was distant, and he was not in a tate of mind or body—old, worn down, and afflicted—to bear ıe helpless man so far. Mrs. Johnson and Henry occurred o her—but she shrunk from alarming her, and thought more han one man necessary to carry the inert—perhaps dying—-ody. She recollected the City-Hall, and knew that it was not ar off, and afforded ample aid. She had heard that the central ity-watch-house was there, and of course men ready, without loss of time, to fly to the aid of the distressed. She had often heard the sonorous notes of "All's well" wafted through the trees of the park, and echoed by the surrounding buildings. Thought is more rapid than the pen or even the eye: these thoughts occupied but a moment, and the course to be pursued was resolved upon.

"I will there seek assistance—there I am sure to find and obtain it without delay." She was unconscious of wind or snow, and exercise supplied heat to counteract the chilling blasts. "I am rushing among strange and coarse men; but my sex must be respected. I am doing my duty; I shall soon be there; I may save this unfortunate gentleman!" Such were the replies that quieted her fears.

At first she almost ran, in her impatience to procure suc-cour; but the snow impeded her feet, and she found her breath failing. She stopped. The picture of a watch-house such as she had seen described in books, occurred to her, and appear-ed appalling. She remembered the figures she had sometimes passed at night in the streets, covered with rough garments, arm-ed with bludgeons, and made conspicuous by helmet-like hats. She had seen them gliding silently along like beings of another world, or those startling things, creatures of darkness, who never appear by day. Her heart beat quick, and her courage began to fail. "Heavenly father!" she ejaculated, "strengthen my pur-pose if it is right!" She felt that it was right, and she was strength-ened. The image of the old man whom she had known so

kind and gentle in private life, was present to her mind; his life depended upon her exertion. She quickened her pace. Her impatience increased when she reached the park and saw the building before her which promised relief; she almost ran, in despite of impediment, as she passed along by the palings on the west side of the enclosure; she opened the gate nearest the hall, and glided along in front of the bridewell. She saw a light glimmering from a cellar-like passage; the entrance was by a few steps, and it appeared to lead, like a long arch-way, under the massive edifice. She approached, and saw that the vault-like place was lighted by a solitary lamp, suspended from the low-arched roof. Before she could descend the steps to this subterraneous abode she had another struggle with her fears. She stopped to listen, as her foot touched the second step. She heard a confused murmuring sound, and occasionally a hoarse, loud voice, grating and discordant. All was new—all was terrific to the affrighted maiden. The light from the lamp showed her what at first was an apparently interminable gloomy passage of dark massive stone-work, crossed by gates of iron gratings. She again heard a noise of human voices, which she perceived came from a lateral passage, leading to the left. That way she must seek for aid. She descended the stone stairs, and stood (again hesitating) on the broad flagging of the floor; from whence, looking forward, she saw, through the iron bars, a distant pale light, which she knew, after a moment's reflection, must proceed from an opening at the other end of the building, similar to that she had entered, made visible by the snow beyond.

She heard a step behind her, and had scarcely turned her head, when a rude hand grasped her shoulder, and as rude a voice assailed her ear, with, "What are you doing here, girl?"

She, trembling, looked up and saw the gigantic figure of a man towering over her, and appearing more colossal from standing on the step from which she had just descended. This was one of the guardians of the night who had returned from his rounds, and seeing, as he approached, that some one was in the passage, had descended the steps cautiously, to take the supposed eave-dropper or outcast by surprise.

"Your business here?"

"I have come here for help, sir," was the answer of the trembling maid.

"Why did you stand here?"

"I did not know which way to go."

"So this is your first visit to the watch-house? Come hen! I'll introduce you to a plenty of good company."

Saying this he took her by the arm and led her forward to the passage from which she had heard the sound of voices. Into this, still darker than the place from which they came, he turned and pressed forward.

Emma involuntarily shrunk, and held back, exclaiming, "Heaven protect me! What a place is this!"

"Don't be alarmed, miss," said her conductor, seemingly impressed favourably by her words and voice, "don't be alarmed—if you want help, this is the place—I'll speak to the captain."

They reached a door, which he opened, and Emma found herself in an apartment lighted, by what appeared from the contrast, a noon-day blaze. Her conductor led her in, and leaving her to herself while he spoke to the captain, she gazed in amazement at a scene so utterly strange as that which surrounded her.

The place in which she stood, (environed by figures, some sitting, but most stretched upon benches; some talking, others sleeping) was separated by gratings from an inner apartment, and, as her quick eye fell upon the prison-like bars, she saw within a motley crowd of every colour—rags and filth were commingled with dresses of pretension, and here and there flaring female ornaments, with feathers and silks, caught her bewildered sight. Curiosity, to see what new figure, what additional wretch, had been ushered in by the watchman, to be thrust into the den of misery as a companion to themselves, brought many to the bars of their cage; and male and female, black and white visages, appeared, with eyes staring at the innocent and almost bewildered girl, like hideous phantasms in a feverish dream. The contrast formed by the flaunting finery of some females who had been hurried hither from a fancy-ball, with the forlorn expression of their faces, the degraded situation, and the squalid appearance of their companions, seemed to realize the fantastic incongruities of a vision in disturbed sleep. Close to the distorted and bloated countenance of an enraged drunkard might be seen the pale face of a wretched woman, whose tears had washed away the artificial colouring meant to represent health, and exhibited the wreck of beauty, a prey to disease.

Emma turned away her eyes in disgust from the spectre-like scene, which, at first, attracted them by the fascination of strangeness—a novelty beyond imagining. After the first

glare of the room on entering, the light became dim, the air thick and offensive to the senses. The objects were becoming indistinct—a sickening oppression was stealing over the astonished maiden, when she was aroused by a voice demanding from her conductor, who she was? and for what offence she was brought there?

She lifted her eyes and turning her head saw the captain of the watch, whose slumbers had been broken by the person who introduced her. The captain was at this moment sitting by the fire on the bench which had been his bed: his head was bound with a bandana handkerchief, and a blanket was partly wrapt around him. Emma's conductor was still explaining that she was not constrained to visit their place of guard, and came for assistance; but as the captain's words seemed to confound her with the criminals or rioters of the night, they awakened her energies. She advanced towards him.

"I am not brought here against my will. I come to demand assistance." The beautiful girl seemed at once restored to the possession of her courage and the exercise of her clear intellect. "I come for help to save a gentleman from death. There is not a moment to be lost—let me conduct some of the watch to his assistance. In a few moments he may be a frozen corpse—he is perishing in the street—helpless—in this killing—this dreadful night!"

As she spoke her mantle fell back from her head, for she had thrown it over her quilted hood as a further protection from the storm. The hood slipt off with it, and her face, beaming beauty, benevolence, and intelligence, appeared glowing in the full light of the fire: the comb, which alone sustained the profusion of silken locks, lost its hold as the covering of her head was thrown off, and her long clustering tresses rolled over her slender form in luxuriant confusion.

The captain sprung upon his feet with intent to apologise for the rough reception she had met: he was prevented by one of his subordinates, who had, like himself, been slumbering at the fire; but, as if roused by the last words of Emma, started up—gazed at the unusual apparition, and cried out, as he advanced towards her, "good heavens, Emma Portland! what? what brings you here?" She was employed in adjusting her dress when she heard this well known voice, and looking up beheld Henry Johnson!

CHAPTER XII.

A water-drinker and a wine-bibber in a snow-storm.

" Here is every thing advantageous to life."
True : save means to live."

" So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet."—*Shakspeare.*

" — When cold winter splits the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain."—*Cowley.*

" But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due.—*Dryden.*

" In whatsoever character
The book of fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it."—*Cowley.*

" In struggling with misfortunes
Lies the true proof of virtue."—*Shakspeare.*

" Good fortune that comes seldom,
Comes most welcome."—*Dryden.*

" Now some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiot in her eyes."

" —— Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers."

" He that wants money, means, and content, wants three good friends."—*Shakspeare.*

" Credit it me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat,
False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—
Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once more."
Walter Scott.

We have seen that Spiffard, his wife, and her mother, had gone to their several duties at the theatre before Emma Portland, accompanied by black Rachel, braved the " peltings of the pitiless storm" on her errand of charity: it was later than usual before they returned home, and found that the adventurous girl, beloved most sincerely by at least two of the

three, was absent. Although the circumstance occasioned surprise, Rachael's testimony in some measure quieted any apprehensions for her safety, as Kent was expected to be her safeguard in returning.

The ladies took supper and retired. Spiffard did neither. To wait the return of Emma, or, if necessary, go in search of her, was the ostensible reason. He had another.

The great exertion of body and mind necessary to the due performance of a long and arduous character, a labour frequently continued for many successive hours, and *that*, after the usual business of the day, and the toil of preparation, is the excuse given for what is called taking refreshment during the time of performance, and supper, with its concomitants, after. Both the one and the other too frequently lead to undue excitement; and, by degrees, aided by (those tempters to wrong) our vitiated appetites, to destruction. Spiffard's exertion in his profession, where singing and acting were united, never induced him to swerve from his habit; and the tumbler of water during labour, and sleep after it, were the only refreshments he required.

He had found that the habits of his wife, fostered by her mother, had long been different; but he had hoped that, by degrees, when convinced that no necessity for stimulants existed, and that they were pernicious, she would accommodate herself to his views and wishes. But it was in vain that he had demonstrated the utility of his practice. When disappointed, he had remonstrated—in vain. He found that attempts at deception were made, to blind him—promises, made with apparent (and at times perhaps real) good faith, were broken. He saw no hope of relief but by abandoning the life of an actor.

He was unhappy. He loved the great tragic actress and his love had been founded on admiration of her talents in the profession. Until he saw her, Spiffard had despised the shafts of the "weak wanton cupid," or if he had felt them, he had roused his strength and made the boy

> "Unloose his am'rous fold,"
> "And like a dew drop from a lion's mane,
> Shook" him "to air;"

but the malicious urchin had his revenge. The attributes of this towering beauty, so distinctive from his own form and character, seemed the more in that respect to have fascinated him. Her skill and powers in an art he loved: her bold demeanor which

appeared like frankness, and often was so; her prompt and pointed speech; her attentions to him in preference to others more favoured in external beauty and lofty stature: all, all, tended to drive the nail which Hymen clinched. He had been subdued without struggle, and had yielded without capitulation or caution.

To ruminate on the past and the present; to form schemes for the future; employed his thoughts as he sat by the fire until a very late hour. A sudden gust of wind howling at the windows and down the chimney, brought to his mind the absence of Emma, for whom he felt a brother's love; and he started from his reverie.

Mrs. Spiffard on awaking from her first sleep, was alarmed, for her husband's absence betokened that of Emma. She opened her chamber door and called to him. He was preparing himself to sally forth; and begging his wife not to be alarmed, he, well prepared to meet the inclemency of the night, proceeded towards the humble abode of the property-man.

His route was the same which led to the pitiable spectacle of the man, admired by thousands, prostrate, "like a dead dog despised," and thrown, as if unworthy burial, to the streets. Fortunately Spiffard took the same side of the pavement which Emma had trodden, otherwise he might have passed, unnoticed, an object that was whitened by the falling snow, and which appeared in the obscurity of the storm more like a mass of accumulated filth and ice than a man. On recognising in this forlorn outcast the person in whom he took so deep an interest, his astonishment was only equalled by his fears for his life.

"This! this is *one* fruit of intemperance!" darted through his mind, accompanied by a thousand images flashing with the rapidity of lightning, all connected with the brutalizing vice which could alone bring a man in the height of popularity, flushed with success and possessing all that wealth or admirers could bestow, to this pitiable perishing condition—a houseless wretch thrust to the winter's blast, to die abandoned by humanity. Thought and action were coexistent. The shock experienced and the train of ideas excited by this humiliating spectacle, did not render Spiffard less prompt in his endeavours to ascertain the extent of the evil, and to apply all possible remedy. His friend was alive, but helpless as a corpse. Spiffard, though active and strong, could not lift him, or he would have borne him to the fire he had just left. He next thought of alarming the neighbours and gaining a shelter for the almost inanimate body.

He had strength enough to place the unhappy man, leaning and in a sitting position, against the lamp-post, with his face turned from the cutting wind and driving snow. His head sunk upon his chest, in deathlike sleep.

As he prepared to execute his purpose of knocking at a neighbouring door and calling for assistance, he perceived that an effort was making by the old man to speak, and with great difficulty the paralyzed organs indistinctly uttered, "let me alone—let me sleep—don't—don't."

At the same moment he saw some persons approaching from Broadway with a light; and to his astonishment he soon perceived that one of them was a female. The image of Emma had been driven from his mind by the surprise of finding Cooke in such a place at such a time and in such a condition. His surprise was as great when he saw the lovely girl advancing in a direction opposite to that in which he would have sought her, and accompanied by two watchmen. It is unnecessary to say that Henry Johnson was one of them.

The explanations that took place were made briefly and rapidly. Henry determined to convey the helpless man to the house of his mother for present shelter. The three men raised him—he protesting against being disturbed. They bore him towards Mrs. Johnson's: Emma leading the way and carrying the light.

Here were three votaries of temperance, saving from death and conducting to the house of the sick and poor, the wealthy and admired victim of a vice they abhorred.

On, Emma Portland made her way, against wind and snow; a guide to the encumbered and labouring group. She might be likened to the "bright particular star," the mariner's safety in trouble.

Spiffard's ever active mind, notwithstanding his bodily exertions, was comparing the light and fragile figure braving the blast and the snow-wreath to save a fellow-creature, with those whose charity is bounded by the gift of alms. The charity of action, was like an angel moving before him. When they arrived at Mrs. Johnson's dwelling, Emma had already knocked and was waiting for admission.

In the meantime her followers had many surmises and some words. We will not endeavour to penetrate the thoughts of Henry Johnson during this laborious walk: it is not too much to suppose that admiration of the conducting messenger had an ample share in them. But his brother watchman—the *altogether*

atchman, who was not of that feeble or lame decrepid fa-
ily which dramatists and novelists have delighted to describe,
ıt a sturdy American mechanic, who added the wages of the
ght to those of the day to procure present comfort, and future
crease of it, for a wife and children, and whose strength was
lequate to his share of the inert burthen he helped to bear—
hat were his thoughts as he laboured with his companions to
ıpport the heavy frame of the half dead tragedian? "Poor
retch!" said Henry "but we shall soon get a comfortable
ace for his shelter. My mother's doors will not be closed
ainst the sufferer."

"The devil's doors," said the watchman, "would open to re-
ive a fellow creature in such a night as this. The young
dy said he was a gentleman. The devil's a gentleman too,
ey say. She called him Cooke. The cook has made a pret-
kettle of fish of it to-night. Johnson, do you know who he is?
ıe called him the great something—by George Washington!
would soon have made something less than nothing if that
etty little girl hadn't brought some of us little folks to help
s greatness."

The motion had so far roused Cooke that the word George
ught his attention and he muttered heavily, "George—George
rederick—let me alone— you black—I'll never go to his house
ain—a blow!—George Fred—a blow—" and he sunk again
to lethargic slumber.

"What is he?" asked the watchman.

"A great player," answered Spiffard.

"Player? at what?"

"He is a great actor," said Henry.

"O, he *makes believe* great and good on the stage, and
ays the devil every where else—and see what it comes to."

"He is not always wise," said Spiffard. "Who is?"

"That's true," said the watchman. "I have heard of lawyer's
eaking the law, and preachers forgetting the gospel, but some
ow or another I am apt to put great and good together, like
ranklin or Washington: but it's hard to couple great with such
thing as this."

Each step the bearers took, their burthen became heavier.
hey were silent for want of breath, for every foot was encum-
ered with snow, and the furious blasts resisted their efforts to
oceed. The watchman shifted his part of the burthen from
ıe hand to the other. Spiffard stumbled, and to save himself
linquished his grasp. Henry saw that Emma had reached the
ıor, and stood knocking without admittance.

"Stop!" said the watchman, "let us try—"

"Let go!" said Henry.—With the strength of athletic youth he snatched the old man from his companions, and treading in Emma's steps he reached his mother's door, where the almost exhausted girl was striving to make herself heard.

Again the watchman and Spiffard assisted the youth to support the ponderous load, while all impatiently awaited the moment that should give them shelter, but none so intensely felt the delay as he who saw the guiding minister of mercy before him, shivering, almost sinking—and saw in her a creature he loved more than life.

"Don't alarm your mother, they hear me, let me go in first."

The sick woman did not sleep; but the little black Hannah was so thickly encompassed by the blankets of forgetfulness that although in the same room with her mistress, it was with difficulty she was awakened, and even then, could not comprehend for some time the direction to "see who knocked at the door." Emma, to prepare Mrs. Johnson, whose voice she heard through the thin tenement, said, "open the door! it is me, Hannah." And with an exclamation of "O, it's Miss Emmy!" the girl did not wait for further orders, but unlocked and opened. Mrs. Johnson's alarm was for her young friend, whose voice at such a season, and heard amid the howlings of a storm, filled her with bewildering apprehensions.

The street-door of the uncomfortable dwelling-place opened upon the only apartment below, which was the bed-chamber of Mrs. Johnson and Hannah, as well as the receptacle of kitchen utensils, and all the furniture poverty had left to the poor. The garret-room served her son as a resting-place.

Emma, entered and begging Mrs. Johnson not to be alarmed, took her hand and said in a low tone, "It is Henry, humanely assisting a man in distress," and then returned to the door (which the bearers of Cooke had left open) and closed it.

A lamp on the hearth threw a faint light over the chamber. The lanthorn which Emma had borne was deposited on a table near the door immediately on her entering. The sick woman had started up in bed and thrown aside the curtain between her and the door on the first alarm; she gazed wildly on the three figures as they came in supporting their senseless burthen.

The bearers of Cooke entered the room in such wise as to present his feet to the hearth, from whence the strongest light in the place proceeded. Henry Johnson, (who supported the head and upper portion of the old man's person), at this mo-

ment so lifted his head that the rays fell full on the face, and the eyes were convulsively opened, as if to catch them. Shaded by her situation from the light, the sick lady had for a moment a full view of the face of the unfortunate creature, thus borne into her hovel by her son. It was but momentary; for the bodies of Spiffard and the watchman, who bore the inferior extremities of the corpse-like object, intervened, and cast a shadow over the features.

Emma was advancing towards her sick friend, after closing the door against the storm, and was hastening to explain appearances so extraordinary; but was shocked to see the expression of her countenance. Her eyes, following in wild gaze the group, (as they approached the fire-place, and put their burthen down), seemed almost starting from their sockets. A flash of light again fell on the old man's head; and before Emma could speak, the sick woman exclaimed, "My God! my God!" and fell back, covering her face with the bedclothes. She had fainted.

This might have been occasioned, in her weak state, by the agitation which the incident produced; for to see a man borne into her chamber after midnight, in a state of insensibility, from whatever cause, was sufficient to overpower a stronger frame than Mrs. Johnson's. But Emma's quick eye saw—or her quick imagination suggested—something more; she knew not what. She flew to her assistance. The men, occupied with Cooke, did not notice either the looks or exclamations of the invalid. They proceeded to rekindle the expiring fire; and after placing the wretched man in a chair, they by degrees restored him to a consciousness of existence, although still under the influence of the fatal cause of his degradation.

The efforts of Emma Portland were successful. Mrs. Johnson revived; and seeing herself in the arms of her young friend, her first exclamation was, as she gazed in her beautiful face, exposed fully to view by throwing off the drenched snow-covered hood—"Thank God! it was but a dream. I did not see——"

Before she had finished the sentence, the hoarse discordant voice of the object of her terror gave assurance that he was still in her presence. She heard him calling for brandy; and uttering curses and imprecations on those who were endeavouring to save him.

The sick lady hastily drew the curtains of her bed between her and the group at the fire, and then throwing herself with

her face on the pillow, murmured wildly, "Save me! save me!" For a moment Emma's astonishment rendered her immovable. She then heard the sobs of her friend; and hoping tears would relieve what she supposed was an hysterical affection, produced by fright, endeavoured to quiet her agitation; but for some minutes no attention was paid to her soothing and encouraging words. Such conduct in one usually calm and resigned under every suffering, created a confusion of ideas, and a tumultuous thronging of half-formed conjectures, in the mind of Miss Portland, that bade defiance to every effort she could make, for the recovery of her self-command.

At length Mrs. Johnson, becoming more calm, inquired in whispers the meaning of Emma's appearance, under such circumstances, and at such a time. She was briefly told, that detained late by her attendance on the sick, she had, in going home, found Mr. Cooke in a state of insensibility, and, as she thought, perishing; that Henry had saved him and brought him to her hearth. But, again, to Emma's astonishment, the agitation of her aged friend increased, and she murmured—

"You—brought Henry—to rescue him! He saved him—from death! Henry—bore him—in his arms—to my fireside—O, heavenly Father!"

And again she hid her face, and sobbed aloud. Emma looked with bewildered feelings at emotion so strong as to be unaccountable; for although the incidents were strange, they were apparently inadequate to produce such effects upon such a person, so mild, and piously resigned.

The scene became more calm. Mrs. Johnson appeared quiet. Emma sat by her in silence. The voice of the turbulent George Frederick sunk to mutterings; and finally, as the warmth of the room and fire produced their effect, was lost in a lethargic sleep. The watchman declared that he must return to the hall and watch-house; undertaking, at Henry's suggestion, to represent to the Captain the necessity for his remaining with Cooke. Spiffard, assuring Mrs. Johnson that at an early hour he would come with a sleigh and remove his friend, obtained permission of Henry, that he might remain under his protection until morning; and then representing to Emma the propriety of their hastening home, where her long absence must occasion great alarm, she prepared again, with Henry's assistance and Spiffard's protection, to encounter the storm—Henry lamenting the necessity for his remaining with his mother and her unexpected inmate.

CHAPTER XIII.

An unexpected family-meeting.

"Tis our own wisdom moulds our state:
Our faults and virtues make our fate."—*Cowley.*

"The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what he foresees:
Called providence, or chance, or fatal sway—"—*Dryden.*

"The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter."—*Shakspeare.*

"For what we learn in youth, to that alone,
In age we are, by second nature prone."—*Dryden.*

"I look as if all hell were in my heart!
And I in hell! nay surely 'tis so with me."—*Otway.*

"Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them with necessities."

"Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current resistance."—*Shakspeare.*

THE progress of our story brings us to the description of a scene, such as I believe is new to the readers of romance, and could only have been produced by the fatal effects of that vice which it is my object faithfully to portray.

As the little black Hannah had long retired to renewed sleep, by taking refuge up-stairs, the apartment was left to the sole occupancy of Cooke, Mrs. Johnson, and her son.

The object of his late solicitude being now safe from immediate peril, and asleep by the fire, Henry approached the bed and drew aside the curtains to inquire how far this intrusion had disturbed his mother. Having been assured by her, that although she had been frightened and agitated, still she was glad that he had brought the unhappy man to her house, he said, "I presume, mother, that Emma has told you who it is

that we have prevented from freezing to death, like an outcast from the human race, in the streets of this populous city. Is it not strange, that the celebrated Mr. Cooke, after whom thousands run to enjoy the effects of his skill, and night after night hail him with delight, and crown him with applause, should be abandoned to perish like a dog, unsheltered from such a storm of wind and snow as now howls around us? Is it not strange?"

"Strange! It is *all* strange."

"That we should succour him?"

"Yes, Henry, that *we* should succour him."

"We, who however much we might wish to share in the pleasure his talents afford—and all say he is unrivalled—that we, who are by poverty prevented the gratification thousands enjoy, in seeing and hearing him during the proud exhibitions of genius—that we should see him thus, and be instruments in saving him from destruction. That while his admirers and his intimates should be unconscious of his peril—that he should owe his safety to us, who have never even seen him!"

"To us! To us, who—to *one*——Henry, my son, did you —did *you* bear him in your arms to your mother's roof for shelter?"

"Yes. After, by the assistance of Mr. Spiffard and George Crosby, he had been raised from the pavement, and brought near the house, I, alone, took him in my arms until we reached the door; and then they assisted in bringing him in."

"O, merciful father! what a picture is this!"

"Mother!"

"The son—Henry, the time has come—you must know—"

"Mother!"

"The son, bearing his degraded and almost lifeless father in his arms to the hearth of the deserted wife—the cherished mother!"

"For heaven's sake, mother!" And he turned his eyes to the man of whom they spoke, with emotions so conflicting, that his countenance assumed the appearance of one without thought. But when his sight was fixed on the disgusting object occupying the chair which *he* had prepared for his feeble mother, and muttering incoherent sentences in his troubled sleep, he could not withdraw it, but gazed as if fascinated by an obscene spectre. At length he exclaimed, "This! this! *My father!*"

"Yes, Henry. That man, on whom your straining eyes are fixed as though they would start from their sockets

—that man, from whom, for your sake, I would willingly withdraw *my eyes* forever—that man is my husband, and your father."

Thus were three beings brought together in one small apartment—drawn, as into an enchanter's circle, by a power beyond all sorcery—forced against will to approach each other by a chain of causation forged from all eternity. Ordained to meet for good purposes, and the exercise of charity, by the great and all-beneficent Artificer of that great universe, whose revolving worlds and central suns cherish life and motion, beyond our faculties to comprehend—of that great system in which the man, and the worm, and the mite are parts: all provided for by that infinite wisdom, against whose will they seem to struggle, but struggle in vain.

In this, as in all things, his will shall ultimately prevail. Three of the human family so connected—so dissevered—so dissimilar—are here brought together by means unsought and unknown. There stood the son, between the sick and long-suffering mother, and a father whose faults and cherished habits had caused that wife and mother to fly for shelter to a foreign land, that her child might not be sullied by his father's vices. A mother who had withheld all knowledge of his father from her son, until she saw him the pure and high-souled being who would only be more firmly fixed in worth by the knowledge of a father's weakness.

Such were the beings brought thus strangely together. Such is the picture I would place before my reader.

Mrs. Johnson, now in the decline of life, who had by twenty years of penitence, united with well-doing, expiated the follies of youth, and suffered with humility and resignation the inevitable consequences of self-willed rashness. Mr. Cooke, still further declined "into the vale of years," conscious, when capableof thought, that by the gratification of selfishness and sensual propensities, nourished into habits, he had brought disease and premature decay on himself, and blighted all the good gifts of nature. But the third figure in this incongruous family picture, stood between them, in health, strength, bright intellectual faculties, perfected by ardent study, and crowned by moral and religious habits.

"No, mother, no! A father is one who protects, instructs, blesses. This man did neither for me. My father must have loved and cherished my mother. This man did neither. I have but one father! He did all this for you and for me! To this man I owe nothing, for he has done nothing for me; and

the blessings I enjoy—for which I owe you my gratitude—are owing to my never having known that man: being separated from him I have escaped pollution!"

"Do not speak so, my son! He is your father! Sit down by me, Henry. You are agitated by the thoughts that this discovery suggests."

He sunk down on the bed and embraced his mother.

"That you, a being so pure, should have been united to such——"

"Hush! He is your father!"

"That you, mother, whose soul is truth, should, for a long series of years, have lived in a foreign country, and sheltered by a false character! *You*, who have taught me to shun all mystery, and have even disapproved of this pious disguise which I now wear; though I have never denied what I thought my name, but am enrolled in the city watch as Henry Johnson—a name I will always retain! Even this dress, put on when my duty as a clerk is over, to gain a pittance for your comfort in sickness, appeared to your mind too much like deception; and yet that man's baseness has forced you to assume a false name, and hide from me, your son, the knowledge of your marriage with one, whose name has been bruited in our ears, year after year, and who has for months occupied the public attention in the land to which he had driven you for refuge!"

"I have never said that he drove me from England."

"Circumstances speak louder than words. But now there can be no objections to my knowing all; and while he sleeps under the influence of the poison which has caused *his* ruin, and so much sorrow to *you*, tell me the leading facts of your story; let me *know—Mister Cooke!*"

Mrs. Johnson, at the earnest solicitations of her son, briefly related the facts connected with her marriage; which I will give, as briefly, in my own words, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Domestic life of the intemperate.

"Mens' vows are womens' traitors."

"False as the wind, the water, or the weather;
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey."

"——— Though those that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply; yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe."

"Make me acquainted with your cause of grief."

"To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
That break themselves in swearing."

"By all the vows that ever men have broke.
In number more than ever women spoke."

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation. Mine honour
Is my life."—*Shakspeare.*

ALL we have to do with the story of George Frederick Cooke, is to account for his connection with the fate of Mrs. Johnson.

Cooke was the son of an Irish serjeant of dragoons, and of a Scotch lady. He was born on the 17th of April, 1756.

The serjeant died soon, and the lady was received again by the friends she had abandoned, (for the drum or the bugle;) at least, so far as to be enabled to live above want, and give her only child, George Frederick, a good English education, in the town of Berwick upon Tweed.

He had been married to a Miss Daniels, and divorced from her legally, and was at the height of his celebrity, when it was the ill fate of a Miss Lamb to be thrown into his society. He, in common with General Williams, and Richard the Third, had

a wheedling tongue: and the young lady was flattered by the attentions of the man whom the people "delighted to honour." She was told that his habits had long been of the worst kind, "but, "as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature, in love, mortal in folly." She considered all these tales as "weak inventions of the enemy;" and, like many other young ladies, preferred her own inclinations to the advice of her friends.

Miss Lamb, as the London Witlings of 1808, said, "was basted by the Cooke," she, like many young people of both sexes, formed erroneous ideas of the stage, and those who tread it. She had seen and admired Cooke at Covent Garden, before she met him in private company. She had witnessed the enthusiastic admiration of others. To be the admired of the admired, turned the head of the young and artless girl. In vain she was forewarned: his fame, and his bewitching manners, when sober; (as he could continue long to be, for any subordinate purpose, though not to preserve health, reputation, and well-being,) surmounted all opposition: the lady became Mrs. Cooke.

But long before this sacrifice of the Lamb, say in the year 1790 or '91, for nobody ever knew the exact date, a similar sacrifice had been made at the same altar. Indeed, we have reason to believe that George Frederick was as little scrupulous in forming matrimonial engagements, as he was in entering into theatrical ones, and broke them as easily. This early engagement was with the lady who we know as Mrs. Johnson. Cooke was then the hero of Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, and Bristol; and even then was noted for long continued, and oft repeated seasons of intemperance. However, the lady thought love would cure all faults, and she married him. Of this marriage I can find no record; certain it is, he married twice in England, and once in America afterward.

With some little outbreakings, now and then, we may suppose that months passed almost happily. George was fond of reading, and really loved his wife—for a time. It was impossible that any creature, possessing human feelings, could do otherwise. Attractive in personal appearance, though no beauty—with all the good habits rendered permanent by a tender domestic education—with love and admiration of her husband, approaching to idolatry—in short, with every qualification to render a retired matrimonial life happy—how could a man, endowed, by nature, with good sense and good feeling, fail to love such a being?

But habit—that devil, or that angel, as it is good or evil—the habit, which, in this unhappy man, had weakened the best

feelings of our nature, and proved the worst of devils, resumed that sway, which, the desire to gain a fine young girl, and the novelty of a happy marriage, had interrupted. The bottle, and the riot, and the madness of intoxication, increased by the waning of love, and perfected by former associations, prevailed over every consideration which ought to guide a rational creature.

The sufferings of the wife were beyond the power of pen to portray. Long she pined in solitude, for she only saw her husband when he required a nurse or a servant. No reproach, by word or look, escaped her. Her tears were unseen; her smiles and tenderness unappreciated. She became a mother, and saw that her child had no father. From bad to worse—from insensibility to brutality—down—down, sunk the victim of vice; and lower and lower in misery, the victim's victim.

The friends of the lady interfered; but the pride of the conscious criminal was roused, and defiance to them, and reproach to his wife, was the consequence.

Let us draw a veil over the scenes which could induce such a woman as Mrs. Johnson to adopt the resolution of flying, with her child, from their native country, to seek a refuge from the husband and the father. To mitigate her own sufferings, might have proved a sufficient motive for assuming another name, and crossing the seas; but she had *another*: to remove her boy from such a parent, and hide from him the knowledge of a being, whose example might cause ruin, and whose conduct must cause shame.

She was assisted by sympathising friends; and the measures taken for her flight were so judiciously planned, and carefully executed, that she was placed in safety, with the means of present support, on the shores of the new world.

Cooke never knew where she had gone, or how she had been enabled to accomplish a retreat which left no traces behind. The event awakened him to remorse. His pride, too, was hurt. But every voice that cried *shame*! was drowned by the voice of intemperance. In time, the wife and child appeared to be forgotten, as though they had never been. But although he married again and again, *they* visited his dreams; and in those moments when images of the past come unbidden; the moments of feverish and unquiet sleep; moments appropriated to themselves by the intemperate; in those moments when the present is shrouded in clouds and darkness, then would a flash from awakening conscience illumine the figures of his wife and child. She, holding the boy up, as if to invite the father's hand,

and suddenly snatching the infant away when within his grasp. Sometimes in bodily torture, his own groans would sound as those of his dying wife; and he would see her and her boy sinking amidst waves. But to the world he appeared as if he had never had wife or child; and of his early marriage the world never knew. Much-dreaded solitude could not be avoided. Then came the pangs of wakeful conscience, or the visions of troubled sleep, with physical suffering and mental anguish, intolerable.

Such was George Frederick Cooke in England, and in the sick chamber of his long-lost wife in New-York.

The romances with which he amused himself and his hearers, in hours of incipient ebriation, always turned upon adventures occurring to himself in America. This makes it probable, that in the musings upon his wife's flight, he suspected that the United States was the place of her concealment. American history was the subject of his reading. He was intimately acquainted with all the scenes of the American revolutionary war. He delighted in imagining himself to have been an actor in them, and so to represent himself to his companions. His memory and imagination were sufficiently strong to produce descriptions and narrations that puzzled his hearers, and produced effects upon them, that flattered the narrator in those moments when reason and conscience were drugged by the undermining opiates applied to the senses. It is even possible that this suspicion, (relative to his wife's place of refuge,) influenced him, when, in one of his many moments of madness, he inlisted in a marching regiment, as a common soldier, and was only prevented being transported to America, by the accidental discovery of his purpose, at the time, and in the act of embarkation.

CHAPTER XV.

A morning after a snow-storm.

"Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."—*Shakspeare.*

"For lordly want is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules, all power he doth expel."—*Spenser.*

"——— O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, and not to flattery."

"Swift as a shadow, short as a dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, *behold!*
The jaws of darkness doth devour it up:
So quick-bright things come to confusion."

"——— Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence."

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
——— but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature."

"Master Fang, have you entered the action?"——*Shakspeare.*

A WINTER'S night is long, even to the happy healthful sleeper; but to the sick, the afflicted, or the faithful watcher, it is doubly long. The agitated, suffering mother, knew no rest. The son, tormented by conflicting thoughts and images, knew not the balm of sleep.

The pious matron poured her soul in prayer. If, for a moment, her sighs and sobs were not heard, and her tears ceased to flow—if slumbers fell upon her exhausted senses, visions of years long past, made the reality of the present more bitter after the momentary cessation of pain.

Henry, at times, paced the floor; at times sat motionless, gazing at the pitiable object whose presence banished rest, and scarcely breathing in the hope that his mother slept; but when a sigh or sob fell on his ear, he started.

"Can I help you to any thing, mother?"

"No, my son."

And again he walked the floor, while the past, the present, and the future, revolved again and again in his troubled mind. The last was a cloudy prospect, but hope seldom deserts youth, and a light broke through the darkness, and discovered the form of Emma Portland. But the clouds of the present encompassed him around. His only resource for the support of his mother through the winter, was the scanty wages he received as a watchman—a pittance earned by the sale of that rest which youth requires. The last quarter's rent for the hovel they lived in, had not been paid, and another had become due that day. He had served the stipulated time, within a few weeks, as a clerk, and had qualified himself for the salary, he was, by agreement, to receive for the succeeding year, commencing at the time his present service of probation ended; but, in the mean time, for months to come, he had only his present inadequate resources to support his mother and himself, and no means of pacifying his landlord, even by a payment of a small portion of the debt, without depriving his mother of necessaries for subsistence.

His father was present—was before him—was rolling in wealth—but he shrunk from him with loathing. He congratulated himself that he was unknown as his son. There sat, in deathlike insensibility, the husband and father, who was the cause of misery to the wife and son; whose wife was sinking prematurely to the grave prepared by him, and who was himself committing the most cowardly suicide.

"Time and the hour runs through the longest day." And so, the longest night. Day dawned on the mother and son: but a winter's day on the first of February 1812 did not promise much consolation to them, although worthy of "joy and gladness." Long as is the night when the snow covers the earth, and the winds howl around the poor, the sleepless, and the sick, the day will come; but it came unattended by comfort to Mrs. Johnson. She looked from her curtained bed, a luxury yet preserved to her, and saw the disgusting object, still sleeping, who might claim her as a wife, and her beloved Henry as a son. She turned again to her pillow, and drew the curtains around her.

The fire had almost expired, and Henry, chilled by long watching, felt that the room had become cold: he brought fuel from the ill-supplied wood-pile in an adjoining closet. He brought it reluctantly; for he saw that the scanty store would barely suffice to warm the room for his sick mother for the coming day. It is only day by day that the poor can purchase, and that at the dearest rate, *that* article necessary for the support of life. The city authorities aid the poor in the last extremity; but it is such as those we are now contemplating, who are the last to look for such succour. They suffer in silence, while the improvident and vicious complain.

Freely could Henry Johnson have given to the stranger and the sufferer; but he reluctantly threw down the wood on the hearth, and turned away again with a degree of irritation, from the man for whose immediate comfort he was about to sacrifice what might be required for his mother's support. The noise made by the falling wood roused the lethargic sleeper. He looked with blood-shot eyes sleepily around him; and that face, which native intellect had so often brightened into all the flashing changes of the most energetic passion—that countenance, on which thousands of admiring spectators had gazed, and testified their delight at the intellectual powers which illumined it by shouts of applause, was a bloated, discoloured, disgusting mask, incapable of any expression but that of idiotic vacancy.

"Where am I?" he asked. "Who are you? O, ay—the watch-house. Watchman! Fellow! I'm cold—cold—cold—"

The last words were muttered as to himself, and he continued in the same tone.

"The scoundrel!—Strike me—*me*—in his own house."

And his face assumed an expression of despair and malignity as he growled somewhat louder, "I've been ranging all night in hell!—Watchman!—Get me a bottle of brandy!"

O, who can feel—who can realize the agony which these sounds conveyed to the hearts of the hearers? To a wife! To a son! To a mother!

When we see such objects, (they are even yet sometimes seen) and hear them uttering sounds of insensate joy, or desperate and, perhaps, blasphemous defiance. When we ask, has he a wife, and children? has he parents? heart-stricken parents certainly—if death has not mercifully removed them! How painful is the question to the benevolent!

Henry cast a look on the face of the wretched man and hastily withdrew his eyes.

"Fellow, I tell you I am cold—here's money—get me brandy!"

The young man kneeled down and blew the fire.

"Watchman! I say, get me a quart of brandy! I am cold!"

"I will make more fire."

"Brandy! I say, brandy!"

"You have had too much already."

"Ha! do you talk to me! who are you, sirr?"

"A man, and in my senses. A man who has not drowned the voice of conscience by strong liquor, or reduced himself by indulging his vitiated appetite to a state of helplessness and idiotcy."

The youth stood erect before his father. The returning reason of the unhappy being, on whom his stern eye rested, seemed to be quickened by its flash. His eyes brightened into partial speculation, and the pupils dilated as if to gain distinct images for the sluggish and diseased soul they served. He gazed in Henry's face—then around the room—at the fire—and again on the young man's face—and the muscles of his own visage betrayed emotions of pain and confusion.

"This is not the watch-house?—The watchmen brought me into the watch-house—the snow—the street—I was sleeping on the street—yes—it would have been my last sleep—Oh, God!—"

And he shuddered as awakened reason presented images of the past, and of the imagined future, mingled and twined, and succeeding each other in mazes, now bright, now indistinct, but all fearful; and his face assuming the demoniacal expression which he had studied *for*, and his admirers had applauded *in* the horrible character of the unnatural father in Massinger's play, he groaned as he shouted—"brandy—bring me a quart of brandy!"

"Not a drop sir. I see that you can understand what I say, and I tell you that you are in the room of a sick woman. My mother! and you *must not* disturb her by this vociferation. You were found perishing in the street, and brought hither by those who wished to preserve your life; you shall have shelter, and warmth, and food, until your friends come to you, or until you can remove yourself, provided you behave with decency, otherwise——"

During these words the tragedian had rouzed himself, and sat erect on the chair he occupied, and now, with a tone of more sanity, he interrupted the speaker with—"What sirr?—otherwise what?"

"I will thrust you from walls your presence pollutes."

Cooke's eye kindled, and he was preparing a reply, when his attention was called to the bed by a loud groan from the sufferer within. The fire blazed a momentary flickering light, and he saw in the partial opening of the curtain, a thin pale ghastly face, and heard a faint exclamation of "oh no! no!"

"Who is that?—what's that?" cried the conscience-stricken man, and he crouched down in the chair, his eyes still fixed on the curtain, now closed, and his lips moving in convulsive horror. He then cast down his head, closed his eye-lids, and covered his face with his clasped hands.

Henry went to the bed-side, and the son and mother communed in whispers.

Some minutes elapsed. The aged misguided sufferer seemed to sink into the insensibility from which the awakening of reason and consciousness had aroused him. Suddenly he exclaimed.

"I saw her!—I saw her before!—Where am I?—I have seen her and heard her all night—sick—well—young—old—dying—saving me—cursing me—"

The sick woman sobbed aloud, and her son advanced to still the raving dreamer.

"Hush, sir, you disturb my sick mother."

"Your mother? That face—O, ay, I recollect now—the street—the storm—the snow—you preserved me—you saved me from perishing like a famished cur in the street of a populous city—thrust out and dishonoured by a blow—no matter—but you were not alone—there was a female—a guiding and a guarding angel—she appeared alone—and strove to help me—she disappeared—and devils came in her stead—she appeared again—she hovered round me—she strove to save me!"

"Yes, there was a female, one *but* for whom you had perished, a frozen outcast in the night storm. There *was* an angel that guided the strength which rescued you. Was she the first female who, by her efforts, has rescued you from death? Who, by her cares, has tried to save you from destruction?"

"Who are you that ask that question? Fellow, do you know—Fellow!—good fellow—you saved me—give me—give me—some water—some water."

He threw himself back in the sick woman's chair, for it was that he sat in, and Henry, softened to pity, flew to present a glass of cold and refreshing water to his burning lips.

Again the old man shut his eyes, seemingly offended by the

light which now streamed in through the ill-closed shutters, and silence again reassumed her reign, only interrupted by the noises of the busy street, the cries of those who administer to the comforts of others, and the tinkling of sleigh-bells, from the hackman's, the cartman's, or the milkman's, sleds.

Henry walked the floor, or occasionally approached the bed of his mother. He suppressed his groans. He knew that the day had commenced on which his landlord had threatened to distrain for rent. He knew that he could only offer a small portion saved from the wages of night watches. He knew that his all, and the savings of his mother's industry, had been exhausted by the expenses attendant on a sick bed. And now he knew that his father, rolling in riches, and wallowing in destructive excess, was before him.—The thought occurred, "shall he be the means of our deliverance—has his vices driven him unknowingly to save the being who suffers for his sins?" But he spurned it from him. "Rather let her go to the poor-house—she is entitled to that shelter—rather let us perish—perish!—am I not young and strong?—Is there not a God above us?—but my mother!—she shall to the hospital, rather than receive aid from——"

These thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the street-door, and Henry went out of the room.

Cooke was now thoroughly awake, although still under the influence of the poison which was destroying soul and body. Thought had been aroused, and retrospection tormented him. He then recurred to the present situation, and felt a wish to repay the poor people who had succoured him. His attention was called to the voices of the supposed watchman, and some other person at the door. He heard sentences which, as his senses became more acute, he put together, and formed the conclusion that a bailiff was demanding rent, and threatening a sale of furniture. He looked around and saw tokens of poverty, and some remains of a better state, and proofs of taste above the state of the habitually poor. He listened to the words of those without.

"Speak lower—she is very ill."

"He says I must sell to-day."

"I will write to him again. I can pay——"

"He says it will not do."

"She is very low—kill her—"

"Hospital—"

"She cannot be moved."

"Gracious heaven!" thought Cooke, "are they going to turn

poor sick creature out into the storm, from which she has sheltered me;" and he strove to rise from his seat, but his abused and stiffened limbs failed, and he sunk down again—he heard the voices louder.

"I must obey my orders."

"I will resist. She shall not be removed! I have another proposition—"

"I can't be going backward and forward day after day."

"Who's there?" shouted Cooke. "Come in!"

"I will write to him—I will compensate you. A day's delay—"

"Who's there? I say?"

Henry hearing Cooke's voice, and fearing that his mother would be more disturbed by that than even by the presence of the constable, came into the room with him.

"Henry, come hither, my son." The young man obeyed, and the officer walked to the fire and placed himself between it and the squalid figure in the chair, of which he took no notice, until he was addressed with the imperative, "Fellow, take off your hat!"

"For what?"

"Don't you know me, fellow? I am George Frederick Cooke."

"Poh! poh! hold your tongue."

"Stand from before me!"

"Well, well; I wont keep the fire from you, poor devil!"

"Poor devil!—Yes, yes; I am, I am!"

"Well, Mr. Johnson, if you have any thing to offer, do it soon. I will go to the landlord once more, for I do not want to inconvenience the old woman; but, right's right, and the rent must be paid, and *I* must be paid."

"Sit down, if you please, I will write once more to Mr. Jones." And Henry took from a hanging shelf (on which were a few books) some paper and an ink-stand, and sat down to make his proposal to his landlord, with little hope but of a short respite, and time to think and to remove his father from the scene of his mother's suffering.

In the mean time Cooke put a bank note into the constable's hand, unperceived by Henry, and gained information immediately, from the astonished officer, of the sum for which the landlord's warrant was issued.

Henry having written a short note carried it to his mother. It being now broad-day, she read it without opening the curtains.

"This will not do, my son. Why not apply to your em-

ployer. He has promised that after next May you shall have a salary in his counting-house, and he would, if he knew our situation, advance enough to relieve us."

"Mother, I cannot. He reproached me lately, on finding me asleep at my desk, and accused me of dissipation; supposing my sluggish senses were overpowered in consequence of night-watchings of a very different complexion from the reality. I cannot apply to him. This application to Mr. Jones will gain us time."

"Young man!—Come here!" said Cooke in a tone of command.

Henry obeyed; unconscious of the mixed motives which guided his steps.

"I am George Frederick Cooke!" Henry was about to retire again with an air and feeling of disgust. "I will be heard, sirr," continued the excited tragedian. "I have a right to be heard and to be obeyed." Henry shuddered. Cooke continued. "You have saved my life, sirr, and your mother has sheltered me in this house, from which your landlord threatens to eject her, and to snatch the bed from under her on which she is, perhaps, languishing in her last sickness, and for the paltry sum of fifty dollars for two quarters rent. I wil pay the rent. Give me the pen and ink, and I will write an order for the money."

"No."

"Why not, sirr?"

"My mother cannot, shall not, receive aid from—from—*you*."

"From *me*, sirr? George Frederick Cooke! Constable, give me the table, and pen, and ink, and paper."

"No. I say *no*. Never!"

"Henry!"

"Mother!" and he again shrouded himself within the curtains of his agitated, almost exhausted mother.

The constable, at the request of Cooke, placed the table and writing materials before him; he attempted to write an order on the treasurer of the theatre for fifty dollars; his hand would not obey his will; he gave an unintelligible scrawl to the officer.

"What this? This won't do."

It was handed back and torne. Cooke then thought of Spiffard, and in a scrawl, scarcely legible, he wrote a few words to him, desiring him to come to him quickly.

The little black girl had by this time ended her second

peaceful slumber, and had come forth from her dormitory and taken her place by the fire.

Cooke having finished his scrawl, now first saw the child's black face, and eyes wide open and fixed on *him*. "Come hither, blackey, can you take this to Mr. Spiffard?"

"If misses pleases."

Henry again came forward, and in a collected manner addressed his father. "Mr. Spiffard was assisting in bringing you hither, sir, and has promised to be here again this morning. He will remove you from hence."

"He will bring the money, and discharge this debt and this constable."

"No. That he *shall* not. All we ask of you is your absence, and that you will forget that you were ever sheltered by this roof."

As Henry Johnson now stood proudly rejecting the assistance offered by the man who had wronged his mother, his tall and athletic person drawn up to its utmost height, gave additional dignity to a face which would not be selected by the sculptor or the painter as a model of beauty, but rather for one of power; a model for a leader in the field, or in the council. The reader may observe, in Sully's portrait of Cooke, that breadth between the eyes, at the junction of the nose with the forehead, which has been supposed to characterize strength of intellect. It may be seen likewise in the portrait of Washington, by Stuart, and in Ciracchi's bust of the hero. This same feature marked the face of Henry Johnson, combined with a fine open broad forehead, large hazle eyes, and mouth of uncommon beauty, in all which he resembled his mother.

The extraordinary situation in which Cooke found himself placed, (extraordinary even for him, and as *he* understood it, but beyond measure more so in reality), consciousness of the *present*, and indistinct recollections of the past night, seemed to recall his mental faculties to their healthful operation, and he spoke with the tone of restored reason.

"Young man! what do you mean? Do you think I am a beast, devoid of reason or gratitude? Do you think I can ever forget the obligation I am under to you and your mother? Am I not under the greatest possible obligation to her?"

"You are—you are!"

"Am I not bound to assist her?"

"Yes; you are, indeed! More——"

"I owe my life to you and to her. And do you deny me the privilege of doing my duty towards her?"

"You cannot."

"Am I not rich?"

"Rich! rich! Money! riches and money! Then, in your world, everything is swallowed up in the thought of money. Money covers all—sanctions all. Can your riches restore to that dying woman the years of peace and health which a ruffian's baseness has robbed her of? Can your fifty dollars pay her for country—friends—peace of mind—health?"

"Henry! Henry!"

"I have done. Forgive me, mother! Keep your riches, sir. We will do as we have done without your—without them! You will be removed to your home, and then we shall be restored to that quiet which is necessary to the sick—perhaps the dying."

"But you want a friend——"

"Friend! We shall find a friend. We have a friend who has never deserted us, and never will desert us, as long as we confide in him, and do our duty towards his creatures."

The energy of the young man—the discrepancy between his rough watchman's dress, and his comparatively polished language—the mystery which to Cooke's apprehension, appeared to surround him and his mother—combining with the agitation and confusion existing in the old man's mind, now overwhelmed him. He sunk back again in the sick lady's chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"But this won't do for me, Mr. Johnson," said the constable. "I must do my duty. Why not take this old man's offer, and let me go."

"Never, sir! never! If Mr. Jones will not consent to the proposition in my name, you must do your duty. My mother can die in the hospital."

Note.—Two facts are used by the author which are recorded in the memoirs of Cooke. He was found in the street covered with snow at midnight, and conveyed by watchmen to a poor woman's house; and he not only offered, but actually paid a quarter's rent, and prevented the sale of the poor widow's furniture.

CHAPTER XV.

Some sunshine.

"Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks."

"O, how full of briars is this working-day world."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity.
The icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body.
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
This is no flattery."

"I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood—
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."—*Shakspeare.*

SPIFFARD'S first thoughts on awaking, were occupied by the events of the past night, and the recollection of the situation in which he left Mr. Cooke. The storm was over. Clear, bright and cold was the morning. He was soon equipped for a walk through the untrodden snow, and proceeded without delay to Mrs. Johnson's. Before he entered that lady's door, he very unexpectedly encountered a friend, with whom he had had no communication for some weeks.

Mr. Littlejohn's attention had been occupied, as a merchant, by the difficulties of "the times," and, as a father, by the joyful recovery of his son and his re-establishment under his roof. Restored to perfect health, he now resided at home, and occu-

pied himself in those studies which belonged to his clerical profession, and accorded with his serious character. For the present he withheld himself from the duties of public instruction, as he knew that the nature of his late malady might, in the public mind, injure or weaken the effect of his exertions, until time should cast his veil over the past. The presence of the son in bodily and mental health was (more than his mercantile prosperity), a subject of congratulation to the father.

Among the eccentricities of the elder Littlejohn was a habit of early rising and strenuous pedestrian exercises before breakfast, at all seasons of the year and in all weathers. In summer he enjoyed the hour before the sun had overpowered the freshness of the morning air, but with his rays had called forth the notes of a thousand birds in the shades of Greenwich, and gilded the broad expanse of waters where the two rivers meet in our beautiful bay. In winter, he did not wait for the lazy luminary, but as soon as his approach afforded sufficient light, the old man, already long prepared, issued to the cold and nipping air, and by a rapid walk prepared himself for an early American breakfast of coffee and buckwheat-cakes.

On this clear and cold morning, Mr. Littlejohn was as usual out for a walk of three or four miles, and making the first tracks in the snow that had fallen during the night. Not far from the door of Mrs. Johnson's humble dwelling, he was surprised to see his young friend Spiffard approaching Broadway; surprised, because he knew that players are obliged to sit up late, especially those of the *sock*, and after returning late from the theatre, being fatigued and exhausted, usually take late suppers; and he knew, that although a water-drinker would not be so likely to over-eat or over-sleep himself as a wine-bibber, yet "late to bed makes late to rise." He turned to meet him.

"How's this, my young friend? I never greeted you in my morning rambles before. Have you become an early riser?"

"Not usually so early as to-day, sir."

"I must reproach you for neglecting me. It is long since you called upon me. My son is now at home with me."

"And well, sir?"

"Perfectly restored. Come and see him. He will be pleased, now, to be acquainted with you. Your professions are supposed not to assimilate, but I think your minds would."

"Society has raised a bar between the preacher and the player; perhaps it would have been better had it never existed; but as it is, I would not advise your son or any other

clergyman to step over it. When players, by their conduct, remove the bar, then let the intercourse commence."

"That, *you* have done; therefore be it as you say. Come, shall we take our walk together?"

"I am on an errand of business, sir; and business in which I think you will be interested and become a partner."

"Indeed! I should not have thought that a young actor and an old merchant would have entered into a business partnership upon so short an acquaintance."

"I know, sir, that there is one feeling that is common to us—a feeling that young and old ought equally to partake of—the feeling of love to our neighbour, which generates pity for his weakness, and the desire to strengthen and relieve him. It is a business of this nature to which I invite your partnership."

"I believe we understand each other pretty well, young man; but, before I agree to open a partnership account with you, I must know something more particular than the mere nature of the speculation. Communicate."

"I will, sir. If you will turn about with me, I will show you the contrast of sickness by surfeit, and sickness from want." The merchant took Spiffard's arm, who retraced his steps, (for he had advanced towards Broadway to meet the old gentleman), and they proceeded to the place where he had left Cooke.

"Here, sir, we shall find the unfortunate man who attracted your attention by his excesses at Cato's, and by his urbanity at Doctor Cadwallader's."

"Here!"

"In this abode of sickness and poverty."

"Brought here by his benevolent wish to relieve it?"

"Brought here by others while in a state of insensibility; a wretched outcast, perishing on the pavement in the storm of last night. This place, the residence of a poor woman, sick, and, I fear, dying, was the nearest place found open to receive him."

"But how—why——"

"You shall learn the whole. Let us enter the house. He was saved by what is called accident; or the idol of the public would have been found frozen to death in the streets of New-York, surrounded by the well-warmed mansions of his idolaters."

This meeting of the young actor and the old merchant happened, by what we call chance, at the moment that Henry Johnson was persuading the constable to carry a note to the

landlord, requesting a suspension of the law's dread mandate, and the creditor's unchristian cruelty.

"She shall not die in a hospital!" cried Cooke, throwing off a handkerchief with which he had covered his face, and glaring at the young man like a tiger. "I will pay every debt she owes. The shelter of her house has preserved my life—not that it is worth much! No matter! I owe my life to her and to you. I'll pay my debt by paying her debts! And, by God! she shall not die in a hospital!"

"I neither drink nor swear, sir. The being on whose will my mother relies, may relieve her present distress. From you she shall receive neither favour nor relief!"

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Too well!"

"Who shall prevent my paying her landlord, and saving her from the distress he threatens? Who?"

"Her son! Her son will not suffer her to be —"

What the excited youth might have said was lost. A second and louder knocking at the door, (the first was unheard, except by the little black girl, owing to the high-raised voices of the father and son; the louder knocking) cut short the angry dialogue; and the girl opened the door, and Mr. Littlejohn, followed by Spiffard, entered the apartment.

It may be supposed that Henry Johnson had not had either opportunity or inclination, during the rapid succession of events so distressing to him and his mother, to change his watchman's dress for that suited to the counting-house; and he now stood in the presence of, and fronting, Mr. Littlejohn, in the rough costume of a guardian of the night, except that the leathern helmet had been removed. Their eyes met, and both started.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" said the merchant.

Henry was silent.

"This watchman came hither with Mr. Cooke," said Spiffard.

"Watchman, indeed! Both, I suppose, from the same scene of masquerading riot."

"He is the watchman that —"

"He is a clerk in my counting-house."

Spiffard was silent; Littlejohn proceeded—

"So, Mr. Johnson, my unwelcome suspicions are confirmed. You have been masquerading with this man of noted intemperance. Your unseemly situation in the counting-house is fully explained. My good opinion of you has been on the wane for some time, and this discovery seems likely to prove a death-

blow to your character: the blow that must sever us; and that, too, when your period of probation is nearly past; when, in a very short time, you would have been entitled to claim a salary."

The undenied assertion, that the pretended watchman was a clerk to the merchant, kept Spiffard silent. Cooke paid no attention to what was passing.

Although Henry Johnson had been long known to Emma Portland, he was not known to Spiffard, who, it will be recollected, had been but a short time an inmate of the family of Mrs. Epsom; and during that time occupied by perturbed thoughts, and associating with men unknown to Henry Johnson. In the character of a watchman, for such he had acted, as well as appeared, during the events of the night, (and even now,) he did not recognise a youth who had only been seen and not noticed. He stood a perplexed and silent beholder of a scene, to him as extraordinary as those he had witnessed relative to Cooke. That he was one of the watchmen who had assisted in bringing the tragedian to this house, he knew—and nothing more.

Henry stood with his eyes fixed on Littlejohn, but unabashed. His colour changed frequently, coming and going with the changing emotions which seemed almost to suffocate him. Mr. Littlejohn continued:

"Twice—nay, thrice, have I found you asleep over your desk. You gave me no excuse—no explanation; I now see that there was none to give. I laboured to find excuses for you. Your confusion, and the appearance of your face, suggested a thought that I dismissed, but now see might have been entertained; for the night reveller will seek support from that which has disqualified him for the labours of the day."

"Sir!" the youth exclaimed, indignantly, but checked himself, and again became silent. His face was flushed—its muscles quivered, but his eye quailed not. It was fixed on that of his accuser. The merchant proceeded:

"Yes, sir! What other inference could I draw from your appearance and conduct? What else could I think? Either that you was under the influence of stupifying poison, or that you had been watching the preceding night; passing the hours of natural rest without necessary sleep."

"It is true, sir. You had surmised the truth. I had been watching. I had been sleepless."

"Is this a garb for a clerk in the counting-house of Littlejohn and Company?" The merchant paused. For a moment, Henry made no reply; then calmly said: "It is true, sir, that you have surmised the cause of my sleeping at my desk;

but it was after labouring faithfully for hours, and fulfilling my assigned task. It is true, as you supposed, that the cause was sleepless nights; and for the sake of the *cause* of my sleepless nights, I will now show you the cause. See it here, sir!"

He stepped to his mother's curtains, and, for a moment, threw them open. He closed them; and again resumed a firm, but respectful attitude.

"There lies the *cause*. A sick, and, I fear, a dying mother. As for this dress, which draws upon me the titles of masquerader and reveller; this dress, unfit as you deem it, for the associate of a counting-house, has fitted me to associate with brave and manly companions, in an honest and honourable vocation. This dress fitted me for the duties of the sleepless nights which enabled me to procure necessaries for one who had laboured through life to give me an education and place in society that might guard me from vice or crime. Those sleepless nights which caused my strength to fail after the duties of the day, and dulled my senses, and suffused my eyes with blood, were endured cheerfully for a sick mother—and such a mother! A reveller and a drunkard! If I might feel pride for having done a duty, I should be more proud of this dress, than of that which fits me for your counting-house!"

"My son! my son! forbear!" said the afflicted mother.

There was silence after these words, and it continued for what appeared to be a minute; only that Cooke, on hearing the exclamation of Mrs. Johnson, whispered to Spiffard, "What's that? Who spoke?" and all was again silent.

Littlejohn was much affected. His agitation seemed to prevent speaking; but with an effort, he at length exclaimed:

"Young man! young man! you have humbled me! How little do we know of what is beneath the surface! What? have I so mistaken you, and the causes of your actions? Have I done you, by thought and word, such base injustice? For your mother—for your sick, widowed mother, you have watched night after night, to earn a pittance which our niggardly economy denied, though justly due to your daily toil at the desk!"

"Now, sir," said Henry, (his eyes filling with tears;) "Now you do yourself injustice. You gave me an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge which would entitle me to wages sufficient for my mother's support."

Littlejohn appeared not to hear him. "I, who have flattered myself that I was an honest and a just man; a man of some observation and penetration into character—I have accused you of revelry, dissipation, and even odious ebriety—because

overwearied nature sunk under the weight filial piety had laid upon it."

Cooke repeatedly had inquired wildly, "Whose voice was that?" and Spiffard was employed in persuading him to return to the house from which he had wandered in the storm; but his only reply was, "never! never!" Then again his confused thoughts reverting to Mrs. Johnson's voice, he would ask, "Who spoke? what voice was that?"

When Littlejohn ceased speaking, he appeared deeply affected. Henry was silent. The silence caused Cooke to look around him, and seeing the constable sitting opposite to him, by the fire, very much at his ease, and totally inattentive to what was passing, he cried out in his harshest and most discordant tone of voice, "Get up, sir!"

The officer remembering that he had pocketed the bank-bill, and not willing to provoke inquiry, obeyed with wondrous alacrity, without speaking.

"Go about your blood-sucking business, elsewhere, you harpy. I command you! Avoid the house! Avaunt! I—George Frederick Cooke, command you! I pay the rent!"

"Never!" said Henry.

"What, Mr. Hipps," said Littlejohn; "are you here to dis train for rent?"

"Yes, sir," respectfully answered the officer.

"How much is due?"

"Fifty dollars, sir, for two quarters."

"I will be answerable."

"I cannot repay you, sir," said Henry.

"I pay the rent!" shouted Cooke. He was unattended to.

"You shall repay me out of your salary."

"My salary?"

"The highest the firm gives is a thousand dollars. That is yours, commencing from last August. It was in August I first saw you sleeping at the desk. It was then I first did you injustice. A half year's wages are due. Take care that your mother has the best medical advice. I need not give you a charge as to any thing else; but, by all means, call in Doctor McLean. I shall deduct the fifty dollars from the half-year's salary, and send you a check for the balance, for you must not come to the counting-house to-day. Good by! You forgive me! But no more masquerades," said the benevolent merchant, smiling through tears, "and no more sleeping at the desk. Mr. Spiffard—you and I and Henry and my son, must meet soon over a dish of tea, or a sparkling glass of water."

And taking Henry's hand, he pressed it, repeating, "forgive me;" then pointing to his mother, said, "go to *her;*" and he ran, rather than walked out of the house, without noticing the person he came into it to see.

The tide of which the poet speaks had now commenced its flood—the flood that leads to fortune. Henry Johnson was ready to embark upon the favouring current. Had he not himself caused the propitious flood? Does not every man create the flood of his own fortune?

Henry approached the bed, took his mother's hand, and sat down by her, enshrouding both by the curtain. Mr. Hipps, the constable, slunk unperceived away. Spiffard very soon engaged a sleigh that happened to be passing, and fortunately a covered sleigh; for without hat or overcoat, Cooke, (who had consented to go to Jemmy Bryden's), would have made a pitiable appearance by daylight in the streets. Spiffard interrupted the conversation of the mother and son.

"Mr. Johnson, I have seen and heard enough to make me wish to know more of you. I have seen you before, without knowing you; and, in the confusion of the last night, had no recollection of ever having met you."

"We shall meet again, Mr. Spiffard. Your character is well known to me, and I sincerely respect you."

"At present, this gentleman must be attended to."

"The sooner he is removed from this place——"

"The better. I think so."

Cooke appeared unable to comprehend what had taken place in regard to the rent, and insisted upon paying it. With difficulty Spiffard quieted him, and removed him from a place to which he had been brought by means so strange, and for purposes hidden from all but the benevolent cause and source of all good.

Henry had sunk again on the bed-side, and drawn the curtain about him.

"My dear mother," said he, "we are unknown to him; we must remain unknown."

"He wished to assist—to relieve us, Henry."

"Heaven forgive him for—for——"

"I forgive him, Henry."

"I cannot—*yet.* I will watch over him, and, if possible, save him from the effects of his——. I would do anything to serve him, but I cannot forgive him—not *yet.*"

CHAPTER XVI.

The hoax goes on.—Confidence, and the lack of it—their consequences in domestic life.

"Heavy lightness, serious vanity."

"Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast."

"I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth."

"I would the surfeit of my too abundant riches
Cure by enlarged bounty."

"Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women."—*Shakspeare.*

"There are men who let their lives pass away without a single effort to do good, either to friend or neighbour; but wo to the man who is incapable of feeling that the greatest possible good he can do for himself or for others, is to *do his duty*, and leave the consequences to God."—*Coleridge.*

WHERE was Trustworthy Davenport at the time his employer so needed his *help?* He had remained at the Tontine Coffee-house, (Cooke's usual boarding-place), during a visit to the house of an admirer, waiting only occasionally upon the tragedian to receive orders. The morning after the storm, Trusty called, and was informed that the old man had left the house after it was thought he had retired to bed, and that there was no trace of him. Returning to the Tontine to consult Bryden, he arrived just in time to relieve Spiffard from his troublesome charge, and convey the yet bewildered old man to his chamber and bed.

Spiffard returned home, content as man should be, with having done his duty. The active scenes he had been engaged in made him forget for the present the domestic evil he felt and dreaded. He was ready to enjoy his breakfast. But even this enjoyment was denied him. He found the fol-

lowing letter awaiting. The Philadelphia post-mark and handwriting took away all appetite before he broke the seal, on which an anchor was impressed: so careful and minute had the idler Allen been in his industrious preparation for mischief. Not that mischief was meant in the serious import of the word. But who knows when he deviates from the track of truth where the by-path may lead him?

I do not like to receive a letter when I am preparing to sit down to breakfast or dinner. Good news is least wanted when a good meal is before me, and bad news spoils the most savoury dish. Spiffard read what he anticipated from the outward signs.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1812.

SIR:—I have to apologise for not meeting you at the Albany Coffee-house at the time appointed. I was called to this city on an affair that did not admit of delay. I will be in New-York on any appointed day, previous to my departure for Europe, if it shall be necessary. My friend Thomas Beaglehole, Esq. is intrusted with the adjustment of our affair, and has received my instructions. He will wait upon your friend and receive your determination. If he is satisfied, I am: otherwise, on receiving a line from him, I shall wait upon you with all speed.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN SMITH.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of a man who, for the first time, is engaged in a duel. One who places himself in a situation intended to tempt his fellow-man to aim at his life, and intends to aim at the life of his fellow-man; one who has decided, or pledged himself, at the will of a third person, (called a friend or second), to place himself in a situation which may make of him a corpse or a murderer.

Such a man, after having given or accepted a challenge, and placed himself at the disposal of a second, is in a state of torture, troubled fluctuations, misgivings, or passionate excitement. His reason does not approve—cannot approve. He knows that he is acting contrary to the dictates of conscience and the will of his Maker, from fear of man's opinions. He makes his preparations for murder with affected calmness, while his mind is a chaos. He screws himself up to the deed, or the suffering, and while he must appear cheerful, curses on

his adversary burst from his tortured soul, and he eagerly grasps at the hope that his second may *yet* prevent blood.

The situation of Spiffard was not similar to this. He thought himself the injured party, but did not wish revenge for the injury. He was convinced that in repressing insult, he had done his duty as a man and a husband. He had agreed to meet Captain Smith at the suggestion of his companions, whose good opinion he did not wish to lose, and of whose good faith he had no doubt; but he went to the meeting neither to apologise nor fight, but to show his supposed adversary that there was no call for either. Now, however his situation was changed, and he was called upon to place himself at the disposal of Mr. Allen, of whom he knew little, and of a Mr. Beaglehole, of whom he knew nothing. He hesitated as to the course he should ultimately pursue. Uncertainty, wavering, and irresolution, had taken possession of his mind. He was sick at heart. His moments of self-approbation were few and far between. As the progress of this hoax went on, Spiffard became discontented, peevish, and a feeling approaching to loathing of himself and all around him weighed upon his spirit and withered his strength. His natural paleness was increased to a corpse-like livid hue. His eyes lost their fire, his lips their colour, and his muscles their elasticity.

How little did the gay young men who produced this misery appreciate the pain their sport inflicted! Did they wish to inflict pain? Certainly not. The whole plot was the result of overflowing animal spirits, kept in perpetual ferment by the incessant recurrence of the feast and the stimulants accompanying it. The hot blood of youth pouring fire—adding fuel to the already overheated furnace. There is a mist which appetite raises to cloud reason, and to this the fumes of the "sparkling glass"—the all-destroying alcohol—were (in those days) habitually added, so that the minds of some were always enveloped in a many-coloured cloud, sometimes bright as if illumined by a thousand suns; sometimes dark as night; but ever false—ever leading to misapprehensions and endless error.

The injury unintentionally inflicted on Spiffard, was shared by his wife. Her own errors rendered her peculiarly obnoxious to suspicion. The husband was silent, or peevish. The question, "What's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" was answered laconically by "Nothing." But this word was accompanied by looks that spoke volumes to the unfortunate woman, yet left her in suspense. Sometimes the question was put, "What *is* the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" and the answer was even more

unsatisfactory, though the word was still "Nothing." But I am anticipating.

Spiffard could neither eat his breakfast nor remain at home, in the state of mind which the renewal of the affair of Captain John Smith produced. After the ceremony of the morning meal was over, he went in search of Allen.

He met Henry Johnson, (no longer the watchman), and passed him with a friendly salutation, and "The ladies will be glad to see you."

Henry, (after certain arrangements with his mother, and the necessary attentions to his appearance), hastened to impart to Emma Portland the tidings which imported change so great to her. Emma had left him poor; he was now blessed by competence. She had made a discovery, which, although redounding to his honour, pained her, as it seemed like a want of confidence in her; something approaching to falsehood in him.

The two couples which the thread of our story brings us to consider under the same point of view, were strangely contrasted. They were alike as being young; for still Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard were in the prime of life. They were alike in being blest by nature with physical and mental powers. In what then consisted the contrast? The one pair was miserable, the other happy. What the cause? Early education and early associates. Johnson and Spiffard were both moral men; but the first had been strictly trained; and the path of life pointed out by a pure and religious parent. The second was left to the guidance of his blind fancy, and misled by one who had been selected for his guide. Henry had chosen a partner in the house of God, from among those who were teaching the orphan, and the abandoned of earth, to seek heaven. Spiffard had selected from among those who delight the mingled throng who seek pleasure more than improvement.

The interview which took place on the present occasion, was of great interest to Henry Johnson and Emma Portland: but as I am aware that such scenes are not of the most fascinating kind to the general reader, I shall leave the imagination of my admirers to supply the terms in which the young man made many explanations, and informed the lovely girl of those discoveries which led to the unravelment of the intricacies which were gathering around Mr. Littlejohn and himself. But we must take a peep at the scene of happiness, notwithstanding.

He found Emma alone. That was just as it should be. For a short time he was embarrassed, and she was thoughtful. He

considered her as an incarnation of truth. She was so; and like Milton's Truth, "an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." And Henry, in the spirit of truth, sought to explain any appearance that might offend her purity.

"I am delighted to find that the exposure to the storm of last night, has not made you sick, Emma. And yet you do not appear as cheerful as usual."

"I do not think that my health has suffered. The cold was great, but I was well guarded, and the snow was dry."

"But your eyes do not sparkle as they were wont."

"Perhaps they want sleep; but no, I slept very soundly, and later than I commonly do. Henry, it was a night of wonders."

"Wonders, indeed!"

"And you do not know that I came from a death-bed before I saw you; and a sudden and unexpected death, although one serene and prepared for. When I awoke this morning, I could not but think I had been dreaming. The situation in which I found Mr. Cooke—and, Henry, the situation in which I found you. The dying woman—the storm—the old man lying helpless, and perishing with cold—the watch-house—and the watchman, Henry! I would as little expect to find Henry Johnson in such a dress, and with such companions, and in such a place, as to find Mr. Cooke perishing in the street in a snow-storm."

"I can explain to your satisfaction, Emma."

"Had I not a right to expect confidence from one, to *one* who has confided in him most implicitly?"

"You had."

"I will not hide a thought from you, Henry. Meeting you, as I did, when I little expected to meet any one whom I had even seen, and when I trusted for the success of my mission upon the common dictates of duty alone, was little short of a miracle. At the time, it was a source of unmingled joy; but since, I have thought upon it with sorrow. With all my confidence in your purity and honour, I have not yet been reconciled to finding you so disguised, and so associated."

"For my mother, Emma! for my angelic mother! For her who has toiled and suffered, that I might be instructed, and made useful in society. You know what my expectations were; and that I toiled at the desk all day, to be prepared, at an approaching period, for a lucrative employment. In the mean time, my mother was rendered incapable of exertion. I did not tell you how very poor we were. I thought, for the short time of

my probation, I would watch during the night, as well as work through the day, and when my promised salary commenced, then resign the pittance, which has been, for some time, my mother's support. Thus my days were occupied in labour for future comfort, and my nights for the present means of subsistance."

Emma gave him her hand, and her eyes filled with tears.

"But, Henry, did you think I could not appreciate such motives? Why not confide your necessities and your plans to me?"

"My reasons may not appear sufficient to you, although they were so to me. I thought that you might suppose the hardships and exposures I should encounter, greater than they really are; and therefore that the knowledge of this mode of relieving my mother's wants, by depriving myself of rest, would cause unnecessary anxiety to you. You must forgive me. It was with difficulty that I persuaded my mother to be reconciled to the temporary resource, (for it was only to last a few weeks;) and I was, perhaps, vain enough to think it might be as difficult to obtain your approbation, and might cause unnecessary pain."

There was a pressure of the hand, and a smile through tears, that spoke perfect forgiveness. Never do the rays of the sun appear more beautiful, than when they are seen through the mild, refreshing showers of summer, giving promise of a goodly time to come. Such a smile was an assurance of future happiness to Henry Johnson.

"And now, Henry, I *do* believe that the watchman who twice followed me, was the same that assisted me last night."

"You may believe it."

"Even yet I cannot be reconciled to a disguise."

"The dress was not put on as a disguise. I put on the habit with the employment. I obtained the employment by the recommendation of a neighbour, who had himself served as such, but was disqualified by infirmity. I told no untruths. My name and my motives were known to my companions."

"But such companions!"

"Do not misconceive of them. Do not, because European books describe the watchman as a rogue or a fool, therefore suppose the useful guardians of our cities to be such. They are honest, industrious mechanics, and as well informed, on all subjects, as men who gain their bread by the labour of their hands can be. They have appreciated my superior education, as, by degrees, they discovered that I possessed that advan-

tage. I have been of service to such of them as imagined ardent spirits of use to them in times of exposure, by convincing them of the contrary. Most of them have been apprised of my motives for putting on the garb, and sharing the hardships of the band; and they have given them their due weight. But Emma, neither they, nor you, nor I, have known who I am."

"We do not know ourselves to be sure. Who does? I do not know myself; but I thought that, perhaps, I knew you better than you knew yourself. I had my doubts, last night."

"I do not mean *that* self-knowledge."

"What then?"

"The discoveries of this morning are even more extraordinary than those of last night."

"Of this morning."

"After you left my mother, and even after the storm had past, and the sun had risen."

"They must be strange discoveries, indeed, if more strange than I made. For I last night discovered, in a poor, perishing outcast, dying on a snow-heap, the idolized George Frederick Cooke; and in the sober, industrious, moral Henry Johnson, a tenant of the watch-house."

"And I saw Emma Portland in charge of a watchman, and ushered, at midnight, to the cognizance of the captain of the watch. But the discovery that followed, and which I am to impart to you, affects us both most seriously."

The playfulness of Emma gave place to anxiety; her smiles to an expression of fear.

"While we are conscious of our good intentions, Henry—"

"I have no disclosure to make that can injure me in your opinion. But I at length know my father."

"And living?"

"Living. His life saved by you."

"Mr. Cooke?"

"Is my father, Emma. My unworthy father."

"Owing his life to his son! Does he know you?"

"No. Nor shall he ever."

"And your mother?"

"She shall remain unknown to her unworthy husband. He supposes her dead. Let him suppose so."

"That might disturb his last hours, Henry. We must forgive. Your mother—?"

"I shall obey my mother. You must see her, and speak on the subject; and on another, if possible, more near to us, but of a very different character."

"I will see her to-day."

"But, Emma, does not the knowledge that I am the son o such a father, change your feelings towards me, whom you have heretofore considered as the offspring of misfortune, al lied to intelligence, virtue, honour, and religion; and now fin that I am the son of one noted for vices and stained by cruelt to your friend and my mother!"

"If you had been educated by and lived with your father such as you now describe him, I might fear to trust my fate t your guardianship; but I know that the virtues of your mothe have been your inheritance; I trust myself to the son of Mrs Johnson."

"Of her, driven by *him* from her native land, home, friends turned adrift, like Prospero, with a helpless infant, upon an unknown ocean!"

"But, Henry, *you* were like the poet's Miranda, the protecting angel of your parent. You are still her support. You have saved your mother from want; and now you have saved your father's life. Indeed, I have not before known you."

"That he is my father, must be a secret from all, but us three, Emma. He must not know it—the world must not know it. But I have more to communicate."

Henry recounted the circumstances attending his interview with Mr. Littlejohn; and the young folks could not but rejoice in a futurity which was opening to them as bright as it was unexpected—lucrative employment bestowing independence on the son, consequent comfort, and perhaps health on the mother, and a matrimonial union promising every blessing that virtue can bestow on the deserving, or that sanguine youth can anticipate.

CHAP. XVII.

Hoax continued. A sick-bed repentance.

* * * "The spirit's ladder,
That from the gross and visible world of dust,
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries."—*Coleridge.*

ıe love of wine, like the love of money, associates itself, and the means adulgence, with all things else in heaven and on earth."—*American y Magazine.*

"O'er the dread feast malignant chemia scowls,
And mingles poison in the nectared bowls.
Fell *gout* peeps, grinning, through the fleecy screen,
And bloated *dropsy* pants behind, unseen:
Wrapt in his robe, white *lepra* hides his stains,
And silent *frenzy*, writhing, bites his chains."—*Darwin.*

"Their virtues else * * *
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance oft do out,
To his own scandal."—*Shakspeare.*

.THOUGH Henry and Emma had escaped unscathed from dventures of a winter's night and a snow-storm, not so nfortunate, misdoing, George Frederick Cooke. He had ı that night a long step towards the grave. His friendly cians, and his invaluable valet, or help, trustworthy Daven- watched over him; and though his case had become des- e, and the water had found its way without the aid of the ı-bath, still the termination of his eventful and mispent ras delayed, as far as human means could turn off the dart ath, by medical skill, and by the unwearied attention of ithful Yankee traveller, who, like his countryman, Spif-

fard, seemed to be attached to the old man from motives inexplicable to mere worldlings.

Spiffard, as we have seen, had had his breakfast spoiled by receiving Captain John Smith's letter; and, as was expected by the writer, the letter was brought back to him by the unsophisticated Yankee. Allen received the document and read it with as much gravity as though he had not written it; then folded it, and said,—

"We shall of course hear from Mr. Beaglehole."

"I suppose so."

"We shall then know how to proceed."

"Do you know this Mr. Rabbithole?"

"Beaglehole."

"Ay—do you know him?"

"Yes, we all know him. He is a man of honour," said Allen; "a fellow of spirit. Hops like a flea. Can beat any man in the country running on all fours."

"Like a pig or an ass."

"Hands and feet against feet—arms and legs against legs."

"As a proof of his honour?"

"O, he has proved that by shooting his man," said Allen. "Hits a button ten times in succession—he is up to a button any day. If he has received Captain Smith's instructions, which he has no doubt, as the captain is a man of honour and says so—"

"'All honourable men,'" thought Spiffard.

"He will wait upon you, and, of course, you will refer him to me."

"Of course?"

"Certainly if I am to settle the business."

"I shall settle the business."

"You will not apologize?"

"Certainly not."

"Well—nothing more can be done till we hear from Mr. Beaglehole."

Mr. Beaglehole was an agent for a Birmingham button-maker. These agents are a class that in England are called riders; but, when in this country, pass for gentlemen, and *were*, "thirty years ago," received as such by the simple folks of the day I am speaking of, and admired accordingly. They felt a great contempt for the natives, had money at command, (no matter whether their own or not) dressed well, fed well, drank hard, and gave a false impression upon Americans of the character of Englishmen. We now know better.

ard left his *friend* Allen, who chuckled at the thought
e sport went "bravely on," and little thought of the
he was preparing for others. Indeed it was not possi-
him and his young companions to anticipate the conse-
s; although, when men of dissimilar habits become as
s, evil may be predicted; and, when truth is violated
, no good can arise from it. Truth, as well as tem-
e, "is a delicate wench." They are both strong, and
se of strength in others; yet are they both very ob-
s to injuries, and shrink from contact with their oppo-
s if possessed of instinctive sensitiveness. The water-
r was not a fit companion for the disciples of Anacreon.
business with Allen so far arranged, our hero turned
ughts to the deplorable old man, who was a slave to the
vhich truth and temperance abhor.

explain the immediate cause of Cooke's terrible situation
night of the storm, it is necessary to say, that he had on
evious day dined with one of his admirers in a large
ny, and indulged himself without restraint. He remained
e until all the revellers were gone, and his host, without
lty, prevailed upon him to retire to a bed-chamber.
tired, but would not go to bed, demanding brandy, and
l his friend for not giving it. In attempting to leave the
his host, by main force, prevented; and, placing him on
le of the bed, thought he had prevailed upon him to re-
quiet; but, after he had left him, the wretched madman,
all the house was quiet, found his way out, and, without
over-coat, rushed into the street, where he wandered
ppressed by liquor, fatigue, and cold, he had sunk to
—the sleep of death.

Fard found him a sick and wretched penitent. He found
lthough courted and feasted, when he could be exhibited
uriosity, as a lion at the soiree or the dinner-table, he
n his sick chamber, a poor abandoned solitary individual,
reflect with remorse upon those vices which flatterers
lmirers had encouraged for their own amusement; aban-
by all except his kind physicians and his trusty trust-
r Davenport. Under these circumstances, Spiffard's
gs prompted unwearied attention to the comfort of the
unate old man.

had before, as the reader will remember, devoted himself
same efforts. He had recounted the incidents of his
r life for the sick man's amusement; but he had avoided

that circumstance which, perhaps, unknown to himself, impelled him to take such deep interest in the fate of one, whose conduct constantly reminded him of the miseries which similar self-inflicted madness had brought upon all his own family. Every good feeling of the young man kept him mute on the subject of his mother's failings. It was a source of mortification and grief which he cherished in secret. He looked upon his own fate as connected with it. He contemplated, in retrospect, the scenes of his youth, and their consequences, with fearful misgivings, as it respected the future.

Cooke had often reflected upon the earnest devotedness with which a youth and a water-drinker attached himself to an old man of habits so opposite to his own. He took this occasion to question him on the subject, and express his surprise. With that suavity of manner which distinguished him when he was not brutalized, he addressed Spiffard thus; at the same time raising himself in bed and leaning on his elbow.

"More than once, before this, you have appeared to take a particular interest in me, at times, when by my unfortunate disease—or, as some would say, my wretched folly and propensity to debauchery—I have been prostrated thus on the bed of sickness and unavailing regret. I never met with any one before—yes, one!" He paused, turned his head aside, and wiped his eyes, by hastily, and as if to avoid being noticed, passing the shirt-sleeve of his right arm before them. He continued, "I never met with *a man* who appeared to take such interest in me. Why is it?"

Spiffard, if he had been conscious of the true causes, (which I doubt), was too delicate to avow them. But, although the images of his mother and his wife flitted before his mind's eye, he thought he answered sincerely when he said,

"Surely, sir, admiration of superior talents, and the hope of rescuing them (you must pardon me) from a vice which you have suffered by degrees to assume a sway—a most despotic sway—over them, are sufficient motives to account for my conduct towards you."

"I do not know that. Your attention to me—your patience when I am harsh in speech—your firmness—your candour—all are very singular. No one else has treated me so. Yes, *one*; but *there* firmness was wanting. I feel my obligation to you."

He grasped Spiffard's hand hurriedly—pressed it—and then threw himself back upon his pillow. There was a minute's silence, Suddenly raising himself again to his former attitude,

i said, in a high tone, "Vice! Why vice, sirr? Sirr, it is a sease—an incurable disease! a disease implanted by nature! irr, a man is no more blameable because he is the victim of , than if he suffered rheumatism, calculus, fever of the blood r brain, or any other of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"'That flesh is heir to?' Flesh is not heir to the diseases hich proceed from intemperance. The indulgence of the ppetite that grows by what it feeds on. Natural appetite beomes vicious and criminal, as it is hurtful, when it throws off ie restraint of reason; and it becomes ten times more criminal in me to indulge appetite after once knowing that it is injuious to my own mind and body, as well as to those most intiately connected with me."

Cooke groaned. Spiffard continued. "The diseases that ou have enumerated, and others to which we are subjected by ur natural constitution, or the constitution of society, have no isgrace attached to them. Not so intemperance and its evils. hey bring shame as well as suffering."

After a pause Spiffard continued, "Rheumatism may be rought upon us by causes over which we have no control; ccidental exposures to heat, damps, cold. Epidemics with estilential influence sweep off their thousands. Diseases visit s beyond the reach of medicine; we suffer; we die. These re the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' In the course of our allotted luties, while performing our parts worthily in life's drama, we re subject to accidents and various maladies, by which we re deprived of health, and brought to the tomb. But although re suffer, we do not feel the stings of conscience—we ave not acted in opposition to our better knowledge. We ay indeed say, resignedly, these are 'ills that flesh is heir to.' ut the diseases which we bring upon ourselves by sensual inulgence, it is blasphemy to lay the flattering unction to our ouls, that *they* are evils inflicted by heaven, and not entailed y our own vices."

Cooke was not willing to abandon the sophistry with which e had endeavoured to lull his conscience.

"Surely," said he, "we are to be pitied when we suffer from he dictates of passions and appetites which are implanted in s by nature without our will?"

"I would pity and endeavour to relieve," said his young entor, "but I would not encourage the belief that he is not imself the cause of his sufferings. Reason is given us to ontrol passion and appetite. The will of God is made known o us, to preserve us from following the dictates of those pas-

sions and appetites, which, when not improperly indulged, are necessary to our welfare. But we find a momentary gratification in the indulgence of appetite, or in obeying the dictates of our passions, and *our* wills, and forget the lessons of reason or of revelation. We bring disease and misfortune upon ourselves, and we are so prone to self-flattery as well as self-indulgence, that we say, 'I could not avoid it; I obeyed the dictates of nature.' Thus we charge our own faults and their consequences on our Creator. The intemperate man says, 'I only seek the gratification which nature points out or makes necessary;' he fires his blood with wine and brandy, and then flies to the haunts of impurity. Still he says, 'I have these impulses from nature.' If strife and murder, or disease and death, follow, all must of course be charged on nature. There is no evil which man brings upon himself by his own selfishness that he does not endeavour to impute to necessity, fate, nature, or the Creator of the universe. Even the fears and torments of the slave-dealer, whether on the coast of Africa, or at the seat of our government; or of the slave-holder, whether in Havanna or Savannah, Cuba or Carolina, are all charged to the same cause. He says, in excuse for all the misery which slavery inflicts on slave and master, 'Nature ordained it so.' He will tell you, even in the solemn assembly of a nation's sages, (a nation that boasts its freedom, and has declared all men equal in rights), that God has marked a certain portion of his creatures as slaves to a certain other portion. 'Has he not made them black? Has he not given them wool instead of hair? He has given them the form of man, merely the better to accommodate them to my purposes.' What crime can man perpetrate, that he does not in self-delusion charge upon nature? No, sir! Man has the choice of good and evil; and his Creator has given him the power to restrain every impulse that leads to his destruction."

"But there is a point," said Cooke, "which, if passed, we can never return to. I have been irresistibly impelled to what I knew was destruction: an incurable disease has been upon me for years." He threw himself back, and hid his face. Spiffard continued as if under an uncontrollable influence, although advocating the doctrine of a self-controlling power; but reason approved the impulse.

"It is a lamentable self-delusion to say 'My desires are irresistible, or the habits of intemperance, of any description, incurable.' While life, with reason, remains, the sanity of the mind may be restored, and comparative bodily health regained.

The only irredeemable step is that which has led to death. I conjure you, sir, not to give way to the thought that your sufferings, or the habits which have produced them, are beyond remedy. I beg you to recollect that when you have had any *particular object in view*—when you have wished to appear well in the eyes of an individual, or the public—when you have desired to outdo a rival, or make a favourable impression on coming to a strange place—you *can*—*I know* it—I have *observed* it—you *can*, and have, repeatedly, refrained from touching 'the accursed thing.' And if for a comparatively trifling object you can do it, *can you not do it* for health, strength, life, good name? Think, sir, think how infinitely more important *these* are, than the paltry consideration of appearing to advantage in any given character on the stage, or before any individual in private life; or to attract more plaudits from a motley crowd than are bestowed on a rival! What are *these* in comparison with the will of God, and the blessings which follow the doing his will?"

While Spiffard spoke, his countenance kindled—his eyes sparkled—benevolence shone in every feature, action, and word. The hearer of truth cannot be offended, even if it condemns him, when he is convinced that the speaker has no selfish motive; but that the counsel, or even the reproof, springs from pure benevolence. Spiffard spoke with more energy than any one could have done who had not seen and suffered so much from the cause of Cooke's misery. The arguments he used to save the friend before him, had been used, in different language, to save one nearer to him. His feelings, though not *selfish*, were so far connected with *self*.

Cooke made nor further defence. He raised himself in bed, clasped Spiffard's hand with both his, and the big tears coursed each other down his furrowed checks till they became a torrent. He sunk again—hid his face on his pillow, and sobbed audibly. His young friend was affected most powerfully. The scene was touching: the humiliation of age before truth from the lips of youth. Spiffard was silent for a time, and then resumed in a soothing tone and manner.

"It may appear improper for a young man like me to counsel one of your age; but my motive must plead my excuse. The sufferings of those dearest to me, and the most poignant sufferings of my life, have proceeded from the errors I so ardently combat. I have seen a mother destroyed—a father's peace and fortune blasted—all my kindred swept away—lost—immolated at the altar of this demon. Let me persuade you

that you have only to resolve to do what you have done for temporary considerations, and you can retrieve all yet—health, fame, and peace of mind."

Cooke had been motionless; his face buried in the bed-clothes. He started up.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed; "I cannot recall the past. For myself, I might amend health and life; but misery inflicted on others is past remedy, and can never be obliterated from my memory. It has been to deaden the sense of my own unworthy conduct towards others—towards one, the best, the most patient; to drown the thought of the past, I have continued the same practice which caused the guilt I lament. I cannot undo what is done: I cannot recall the dead! Would you believe it? Even this resource now fails me. Even in my hours of madness she appears to me! As I live, I saw her—heard her—in a miserable hovel—sick—stretched on her death-bed—poor—starving—dying! I have had such visions before in my sleep, after my waking thoughts have been employed on the past; but never like this. I heard her voice! It rings in my ears still! I know it was a dream, caused by an imagination distempered from the previous day's excess: I have had such visions before, but never so wild or so vivid. Would you believe it? I thought I saw myself, as I was in my youth; and then I thought I had a son, and I saw him before me! I shook off the image; it was a watchman. I know *they* are dead. But these images haunt me! Where was I last night when you found me? Where did you bring me from this morning? Or was it last night? I think it was. No, no. I lose time—time! I have lost time, indeed!"

Spiffard recounted the transactions of the night as far as he had seen them; and being convinced, himself, that his friend's imagination had conjured up unreal images, and transformed Mrs. Johnson and her son into personages connected with his former life, he easily persuaded him that it was so.

Whether this conversation, or the solicitude of Spiffard, would have been of avail under happier circumstances, must be left in doubt. The irretrievable step, as it respected health and life, had been taken.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hoax continued. The button duellist.

"For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death."—*Shakspeare.*

"Within my bosom dwells another lord—"
Reason—"sole judge and umpire of itself."—*Home.*

"Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain."—*Dryden.*

It would be "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to go into a detail of the boyish scenes which the young companions of Spiffard planned and executed as a trial of his unsuspicious character, and as a source of amusement for themselves.

Beaglehole was a man who would enter with all his heart into Allen's plot, and with the more glee as it was to be played off upon a Yankee. Having been informed of the preceding transactions—the particulars of the first acts of what was intended as a comedy---he undertook the part of Captain John Smith's friend, and waited upon Spiffard.

"My name is Beaglehole, sir." Spiffard bowed. The visitor repeated, "Beaglehole, sir."

"I have no acquaintance of that name."

"My friend, Captain John Smith, you know him, sir."

"I do not, sir."

"You addressed certain words to him at the theatre which require explanation."

"I spoke very plainly."

"He demands an apology."

"I have none to make."

"I am directed by him to call on you, and, if no apology is made, I am requested to see your friend. You have nothing further to say to me, sir?"

"Nothing. I was called to a meeting with a Captain Smith, and went with the intention of representing the impropriety of

his conduct; with you, sir, I shall not enter into any discussion of the subject. I neither know you nor Captain John Smith.

"You have consulted a friend on the subject?"

"I have spoken to several on what I considered impertinence. The last person was Mr. Thomas Allen."

"I know him well. A man of honour. I will wait upon your friend, sir."

"As you please. You certainly may wait upon whom you choose to serve."

The button-merchant was not satisfied that the scheme worked well; but he reported to Allen—not exactly the words as delivered.

It was so contrived by the *quizzers* that the next day they were to meet in front of the theatre, and draw Spiffard from his business of the stage, so that he might witness a preconcerted pantomimic interview between Allen and Beaglehole. Accordingly, Spiffard's attention was drawn to the gentlemen by a remark made by Hilson.

"What are Allen and Beaglehole so earnestly talking about over there in the park?"

"Settling a race," said one of the club, "or a hopping-match. I will pit Young for a hop against anything."

"Except a flea," said Hilson.

"But for a race I'll back Beaglehole."

"Do you think he could carry your weight?"

"None of your quibbling, Tam. He'll beat any man I know at a run."

"The Colonel shall beat him, if the enemy is in the rear."

"Tom, I must fight you yet; by this I must." And he touched a bauble suspended by a riband on his breast.

"*What?* the goose-and-gridiron at your button-hole?"

"The eagle, sir."

"Your Ben Franklin—poor Richard—says the eagle is a dishonest bird. The goose would have been much better as the emblem of rusticity or wisdom."

"Beaglehole shall beat any man in America at a race on all-fours," said Cooper.

"High, low, jack and the game," said Hilson;" that's all-fours."

"You know what I mean: at running on hands and feet."

"That depends on length of arms. The Colonel's are longer than any man's since Rob Roy. But see, the two gentlemen

are taking leave of each other. How formally they bow and touch their hats. The match is made."

Spiffard saw the two *gentlemen* apparently conversing with great earnestness; and after a considerable time he saw them separate, each bowing with that kind of ceremony, which, to the attentive comedian, indicated an appointment, in the fulfilment of which, he, like the felon on his way to the gallows, was to be the principal performer.

Those who were in the secret enjoyed the earnest and eager glances of Spiffard at the two ceremonious *friends* of himself and Captain Smith. Mr. Beaglehole having disappeared, Allen joined the knot. But the result of this important interview must be reserved for Spiffard's private ear, and the torture of suspense protracted as long as possible.

"What have you and Beaglehole been settling so gravely?" asked one.

"Nothing."

"'Nothing comes of nothing,'" said Hilson. "What match have you been making? His bay against your gray, or himself against *Young* for a hop?"

"It's most likely a pistol-firing at Tyler's," said another.

Although Spiffard had determined not to fight a duel, yet the thought of controversy with a duellist was excessively annoying. He might be insulted—perhaps reduced to the necessity of repelling blows by blows. At length he was informed that Mr. Beaglehole would immediately acquaint Captain Smith that an apology was denied, and of course the captain's presence necessary. Spiffard did not see the necessity. He said nothing—but he was impatient to have the affair over.

Two more days pass gloomily at home. The teasing question again is asked, "Wat's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" and the uncharacteristic answer made—"Nothing."

Then comes a notification that Captain Smith's second having written to his principal, said principal would be in New-York the next day. Accordingly Beaglehole informs Allen that Smith expects the rencontre at 7 o'clock the next morning. Notice is given to Spiffard by Allen that he had agreed to the appointment. And thus, although without fear of death or the necessity of committing murder to avoid it, the young man is doomed to another day and night of anxiety. He had said enough on the subject to have made a real second throw up the office; but it was not the wish of Allen and his partners in mischief to *understand*; therefore preparations were made; and Spiffard, willing to be from home, (where his looks were

watched with very different feelings from those they produced upon the hoaxers), was induced to pass the hour of dinner which engrossed the evening with the same circle of convivialists, who were sporting with his honest credulity, and enjoying every token of his uneasiness.

It was now necessary that a new cause should be assigned for the disappointment of the next morning. A pretext must be found for the not meeting of combatants both so ready to meet, but who never could meet. A plot was suggested, discussed, agreed upon, and put in practice.

The first time that Spiffard joined the party, (after the important arrangement), it happened that he entered, as frequently occurred, sometime after the cloth had been removed, and the nuts and jokes had been cracked until attention was called to the colonel's history of his first campaign, or some other story which was a joke to the company.

"The invasion of New-Jersey had broken up the school at which I had been flogged, in the hope of fitting me for Princeton college; and to my great joy, I was at liberty for any mischief, without having the fear of the ferule before my eyes. I have told you, that when the volunteers and minute-men turned out and trained, the boys of Burlington formed themselves into a company and trained too."

"Yes, Colonel," said Hilson, "you *have* told that once—or *twice*."

"No, not twice. I never tell my stories twice to the same company. I never fight my battles o'er again—give us that decanter—over again, more than once to the same—listeners——"

"Well, fill, and push the decanter this way; and push on—"

"Where was I?"

"Just out of school."

"Home didn't suit me. My head was full of drums, and—by the by, did I tell you that I was drummer to our company, and——"

"You were determined to make a noise in the world."

"A stale joke, Hilson. Well, colonel——"

"I determined to join the army, and run away——"

"A most heroic resolution!"

"From home."

"I thought it was from the enemy."

"Tom, none of your jokes."

"Go on, colonel."

"I was thought too small for a musket, and so I offered my-

self for drummer in a Pennsylvania regiment, and was accepted. Well, my first knowledge of the whistling of a bullet was at Trenton."

"Ah! That was when you stooped down and pretended to buckle your shoe, while the Hessians made the balls whistle about the ears of those who carried their heads too high."

"Let me light this cigar before I give you the battle of Trenton."

The entrance of the Vermonter gave an opportunity to change the subject which was gladly seized, and the battle of Trenton, which had been made rather familiar, was postponed for the present.

When Spiffard was preparing to go home, Allen accosted him thus:

"It is necessary, Mr. Spiffard, that our watches should be in unison. We must be punctual. Rather before the time. How is yours?"

"It wants five minutes of twelve."

"I'm exactly half past eleven."

All the company applied to their watches, and all in concert cried, "half past eleven," except Hilson, who said, "it is only fifteen minutes past eleven, by Saint Paul's, the orthodox clock, and by Saint Paul's, I go."

"Every time you go to the theatre. No: it is exactly half past eleven."

All cried out, "Half past eleven;" and Allen, asking Spiffard for his watch, and putting it back twenty minutes, said, "there now, it is exactly ten minutes too fast. It is best for you to be before the time."

"I should not think so, if I was going to be hung, or shot," said Hilson, "but every one to his liking."

"I tell you what, Spiff," said the colonel, "you had better go to bed and sleep soundly, or you may not be in nerve. I make it a rule on such occasions to take a hearty supper, my bottle of sherry or madeira, as it may be; then sleep till my waiter calls me; take a bracer; keep my hands warm during the ride or the sail, as it may be; and, with all my muscles in order, coolly take my ground and my aim. Then, quick upon the trigger, your man's down. Good night."

It will be perceived from the foregoing that the *meeting* was talked of freely by the company; and as a meeting of death-doing purpose. Spiffard had given hints, or more than hints, of his intentions, but they were passed by as unheard. The tormentors were determined to try him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Another victim.

"—— It presses on my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds."

"—— Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let drop a tear."

"The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth."

"Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame."

"And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks."—*Shakspeare.*

WHILE Spiffard was passing his time with companions so unlike himself, what was doing at the house which ought to have been his home?

It was past eleven o'clock, and fast approaching midnight. In the same apartment, which the reader may remember being introduced to at the commencement of this history, sat Mrs. Epsom, her daughter, and her niece. They were all, at this late hour, busily employed. They surrounded, or occupied, different sides of a table, in the centre of the room, on which towered a brilliant lamp, throwing a pleasant mellow light, through its transparent shade, over the three very dissimilar figures and the materials on which they were employed. All were silent. The two actresses, mother and daughter, were intent upon what they called, in the technical language of the stage, study. Each had a manuscript before her; that is, a

'l. Before the old lady was an empty tumbler and a snuff-
:. The lips of the *students* occasionally moved, though no
nds proceeded from them. Mrs. Spiffard, at this moment,
ıed with her elbow on the table, shading her fine eyes with
right hand; the next she darted a look to the ceiling, her
moved with greater energy, and her sable brows were al-
ıt brought in contact.
:mma Portland's countenance was as serene as the sky of
American October night, when every star shoots its light,
seems to smile on the face that is upturned to heaven.
was occupied by the mysteries of the needle, and seemed
›proach the happy termination of the evening's labours, for
lifted the "fringed curtains" which had veiled her eyes, and
cing them rapidly upon her all-absorbed companions, let
ı fall again, as she inserted her needle into the green cloth
ıe table. She then, with both hands, raised and extended
garment she had been working on, and cried, with an air
atisfaction, as she exposed the glittering dress to view,
ok, cousin! it is done!"
ıe received no answer. She turned her eyes from the gay
gorgeous robe to the person who was to wear it before de-
ed thousands. That person was in tears. This is not
a picture of mimic life. The gay and the gorgeous is
nask of misery in "city, camp, and court."
mma folded the stage-dress carefully, and removing it and
nstruments of seamstress craft, lit a small brass chamber-
›, and withdrew, unnoticed, to pass a few minutes before
›, in reading, thought, and prayer.
:rs. Spiffard threw down the manuscript. "It is all in
. The words convey no meaning, while my mind is else-
re, contemplating the past. Thinking of what must come.
hall come!"
My dear, you took no supper. I will mix a little brandy-
y. Let Mr. Spiffard say what he will, you need it." And
eft the table, and prepared two large tumblers of the be-
ge. Having left her spectacles on the table, she put a
ter portion of brandy, by mistake. The unhappy daughter
:ed the floor; then sat down and attempted to read. The
ıer drank her part of the mixture, and placing the other
›ler near her daughter, sat down demurely to *study*, after
ng another glass for herself.
ɣain Mrs. Spiffard rose and walked the room. She broke
ɜilence as if unconscious of her mother's presence. "Sure

mine is no common lot! To lose one who adored me! A man like Trowbridge? Torn from me at such a moment—in such a manner!—driving me to—O! why did I live?—Why *do* I live?" She approached the table, seized the poisoned mixture—lifted the tumbler to her lips—suddenly put it down—and again walked the floor. Her agitation increasing every moment, she abruptly stopped and addressed her mother:—

"But for you, madam, I should never have married *this* man. I have been a hypocrite. I have deceived him. We *must* be miserable. Trowbridge was my countryman! Shall I be tyrannized over—neglected—by a man I do not—yes, you know it—I do not love." She approached the table and seized the fatal vessel, and, as if possessed by a demon, emptied the poisoned draught to the dregs. "I will not be a slave to any man, I will not be a hypocrite."

"You need not be, my dear, your talents will enable you to live independant. The stage—your profession—."

"Talents! Cursed be my talents, and accursed the stage on which they have been exhibited. I did not choose this vile profession, which has led me to shame, and guilt, and misery! You taught me to tread the stage, and fitted me for the outcast thing I am. I have been shunned—am despised—no, no, no—" She approached the table and seized the glass her mother had prepared for herself, more potent than the first; in fact, half brandy; and which she had been sipping to prolong enjoyment, and left almost full. In an instant the unhappy victim of ungoverned passion swallowed the whole.

"Bless me—why you have drank my toddy—," and she helped herself to another glass, bade the daughter good night, and went to bed.

Mrs. Spiffard now was braced to a pitch, little short of madness, and, with the looks and movements of a fury, she paced the room, revolving in her mind past scenes, and working herself up to a state of defiance and determined warfare. She at last heard her husband knock. She had been wishing for the moment when the thunder she had accumulated should be discharged on the tyrant; but instantly a revulsion of feelings took place that occasioned her to sink in a chair. Was it conscience? She felt that she had been wrong-doing for months and years, and was then unfit to see the man she had made her husband. All the proud feelings, and the train of proud thoughts, inspired by the forbidden draught, were gone; all the unnatural strength which the fell poison had imparted,

fled and left her: nerveless mists, and clouds, and darkness, gathered round her. Again her husband knocked, and she recollected that she was the only person *up* in the house—she started—she felt that her limbs were not at her perfect command, and the apartment swam and danced, as she with effort seized the chamber-light. The thought of her degraded condition flashed on her, accompanied by the perfect recollection of the last serious warning uttered by the man she was now to encounter.

Her husband had parted from his mischievous tormentors in no very enviable mood. He took his leave with a forced nonchalance. "Pleasant dreams to you Spiff," said Hilson. Spiffard turned as he strided through the door-way, and as he saw every eye fixed on him (for they all waited his departure for a burst of merriment) he felt an undefinable suspicion which he would have been glad to have welcomed as reality: but it passed—"good night," and moistening his lip, by passing his tongue rapidly over it, he strode from the meeting. Should he go home? Not yet. He had parted from his wife ungently. Her image recalled that of his mother. His mother in that form which had haunted his imagination through life; that form which was his evil genius. He turned into Broadway and sought the cold breezes with which the broad expanse of waters pour on that unrivalled public walk, the Battery.

"My life has been chequered and full of events to overflowing, yet but one hope did I ever entertain of rest or happiness. One hope suggested by one image. I had seen the misery consequent on marriage where the wife was beautful, but unendowed with mind. I knew I could only be happy or contented in the marriage state, and I sought a partner who had intelligence, genius, spirit. I found one."

Our hero was doomed to suffer, during the spring and summer of his life, from *one* cause. He had seen that his unhappy parent was devoid of intellectual powers or cultivation, and he attributed her fall to *that* alone. He had mistakenly concluded, that where a strong mind, wit, spirit, genius, and intelligence, resided, so sordid a vice as that he most abhorred could not have gained an entrance. He had seen that his theory was contradicted by the practice of the great tragedian; but this conviction came after he had become the admirer of the brilliant and spirited woman he had made his wife. He did not know that the want of good early education, of that education which teaches the love of God and our neighbour, (that enduring love which is founded on the contemplation of the Crea-

tor's infinite goodness and mercy, filling the heart with thankfulness to him and charity to his creatures, and comprising the second command in the first)—he did not know that the want of this early education, which teaches our duty in society, and a knowledge of the organization of that society, of which we form a part, and on which our happiness depends—in short, he did not know, that without these fundamental principles of religion and morality, the most splendid talents availed nothing in the struggle man, or woman, has to maintain against passion within and temptation without. He proceeded soliloquizing almost audibly. "Yes! she has a quickness and strength of mind that I never expected to have found in woman! Could I have thought that such an one had yielded to the same demon who had poisoned my father's days! And for her sake I am now engaged in what may terminate in violence! And she—perhaps—no—no—after what has passed it is impossible. I will go home—I was too harsh—I will say so—I will not press my pillow without forgiving and forgiveness—Forgiveness!—As we forgive.—She has probably been unhappy all day, and now waits for me in anxiety and tears." He had turned his steps homeward at the first thought of reconciliation, and now stalked along with more than usual length of stride. He reached the door and knocked. The interval between his first and second knocking was filled by thoughts varying so quickly, that to attempt to fix them *here* would be to chain the words; but regret for the harshness of his former expostulations and tenderness towards his wife preponderated. She opened the door, and the light she held in her hand displayed, as in the noon-day sun, her face, and the terrible realities therein written. She smiled—but such a smile!—She attempted to say, "I am glad you have come"—but her tongue—no! the picture is too horribly disgusting—let the consequences suggest it to the reader's imagination.

The whole truth flashed upon the unhappy husband, and he stood a moment motionless. The thought passed through his mind of turning from the door.—"Then I must account for my conduct to my friends—they will attribute it to the approaching meeting." He passed on in silence, leaving his wife at the door. He entered the dining-room, and saw the disordered appearance of the table; the manuscript, tumbler, extinguished lamps, spectacles left behind by the mother, were seen by the glimmering light which the wife held in one hand, while with the other she fruitlessly endeavoured to lock and bolt the street-door; willingly protracting the absence from her husband.

Reason, so cruelly banished, returned with a whip of scorpions brandished aloft and threatening destruction. Conscience frowned with the aspect of Medusa. The torpor of the senses gave way rapidly, and the truth appearing through the mist of intoxication, was discoloured and distorted, and exaggerated into monstrous forms that cried, "despair."

"She had bolted the street-door, and could no longer defer the interview she dreaded. She came into the dining-room rigidly bracing her limbs to a steadiness they refused; the lamp she bore threw its glare over her features; an effort at counterpoise partly succeeded as she lifted her sight to the figure of her husband, who had seated himself without taking off his hat, and resting his hands on his cane, fixed his piercing and projecting eyes upon her face with an intentness that seemed to her supernatural. She again attempted to speak and to smile—but the mental powers were restored before the physical—the smile was ghastly—the sound of the voice was discordant. "I am glad you have come—I—" At that moment the comb intended to ornament and support her massive hair, and which had been previously displaced without her consciousness, fell on the floor, and her thick, disordered, unseemly locks rushed over her neck and face, adding a wildness to the features that may be pictured by the imaginative, but cannot be described.

Spiffard had collected his discomfited thoughts and brought them so far into subordination, that his mind was made up for the exigence of the moment. He rose from his seat, took up the fallen comb which the unhappy woman was endeavouring to recover, but which, as her desheveled hair streamed over her eyes by the action of bending to the floor, she could not see. He took the lamp *from* her hand, and placed the comb deliberately *in* it. He threw aside his cane, and taking her by the unoccupied hand led her silently to her chamber; the unhappy woman suffering herself to be assisted, and seeming utterly abandoned to despair.

Spiffard did not go beyond the door of the chamber; but, having placed her within, he put the lamp in her cold hand, and, in the act of retiring, stept back from her, at the same time taking hold of the door, and gently drawing it between his wife and himself, showed his intention to depart.

A terrible thought presented itself to the miserable woman. She bent her eyes upon her husband, all their brilliancy more than restored, while she said, in a faltering tone, "are you going?"

"Yes."

"You will not leave me—you will come—" She paused.

He gently pulled the door towards him, as he said solemnly, "never."

They were separated for ever.

She did not attempt to open the door. It was not fastened. The key was in the lock, and inside. She looked at the door as if she still saw him. She heard him slowly descend the stairs in the dark. She heard him enter the room they had left, and heard him shut the door after him. The lamp fell from her hand as she threw herself on the bed, where sleep was never more to visit her. She could not weep. She heard her husband's heavy steps as he walked the floor beneath by the light of the fire. The word "never," rang as a knell incessantly in her ears!

CHAPTER XX.

The plot unveiled—almost.

"Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching."

"If I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift."

"'Tis a kind of good deed to say well; and yet words are not deeds."
Shakspeare.

"He is a good fellow after all, and injures no one but himself." Such is the "bald disjointed chat," *that* thoughtless, mischievous, vice-encouraging, talk, which we frequently hear even from those who ought to know better. No one can injure himself without injuring others. Very frequently, (perhaps always) the pain is felt more by others than by the victim of intemperance.

It is the very nature of a good deed to reward the doer; while it not only adds to the happiness of those who receive the immediate benefit, but it adds to their disposition to do good to others. It makes the recipient better, and promotes his future, with his present happiness. It is like the poet's mercy, "twice blest. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." The light flowing from a good example has no limit. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Its influence is through all time to eternity.

On the other hand, every evil thought, if not rejected instantly with horror, contaminates the thinker; and probably leads to the act which was thought of. The desire to do evil has already corrupted the heart. The indulgence of a criminal wish, gives it strength; and the disposition to good is proportionably weakened. Criminal indulgence spreads its baneful influence like a pestilence. Who shall calculate the misery inflicted by one bad example; or set bounds to its influence?

It had been the lot of Spiffard to see one vice in all its native deformity; and to contemplate, for years, the misery inflicted by the weakness of one individual, on all connected with her. Here example did not produce imitation, because the evil *effects* were seen and understood as soon as the *cause*. The scenes presented to him in his father's family, when a child, though not then understood and appreciated, unfolded themselves in their deformity, as his mind expanded. "And is my father's fate to be mine?" he asked himself. "No, no! Though a fascination, beyond my comprehension, has drawn me thus far within the net, I can and *will* burst it! I have been rash—precipitate—have deceived myself; but I will not be the father of children whose mother is *no mother*; who are born to disease; and whose only refuge is death."

Such were his thoughts as he walked the floor, or occasionally threw his exhausted limbs on an unfashioned sofa, for change, not rest.

As soon as it was light, he sought the open air. It was cold, but he felt it not. He walked the pavement, trying to devise some means of extricating himself without injury to his unhappy wife. He had yet determined on no mode of procedure, when his watch gave him notice that the time he had appointed with Allen was close at hand. This appeared to him, now, a secondary business; but it must be attended to; and accordingly, he met his false friend at the time appointed, as guided by the time-indicator, purposely set wrong on the preceding evening, by the plotters against his rest. The town-clock, he perceived, did not agree with his watch; but then Allen and Beaglehole had set their watches together, and *their* time was to regulate the affair, and not town-clocks, or even suns.

The principal and his friend were on the ground at ten minutes before the time, but no opponents appeared. Spiffard was not only disappointed but chagrined, that there was no Captain Smith to be found. He wanted this affair off his hands; he had something of more importance on his heart. After waiting the time deemed necessary by the code of honour, as Allen chose to read it, they departed.

Spiffard had been silent, serious, firm. Allen gave him great credit for courage: of course he knew nothing of the cause which produced so great an alteration in his deportment. The unhappy young man was no longer anxious and restless; but calm, solemn, deliberate. The quizzers had expected a report from the pretended second, that would convulse them with laughter at the anticipated trepidation of their victim.

ı denounced Captain John Smith as a poltroon, and
d his intention to call upon the second, Mr. Beaglehole,
lanation and satisfaction. He went so far as to advise
d to post the captain. This would have been a capital
To expose his friend to redicule for posting a nonentity,
naginary antagonist—as a coward. Spiffard only an-
by, "No more of it."
friends separated. The second to recount to the com-
oaxers the result of the appointment between his princi-
ıd the shadowy Captain Smith; in which they were
ıinted; not that no meeting took place, but that their
ıd behaved in such a manner as to give no cause for
ıent at his expense.
ard was undecided what course to pursue in his unhappy
n. Should he consult with Mr. Littlejohn? Should he
nown his misfortune and perplexity to Miss Atherton?
ions started up in his wavering mind to both; and before
determined on any mode of procedure, he found himself
l-street, and on his way to Cooke's lodgings.
ay be fairly inferred from the incidents I have detailed,
he water-drinker had only associated with water-drink-
he had not, by his choice of a profession, been thrown
ı intimate society of men whose habits were at variance
ı own, he would not have been involved in the perplexi-
ıeasiness, pain—not to say misery—arising from a sup-
quarrel with a supposed personage; which, although in
real, was *real* to him, and productive of *real torture.* It
er probable that if he had not been made unhappy in his
y the mischievous sport of these young men, that he
ıot have been peevish and irritable at home; that he
ıot have had a secret which he thought necessary to hide
s wife; that instead of making her unhappy by his ap-
listrust, he might have gained her confidence *by confi-*
nd kindness; and thus, as well as by the force of rea-
ve reconciled her to herself, and weaned her from a habit
:ould not but destroy their domestic tranquillity.
let it be constantly kept in mind, that the young gentle-
ıo had been led, step by step, to contrive and continue
ctical joke, which inflicted most acute pain, most real
ıstantial misery, on a companion, did not intend his suf-
and had no knowledge or thought of its extent. They
piffard so unexpectedly credulous and confiding, that to
aginations, he appeared almost as a creature of another
—one made for their amusement. Every successful

experiment led to another and another. Sometimes they feared that by dropping the plot too suddenly, their victim would discover the trick that had been played him, and they were conscious that they were obnoxious to his serious displeasure. Again, when over the festive board, which, in those days, was the daily-board, they, in mere gaiety, contrived further modes of continuing the existence of Captain Smith; who, as a creature of their own, was a favourite. Of the domestic woe experienced by Spiffard, they had no knowledge. They could have no conception of the addition their mirth made to his pain. The man who was the leader in the plot, would have risked fortune or life to serve the person he tormented. Allen was a well-meaning young man, overflowing with wealth, health, and animal spirits. Cooper was a man who had proved, again and again, that he would share his fortune, however hardly earned, with those who wanted a friendly and open hand to assist them; and confront any danger in defence of a worthy or oppressed object.

Cooke was still in bed. His fatal symptoms daily increased; and it was only by means of stimulants that he could feel any enjoyment in life, or fulfil any of its duties. His physicians knew his case to be desperate, and only watched over him to prolong existence, and make it as comfortable as disease and decay would permit.

Before Spiffard entered the old tragedian's bed-chamber, he encountered the faithful Trustworthy Davenport, in an outer apartment, and after receiving answers to his inquiries respecting Mr. Cooke, he was puzzled by his brother Yankee's requesting permission to ask him a question. This appeared very unnecessary, as it was 'Trusty's constant practice to ask as many as he pleased.

"It's none of *my* business, Mr. Spiffard, to be sure, but it seems to me that you have been troubled of late: and though it's none of my business, yet I think it is every man's business to be concerned for any body he thinks well of."

"But what's your question, Trusty?"

"Why I've no right to ask—but isn't Mr. Allen a good deal of what may be called a quizzer?"

"After your country fashion, Davenport, I will answer your question by asking one. Has Mr. Allen been quizzing you?"

"No, no! He knows I've seen salt water without shore, as well as himself; and for that matter, so have you, sir. But I'm not the game for such sportsmen."

"What is it *you* aim at?"

"Don't you think, sir, that the same set of quizzers that ade Mr. Cooke fight a duel, and no duel, might be playing e same sort of frolick again?"

A beam of light flashed on the mental vision of the comeian, but only to confuse him. A sea of troubled thoughts ssed tumultuously on his brain. "Is it possible that any ick has been played off on me? Impossible!" And all the ircumstances connected with Captain Smith were called up nd examined in haste. They were dismissed. They were called. "Impossible! Could they? Would they, dare?" ll this, and more, occupied but a moment. Davenport zed inquiringly in his face; but could gain no intelligence om the mingling and shifting expressions he saw there.

"Again?" At length, said Spiffard, choosing the last word. Again? Surely there has been no attempt at quizzing Mr. ooke while in his deplorable situation."

"O, no! That would be too bad."

Trusty paused. He was afraid he should do mischief. He ished to communicate his knowledge and his suspicions; ut, thought he, "I may do more harm than good." He was lent and looked confused.

Spiffard inquired—"What do you mean? What do you now?"

"Why, Mr. Spiffard," said Trusty, "I do know what I ean, and I know I mean right, and I know you mean the ame."

"I know," said Spiffard smiling, "that I don't know what ou mean."

"I have admired at your endeavours, sir, to save Mr. ooke, who, for all his faults, I do admire, though I should e sorry to imitate him; but, as I was saying, I feel interest n you the more for your interest in him. But as to what I now, I don't know but I had better keep it to myself, and at can do no good. I doubt whether I ought to tell, beause I *overheard* it; not that I listened; that I scorn; but I as obliged to hear; and yet I heard nothing that I could ake head or tail of; but I heard them talking in a way that ade me think, whether I would or no, that some scheme as on foot, and going on, for their fun; and that it concerned ou; and yet, as to what I know, I know nothing; for all I eard was altogether beyond understanding, because it was comprehensible."

"Truly, Trusty, you make out a plain case; but, if it wa plainer, I don't see how I am concerned in it."

"Now, Mr. Spiffard, I can't tell, for it was all buzz like, little here and a little there; and if the thought had not struc me that it concerned you, I should not have put it together One said, 'let Simpson do it.' 'No,' said another, 'he wi know him.' Then somebody said, somebody, I did'n rightly hear the name, 'he's the man.' 'Ay,' says anothe 'he don't know him.' And then they laughed, and all talke together, so that I could only catch a word now and then; bu what made me certain that it must be either you or me tha they meant, was, that I heard one say, 'If we could make hin drink a glass of brandy, it might do; but it's hard to blind water-drinker.' 'Pooh,' said another, 'he'll believe an thing.' Then, thinks I, 'they can't mean me.'"

Spiffard bit his lip and frowned; and the possibility of hi having been made a sport for these young men again occur red; but how, was a perfect enigma. Besides, they were his friends. Some of them had proved themselves so. Th thought was not to be reconciled to his previous knowledge o them. Captain Smith again occurred, and some misgivings; but these thoughts were so confused; so irreconcileable; s many circumstances appeared to contradict the images whic Trusty had conjured up, that he dismissed them as mere crea tures of the good fellow's imagination, entertained by hin through good will.

"Do you know any thing more, Davenport?"

"I know nothing, as I said before: it might 'a been me that they meant when they said, 'it's hard to blind a water drinker;' but when they said, 'he'll believe any thing,' I knew they couldn't mean Trustworthy Davenport. Not tha I mean to say—but I have sometimes thought that you were very easy-believing gentleman for one who, like myself, have been a traveller."

Further colloquy was interrupted, and perhaps further dis covery prevented, by the arrival of another person, whose communications and their consequence *we* shall communicate in due time. We must return now to other persons of ou dramatic history.

CHAPTER XXI.

Real repentance. Love.

"And what is love, I praie thee tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that passing bell
Which tolls all into heaven or hell:
And this is love, as I heare tell."—*Anon.*

"Christianity embraced all speculative and contested maxims in those two great practical and incontestable truths;—adoration to one God and fraternity and charity amongst all men."—*Lamartine.*

"For charity itself fulfills the law;
And who can sever love from charity?"—*Shakspeare.*

"Those words which sum up all human godliness—My father, not my will but *thine* be done.—*Lamartine.*

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this everlasting frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable."—*Milton.*

"——— Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish."—*Shakspeare.*

"Mercy and truth have met together,
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
David King of Israel.

How beautiful is that religion which teaches to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myself! religion is benevolence, and benevolence includes every virtue. The truly benevolent cannot be uncharitable, cannot be unfaithful, cannot be censorious, cannot be impure in act or thought, cannot be selfish: they love God and their neighbours, and they do as they would be done by.

But who is religious? Who is benevolent? Who is at all

times pure in thought and deed? Who is at all times free from censoriousness, from uncharitableness. None. No, not one. The precepts taught us as those on which "hang all the law and the prophets," *the love of God and the love of our neighbour*, may be impressed upon the heart and have the whole undivided assent of the understanding; while the mind is in this state the individual is religious. But the cares of the world must at times occupy the thoughts, and its jarring collisions divert the mind from this wholesome state. The passions which have been cherished by bad education; the indulgencies that have become habitual before the beauty of wisdom was perceived; the thousand and ten thousand occurrences which tempt the rich to uncharitableness, and the poor to envy and malice, all, by turns, banish truth from the mind. This has led men to the desert and to the monastery; to become hermits and monks; forgetting that religion requires to *do* as well as to suffer. Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation; and the habitual recurrence of its precepts induces practice.

The mother and brother of Emma Portland had taught her those truths by precepts and example. And though the cares and conflicting incidents of life might have distracted her mind from them, and sometimes even suggested thoughts in opposition to them, yet she habitually cherished them, assiduously recalled them, acted in conformity to them, and drove from her pure breast the intruders of an opposite character as soon as she detected their presence; perhaps this is all that we can do; perhaps it is all that is required of us.

Eliza Atherton was another creature whose purity and whose soul was love. Her lot had been in all things different from Emma's. Yet the result was nearly the same. Miss Atherton had not enjoyed that love which begets love, or received that education, either by example or precept, which leads to wisdom. The education of Emma Portland guarded her from the intoxicating effects which the consciousness of possessing uncommon beauty, aided by the admiration it elicits from others, might have produced. Miss Atherton had not this temptation to contend with. And the almost repelling aspect produced by disease, added to the neglect of her weak parents, and the preference given to her beautiful sisters, had operated to produce the cultivation of her mind, the love of wisdom, the desire for truth, and the practice of forbearance, forgiveness, love, and piety.

These two beings, so unlike in appearance, but so similar in

mind and inclination, were kept asunder by circumstances, at this time, which *we* have communicated to our readers.

On the night, the events of which, as they are connected with Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard, we have dwelt upon at some length, Eliza Atherton, and her trusty English servant, Ellen Graves, by turns watched with the almost exhausted Mrs. Williams. Though both were watchers, the difference between mental and physical, was, as the night waned, apparent. Ellen slept. Her mistress approached her sister to administer medicine, which was to be given at stated hours, and found that although under the influence of an anodyne, she was struggling and in agony. The tender sister raised her, to assist the efforts of nature; she opened her eyes wildly, with an expression of terror, and a cry of "save me, save me!"

"Be calm, dear sister!"

"Help me! I can't go! He forgave me! Eliza!"

"I am here, sister! be calm. You are in my arms."

"Save me, Eliza! I am dying!"

"You are not yet awake!"

"O, such terrible sights!"

"It was only a dream!"

"I know I am dying. I never felt so before. There is no hope for me here or hereafter! I saw my mother—my father! I murdered them! I am without hope!"

"They forgave you. I will send for Doctor Cadwallader."

"Send for Mr. Carlton to pray with me. I can't pray."

"Ellen! Ellen! I will pray with you. Ellen! Ellen!"

Eliza Atherton promptly roused the sleeping Ellen. The other servants were called, and one of the men was dispatched for Doctor Cadwallader, while Ellen being sooner ready to go out, from the circumstance of being a watcher, and dressed, was sent to request the attendance of the Reverend Doctor Carlton, whose church, she, as well as the rest of the family, attended, and whose place of residence was near. Ellen was unsuccessful. The reverend Doctor Carlton had not returned from a concert of sacred music then performing in his church. It was past eleven o'clock. As the young woman was descending the steps from the clergyman's door, and debating with herself whether she should go to the church, or return home, she saw a person approach, wrapt in a black cloak, and otherwise having a clerical appearance. She hastened to meet him, and addressing him as Doctor Carlton, requested him to attend Mrs. Williams, who, as she said, was dying, and wanted his prayers.

"I am not Doctor Carlton."

"But, sir, you look like a clergyman."

"I am. But I am a stranger to Mrs. Williams."

"She's dying, sir."

"She may not wish to see a stranger."

"But, sir, are you of the church of England?"

Ellen was one of those who had been taught that there was but one way to heaven, and that the key of the gate was intrusted to but one description of men.

"I am an episcopal clergyman," the stranger replied, "and, I hope, of the church of God."

"That's what I mean, sir; but I am a stranger in America, and do not know your modes of speech."

"I will attend you, and see Mrs. Williams. If she will permit me to join with her in the prayers of the church, or of the heart, I will attend and assist, as far as in my power, to reconcile her to her Maker."

"She will, sir; and Miss Atherton, her sister, will be happy to join, sir, for she is as good a church-woman as ever lived."

And Ellen Graves led the way to the bed-side of the dying woman, after having received her mistress's permission.

The clergyman was a tall, thin man, of a pale complexion; in fact, his face was destitute of any warm tint—it was white, and contrasted strongly with his jet-black eyes and hair. His features were all strongly marked, but well formed; and his countenance far from austere. His eyes were brilliant; his hair, in large dark masses, caused the whiteness of his forehead and cheeks to appear like alabaster. The intense darkness of the colour of his eyes, and their prying fixedness, would have been overpowering, but for the serenity of his brow, and the expression of benevolence which seemed native to his well-formed but colourless lips.

Mrs. Williams was tranquil. Ellen brought a prayer-book, and presented to the priest. He kneeled by the bed-side. Eliza Atherton kneeled at the foot of the bed. Her faithful servant kneeled a little behind, in habitual deference, even in what she felt the more immediate presence of Him, before whom all are equal. The clergyman looked at the sick woman, and her opening eyes met his. He commenced, "Let us pray!"

"I cannot pray!" was uttered in a voice, harsh, broken, unearthly. "I cannot die! O, save me!"

Miss Atherton rose, and gently approached her sister; raised her in her arms, and supported her."

"Let us join in prayer to him who can save," said the stranger.

"I cannot! I am dying without hope! I murdered my father and mother! I have caused my own death! Murder and suicide!"

"You are repentant."

"Dear sister! our parents lived to an advanced age; your mother—your father, died blessing and forgiving you. You have suffered from and repented the errors of youth; and although those sufferings misled you to further error, you are penitent, and heaven is merciful!"

"Your earthly father," added the priest, "forgave you; how infinitely greater is the forgiving love of your Father who is in heaven. To doubt his mercy is sin; and that sin must be eschewed, otherwise you cannot die in peace, or feel the love of the Father, who is all love. I will read to you the words of him who is all truth; and of whose love there is no end."

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* Having requested of my friend, Dr. J. W. Francis, to give me, as a medical man, some notices of the effects of stimulants upon the unhappy persons who have been induced to have recourse to them from various causes, he has favoured me with a very interesting letter on the subject, a part of which I will here introduce, and reserve other portions for subsequent pages.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 31, 1836.

DEAR SIR—Your interrogatories are distinctly within my recollection, and I would be happy to give them the fullest answers, were the subject susceptible of illustration within the compass of an ordinary letter. Your desire to embody some of the more prominent facts connected with the phenomena of intemperance, so far as they are associated with morbid changes in the physical structure, occurring in persons who have long indulged in spirituous potations, is such, however, as induces me, though with little time at command, hastily to put together a few leading facts, from which you and other general readers, may, perhaps, derive the strongest arguments which can be adduced, on medical grounds, against the practice of using ardent spirits. It is for the divine, the moralist, and the economist, to attack the pernicious habit on other principles equally potent. All that I aim at on this occasion, is to group together, for your special use, a number of the most striking occurrences which we encounter, when professionally called upon to prescribe for the intemperate, or to perform a more unpleasant service, which occasionally presents itself as a duty; I mean the drawing up a report of the disordered changes wrought by alcohol in the corporeal system of the inebriate, when dead.

The *malade imaginaire* affords a pretty good proof that Moliere drew some of his leading illustrations from cases of what are now denominated *delirium tremens*, or *mania a potu*. The disturbed, unequal, and often exhausted state of the faculties of the minds of persons who have long indulged in spirituous

Such was the effect of the reading of this gentleman, which was like a pure full stream, issuing from the heart, that the unhappy, conscience-stricken woman was restored to a quiet resignation to the will of her Maker, before Doctor Cadwallader arrived. He saluted the clergyman as Mr. Littlejohn.

This pious and tried man, now possessing health of body and mind, was no other than the son of the benevolent merchant with whom the reader is acquainted, restored to the world, and to his father. He had likewise been attending the concert of sacred music, but had left it earlier than the rector of the church, Doctor Carlton.

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drinks, is familiarly known; and the same condition of the functions of the body has as often been observed. Hypocondriacism, or other species of mental aberration, are noticed in one class of patients, and functional derangement in another, but oftener both in the same individual; and hence, too, we see alcoholic insanity conspicuous among the numerous forms of deranged manifestations of mind in many of our public institutions, appropriated to the treatment of lunacy. In our *mixed* population, (I mean of *foreigners* and *natives*,) we find this type of disease more abundant than in any other of the disorders which are classed under the denomination of insanity. Gloomy as this picture may seem, it has this cheering feature, that inasmuch as the mania of intemperance is more medicable than several other forms of the complaint, we may, in cases of this origin, promise a success in our means of cure, when capable of carrying our remedial measures into full effect, that might be altogether unwarrantable in some cases arising from a different source."—*See the chapter entitled "Lunatic Asylum," Vol. I.*

CHAPTER XXII.

The hoax concluded.

"Thus ended the scene, plotted and conducted by these ingenious gentlemen; but not thus ended the consequences which resulted from it."
Godwin.

"Thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us."

"Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none."

"I do not like this fooling."

"Go to your bosom—
Knock there—and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like your brother's fault."—*Shakspeare.*

When the sportive, unintentional tormentors of Spiffard again met, (which was while he was at Cooke's lodgings,) they, after receiving Allen's report, again debated whether the affair was to be dropped or continued; and if continued, *how.*

The credulity of their victim had been so great, that Allen, who was flattered by the success of his own skill, (like the sportsman who is reconciled to the torture inflicted on the harmless bird, by the self-applause which the proof of his unerring aim produces,) could not yet give up what appeared to him such a *capital joke.* He therefore proposed "getting up" a plausible apology for the failure of Captain Smith.

"It was not his fault. He and his second had been on the ground, and left it. We were too late by reason of our watches being half an hour too slow. Thus Spiffard had not been at the appointed place in time; and, in consequence, Captain Smith, and his second, Mr. Beaglehole, had just cause to be offended. Therefore, an apology or explanation must take place, and if they require another meeting, which they *must*

do, it must be given. In the mean time, Captain Smith must go to Baltimore, and, of course, the meeting be deferred. This will give time to keep up the joke capitally. Spiff must be made to practise with the pistol. We will take him out—load both my hair-triggers—and I will bet two to one, that I make him believe that he can snuff a candle at twenty paces."

"I don't believe he ever fired a pistol in his life," said Cooper. "He can't hit a barn-door at ten paces."

"If that was the case before Captain Smith's birth," said Simpson, "now that you have wasted Spiffard to a skeleton, he will not be able to hit a barn."

"I'll give him a few lessons with the pistol," said the little colonel. "I trained Jack Oglovy of Magra's Pennsylvania Regiment, so perfectly, that in three weeks practice, I had the pleasure, as his second, to see him wing Bob Tenterton, of Sheldon's Dragoons, and make him spin like a humming-top."

"It will never do," said Cooper. "Drop it."

"And they fought with Tenterton's horse-pistols; no hair-triggers then—"

"The thing has gone far enough."

But Allen persisted. "Only let him try at a mark, the size of a dollar, and I'll convince him that he has hit it, though he shoots ever so wide."

"By dint of argument profound."

"No. I'll stand behind him and fire over his head. My ball will pierce the centre; and it will be no difficult matter—especially if we all say so—to persuade him that my shot-hole was made by his bullet—the result of his steady aim."

"Allen, you must have a very high opinion of your persuasive powers."

"Why, a man who can be persuaded that the blackguard he bullied in the Shakspeare box, was a gentleman, may be persuaded to any thing."

"By those in whose words he has confidence," slily remarked Simpson.

"Your plan is impracticable. He will see into the trick, and that will open his eyes to the whole affair. Besides, I don't believe Spiff ever intended to shoot, or be shot."

"Surely," said Allen, "he would not have gone to meet the man, otherwise."

"I don't know that," was Cooper's reply. "Spiff thinks that truth is as powerful as lead; and that a frank explanation, and cool reasoning, will settle any difference."

"That may be the case now, but it was not so with us," said

the colonel. "When Tom Dickson, of the first Maryland Regiment, said Jack Tomlinson—"

"But," said Allen, "suppose his adversary's arguments should be blows."

"He has no fears of personal violence. Though he never practised pistol-shooting, his boxing and fencing, as I know by experience, are of the first quality. He can make a decided hit, and a hard one. He is as strong and active as a Sadler's Well's Hercules, and boxes, cudgels, and fences, like an 'admirable Crichton.'"

"Besides," said Simpson, "it is quite time to drop it. We have gone too far already. If ever he should find out the tricks we have been playing him, we may have a serious quarrel, although no duel. He has suffered in both the spirit and the flesh."

"Why you don't think his lank sides and hollow cheeks are caused by the doughty Captain Smith?" said Allen.

"What else?" was asked.

"For some time past," said the manager, "I have had my suspicions that there is a more formidable as well as a real personage, the meeting with whom at home has thrown him into the snares prepared for him abroad. Poor Spiff, I wish I could free him from all his engagements as easily as from this of Captain Smith."

"I'll tell you what, my masters," said Hilson, "Spiff certainly does look miserable, and we ought to make an end of the hoax."

"Well, well," said Allen, "but don't let us break off too abruptly. He will expect some account from me of the reason given for the challenger's non-appearance. He has a right to expect it. I have promised it. Therefore he must have the explanation, as I have told you—it was owing to the difference of the watches and all that—and this explanation I am supposed to receive from Beaglehole."

"You forget that you told Spiff that Beaglehole's watch was set to yours."

"True. I forgot that."

"'There's an old proverb on that subject."

"You mean, that 'Liars should have good memories.' If it was not a company concern I'd challenge you for *that*."

"For what? It was your conscience that said it—not I."

"I do sometimes think that we have gone too far; but we can't stop now. I must excuse the watch business; then I

must not receive the excuse of Smith's second; I threaten to post Captain Smith; Captain Smith threatens to horsewhip Spiffard. That will do! And, then, as Captain Smith is a big bully of a fellow, Spiff must be persuaded to buy a pair of pocket-pistols; and I will parade him up and down Broadway; and every now and then I can see Captain Smith waiting at a corner, ready to put his threat into execution."

Thus, forgetting his late qualms of conscience, the youth delighted himself with anticipating the triumphant conclusion of his long-protracted boy's-play.

Some of the party protested against any further prosecution of the boyish sport; others agreed with Allen that more must be done to prevent suspicion; and he, tracing Spiffard to Cooke's lodgings, entered the antichamber in time to interrupt the colloquy between our hero and his brother yankee, and to prevent some further notions being communicated which would have defeated the intention of Allen's visit.

As it was, some thoughts had been generated by Trustworthy in the mind of Spiffard which were adverse to Allen's scheme; but anything like the truth could not be imagined by one so guileless.

Allen told Spiffard that he came to inform him of the result of his interview with Beaglehole.

Spiffard made no reply, but looked in the face of the informant as though he would read more than was spoken. Still he had no suspicion of deliberate falsehood. He was obliged to view the faces of those with whom he conversed, from that point which portrait-painters prefer. He looked up to the face of Allen, and saw nothing but manly beauty. He saw nothing dishonest in the half-opened lips, disclosing their even and white indwellers; or in the quiet grey eyes, surmounted by lofty arched brows that never had been bent by care. All was as fair as the herculean youth's complexion. The scrutinising look was continued from absence of mind. Spiffard was thinking of something else after the first glance.

Allen blushed.

The supposed conversation was recited nearly as we have given it in anticipation; concluding with Captain Smith's threat of personal chastisement.

"I do not fear the arm of any man."

"He is a stout muscular fellow," said Allen.

"You have seen him, then?"

This was a thrust not to be parried. Another of those false-

hoods which men of honour can tell under the paltry shelter of "it's a joke," must be resorted to. One lie begets another. A falsehood cannot stand alone. To hesitate would not have comported with the acknowledged reputation of Allen in the art of quizzing, and he boldly answered, "I saw a very stout, athletic, nautical-looking man, part from Beaglehole as I approached him."

This (although pure fiction) was spoken with such an undaunted air of confidence, and so much in the manner and tone of truth, that joined to the probability (all the preceding circumstances being believed as undoubted facts) that Spiffard's incipient wavering doubts—if he had any—were dispersed.

"I do not fear the arm of any man," he quietly repeated.

"But to receive a blow!"

"I can arrest a blow."

"But from a horse-whip?"

"I trust my activity, skill, and strength, to wrest such weapon from the hand of an antagonist."

"But the scandal of such a contest in the streets?"

"I do not seek it."

"If you carried pistols, you might, by presenting one on his approach, prevent an attack; and if assailed, you would be justified in shooting him."

"*I* think *not*. I will not shed blood. I have never intended it."

"But self-defence."

"I can defend myself."

"The probability is, that by merely showing a pistol, bloodshed will be prevented; for if you undergo his chastisement you will challenge him; I shall insist on *that*. You must have satisfaction, otherwise you cannot look your friends in the face."

"I shall not do wrong for fear—even of my friends. You must act as you please."

"It is you that must act. These fellows must not boast that you have kept yourself out of their way through fear. I have been to Bonfanti's and purchased a pair of little bulldogs. We will walk Broadway to show the bullies that we are not to be frightened into hiding-places by blustering. You had better take the pistols."

"No, sir. I am going into Broadway as soon as I have seen Mr. Cooke."

He went into the old gentleman's chamber, and Allen followed. Spiffard, having determined to visit Mr. Littlejohn, made his stay very short with his sick friend; and, passing through Wall-street, he took his way up Broadway, accompanied by Allen. Mr. Littlejohn's residence being in the lower part of Courtlandt-street, the young man proceeded thither. Some of the conspirators followed, thinking that Allen had succeeded in his plan, while Spiffard was almost unconscious of his presence. Allen at times thought he saw in the countenance of *his pupil, that* anxiety he wished to see; and then, again, was puzzled by the abstracted air of the unhappy man, whose friend he really was, notwithstanding this worse than boy's-play. But little did he think whence arose that abstraction. In this state of bewilderment, they passed the house of Mr. Littlejohn unnoticed, and the absent-man was roused by the voice of Allen, hitherto unattended to: "There he is!"

"What do you mean?"

And looking up he perceived the ferry-boat just pushing off for Paulus Hook.

"There he is!" cried Allen again.

"What and whom do you mean?"

"I mean Captain Smith. There he goes!" pointing to the ferry-boat. "That's the man. There he goes, the cowardly braggart."

Spiffard, more fully aroused from his revery, asked quietly, "Which is he?"

"That fellow in the watch-coat with an enormous horse-whip in his hand. The fellow with three capes to his overcoat, and a whip which he had not courage to use. Do you see him?"

"I see a man with a great-coat and horse-whip."

"That's the fellow I saw with Beaglehole. His second has not been able to keep him up to the mark. Would you have known him?"

"No."

"That's the man, depend upon it."

Spiffard doubted not that he had seen Captain Smith; but he thought little of it, and turned to retrace his way to Mr. Littlejohn's. He was somewhat surprised to see several of the usual club or knot, near the wharf. Allen joined them, pointing to the boat, and he heard the name of Captain Smith as he passed. He heard a laugh—he thought of Davenport. It was

dismissed in a moment. He left his friends to laugh at his credulity, and wearied by long watching, anxiety, and forebodings of evil, he sought and found a counsellor in his friend the merchant; a friend whom he ought to have consulted before his affairs had arrived at this fearful crisis.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A promising match; and an old acquaintance very unpromising.

"Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person; nor shall your eyes, for the future, dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding."
Steele.

"Restor'd to heaven and heaven's ways,
'Tis rapture that all woe repays!—*Anon.*

"But this lies all within the will of God."

"Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself."

"Compare dead happiness with living wo.—*Shakspeare.*

The Reverend Mr. John Littlejohn, when he returned home from his accidental (and almost midnight) visit to Mrs. Williams, was filled with thoughts that had of late been strangers to him. They were not thoughts inimical to the holy functions he had been performing; and, indeed, they were intimately connected with the scene at the bed-side of the sufferer.

He found his father anxiously waiting for him, having sat up beyond his usual hour of retiring. Although he had every reason to suppose that his son was restored to a sane state of his reasoning faculties, yet the father could not forget the past, and every minute that the son overstaid the time of his expected return, caused a pang, such as none but a parent, who had suffered from such a cause, can conceive.

Saint Paul's clock struck twelve. The old man closed his book and crossed his spectacles on its cover. He looked at his watch, although he knew that it agreed with the clock. He got up and traversed the room. He took up his book again, and tried to read. He snuffed the candles and wiped the glasses of his spectacles: still he could not read. He listened to catch the sound of every passing footstep on the pavement. He heard the approach of steps—"it is—no." They pass. Another, and another. One step—the bell rings—the

impatient father flies to the door. It is his son—such as he wished to see him.

It is somewhat singular, but as true as the generality of this history, that all the principal personages concerned in it were sleepless on this night: some the whole night, others much beyond the usual time of sinking to rest. We have seen Spiffard and his merry companions; his unfortunate wife, his mother, and Miss Portland; Mrs. Williams and Miss Atherton; all awake: Cooke and his faithful Yankee may have rested or not; Williams was at Philedelphia, seeking pleasures adapted to his character; Mrs. Johnson, improving in health, slept soundly; and Henry, no longer a watchman, enjoyed the repose, not of the monarch on his couch of down, but of the ship-boy rocking on "the high and giddy mast." But return we to Courtlandt-street and the Littlejohns.

"I was in hopes, sir, that you were in bed and asleep. I fear, from appearances, that you have been made uneasy by my protracted absence at this time of night."

"I ought not, perhaps, to have felt any uneasiness, but your late indisposition—"

"I believe, sir, that you need never be anxious in that respect again. And yet we cannot soon forget the past."

The father was silent. He pressed the hand of his son and tears filled his eyes; but he remained silent.

They entered the parlour, and the son proceeded.

"When I look back to the past it is like a horrid dream. But that which preceded the dream can never occur again. It appears to me that I have attained to a clear view of my duty to my Creator and his creatures, since the aberration of my intellect. And a clear view of man's duty presents a clear view of his interest. But I have seen one, even this night, within this hour, who, if her conduct is uniformly such as I have witnessed, would insure peace and sanity to all who came within the sphere her brightness illumines. A steady continuance in the right path to any one who could be fortunate enough to have her for a companion." Thus frank was the accustomed intercourse between this son and father. There was, however, an evident excitement in the young clergyman which might have alarmed the old gentleman; but the son went on to detail the incidents of the evening with so much collectedness, that, although he dwelt rather minutely on all that concerned one person, his father had no fears for his intellects. The young man inquired, rather earnestly, what he knew res-

pecting the sister of Mrs. Williams. His father had never heard of the existence of such a person.

After a pause, the young priest said, "she is a very fine woman. A very extraordinary woman."

"Mrs. Williams," said the father, "is said to have been a beauty; and her sister may be such now, if younger and—"

"She is not like her sister. Never could Mrs. Williams have been like *her!* she is all mind, soul, purity, piety?"

"And beautiful?"

"O no. Not according to the world's view of beauty: excepting the beauty of gracefulness and form. She has neither what I once thought *youth*, nor beauty. Her face is marked by the scars left on it by that disease which modern science has banished from the civilized world: yet her countenance is lovely, because animated by benevolence—her eyes beam with intelligence—and her lips, although colourless, are in form and expression perfect."

"Why, Thomas, I do not wonder that you staid so long," said the old man smiling.

"I only staid for prayer, and to read to the unhappy Mrs. Williams, and for a few moments conversation with Miss Atherton."

"Atherton? True, I have heard that was the name of the family. Good night. I suppose we shall hear more of this wonder."

Next day the young clergyman left his father's door to visit Mrs. Williams, as he had promised, at the request of Miss Atherton, the previous night; the night of sleeplessness. The thought of seeing again that scarred and seamed face did not deter him. But he was always a "man of his word."

As he descended the steps he met Spiffard, and recognising him as the person he had seen with his father in the lunatic asylum, he bowed to him and passed on.

Spiffard looked at him as at a stranger. He did not think of the unhappy man he had visited on that occasion. The graceful figure and intelligent countenance of the person who saluted him, could not be reconciled to the remembrance of the sick, and haggard, and wild appearance, of *that* son he had seen; and he could not forbear, almost as soon as he was admitted to the merchant's presence, saying, "have you more than one son, sir?"

"No—not now. You must have met my son as you came in; but so happily changed that you did not recognise him.

Heaven has restored him to me, only made more dear to me by the trials he has passed and the sufferings we have both endured. I had another son, older than Thomas. He was even brighter in intellect and richer in every endowment of nature than this: he was pure, stainless, body and soul; brilliant and quick of apprehension, rich in knowledge, which flowed upon him as if by the attraction of love to its lover. But his ever active mind exhausted his perfect frame, and he fell dead at my feet, with the pen in his hand, and an unfinished essay on death spread open on his desk."

"I am sorry I have recalled the memory of past sorrow, sir."

"O, we see the evils of the past as through a veil. The hard lines and sharp angles are lost. Their connection with our present existence is felt in mitigated sorrow, and sometimes as adding beauty to our hopes of the future, shedding sun-light through the mist on the distant prospect. Happily for man, the brighter passages of former days come out to his retrospection with additional brilliancy; and he possesses the power to linger on the review of them. The griefs we have sustained lose their poignancy; resignation to the will of God, founded upon the contemplation of his attributes and his works; upon the events we have seen and see; and upon the knowledge communicated to us by his word; takes the sting from every evil, and from death itself. I thought when you accompanied me to the asylum of the deranged, and heard my remaining son utter the ravings of insanity, that the affliction was beyond bearing: yet that aberration of intellect now appears to me, at times, as a surety for a healthful state of mind and body for a long futurity. Certain it is he is made dearer to me, and I believe better, by his sufferings. O, how beautiful is the parable of the lost son restored!"

This conversation restored the hopes of Spiffard. He opened to the merchant the recesses of his sorrows. He confessed the headlong rashness which had precipitated him into an engagement for life with one whose former life and private habits he had not made himself acquainted with. He confided to this man, whose benevolence he had witnessed, and whose wisdom he heard, the whole of his matrimonial sorrows, and exposed their cause. He expatiated upon the miseries he had witnessed in youth, as inflicted upon his father and his household. He blamed his own blind credulity in taking a woman to wife, however admirable, merely on the knowledge of her obvious talents, and apparent strength of intellect. He attri-

bated his reliance upon his wife's being above the reach of temptation, to that confidence he placed in the powers of her mind.

Mr. Littlejohn encouraged him to hope. Advised him to repress his feelings in his wife's presence, and remember that he had had too great confidence in himself. He conjured him to return home; treat the erring one with kindness rather than passion or sternness. Examine himself, whether he had not, by negligence or want of confidence, irritated a quick and feeling temper. His conscience said, "guilty;" but, "could I help it?" whispered something, perhaps self-love.

After a long conversation, in which Mr. Littlejohn played the friendly monitor, our hero resolved to return home, pour the balm of reconciliation and forgiveness into the wounded spirit, (for such he knew it must be) of the faulty creature he had left with harshness, and he went his way encouraged to hope that he yet might find a wife and a home.

As Spiffard was about to depart, the merchant, remembering the behaviour of the young comedian at Doctor Cadwallader's, on seeing Mrs. Williams, and now interested in what respected her, from his son's eulogiums on her sister, asked him if he had learned any thing more of Mrs. Williams since that evening.

"Yes, sir, she is my aunt, the sister of my mother."

"Your aunt? And the lady, now attending upon her—is her sister."

"Her younger sister, sir, and consequently likewise my aunt; but no more like her elder sister than the morning star to Erebus. The likeness of Mrs. Williams to my mother, both in person and in the badges of weakness which were so apparent when I first saw her, occasioned feelings and conduct that must have appeared very extraordinary. This lady is an angel. She has, (her parents being dead) come to this country from motives of love and benevolence: and when her sister shall have departed this life, she will be without friends or family connexions, except in me."

Mr. Littlejohn did not pursue the subject further, and his young friend departed.

As Spiffard passed rapidly through Broadway on his return home, (or what he hoped once more to make a home,) he was much excited. He walked fast. All the apparent listlessness of the first part of the morning was gone. He no longer felt the lassitude resulting from a sleepless night, and many hours of extreme anxiety. All thoughts was determined to one ob-

ject. He heeded nothing; he saw nothing in the great thoroughfare; the main artery of the great commercial metropolis. Many passed him who knew him, but saw him not. Intent on their own purposes, hurrying from their dwelling places to South-street, Water-street, Pearl-street or Wall-street, to the store-house, counting-house, bank or exchange. Others, to whom he was known as the favourite comedian of the day, laughed as they looked at his care-worn face, and thought it very comical; while some, pointing to the man whose talents had delighted them, while he gave life to the *clowns* of the poet, which are to live when he is forgotten, said, "that's Spiffard! how pale he looks."

He heard not, he saw not, when suddenly, "Ho! Spiffard!" was shouted in his ears, so loud and discordantly, that he could not but look up to see whence the salutation came.

He saw, a few paces from him, crossing the street, and advancing to place himself in his path-way, a man much taller than himself, with his eyes glaring on him, and his face glowing through a mask of dirt. His mouth was distended by a smile as he shouted the name of "Spiffard," but the smile contradicted the expression of the eyes, which was wild and ghastly. He lifted aloft and swung round his head a piece of hickory, plucked from a load of fire-wood recently thrown on the pavement; which enormous club he wielded with the strength of a giant. He stood directly in front of Spiffard, obliging him to stop. With arm uplifted, and rags fluttering in a north-west wind, he repeated, "ho! Spiffard!" and added, "stand at my command!"

The young man looked mildly but firmly in his eye, nd said quietly, "how is it with you, Knox? I am sorry to see you thus—so thinly clad in this biting wind."

The poor wretch, who thus barred his passage, and accosted him, had been last seen by him in the lunatic asylum, as has been noticed. He had escaped, and found means to exchange the decent apparel which had been supplied by the liberality of George Frederick Cooke, (and which, of course, he wore at the time of his escape) for the motley tatters in which he now appeared. The exchange was effected at the "Five-points," and he imagined his present dress a disguise. Those who had robbed him, administered the poison that wrought him to the lamentable frenzy in which he now presented himself.

His miscellaneous apparel was composed of all manner of decompositions. Part of a check handkerchief round his close-

shaved head, and straws fantastically entwined with it. The *debris* of a surtout coat, formed a waistcoat for him, covering one thigh to the knee. The remnant of what is commonly called a plaid cloak, was thrown over his shoulders, like a Roman toga, or a Mohawk's blanket. Coat he had none. A pair of tattered nankeen pantaloons, hung a little below the knee on one leg, and to the ankle of the other; otherwise, his unhosed legs and feet were seen through the rents of an off-cast pair of short boots. His toes were at perfect liberty.

Soothed by the calm and familiar manner in which his boisterous address was met, he dropped his ponderous staff, and said: "Is it not an excellent dress for Edgar? 'Poor Tom's a cold. Tom will throw his head at them.' Would you believe it, Mr. Spiffard, the manager refused me an engagement; four nights—as a star. I only asked a clear benefit. Spiff! I want money! I must be obeyed! I want brandy!"

This man had been well educated: had prided himself on being a gentleman. Showed scars obtained as a duellist in his own country. Talked of the infamous climate of "this country." Came from home as one of the theatrical corps for the New-York Theatre, and had been discharged for excessive intemperance. He had been known to drink two quarts of unmixed brandy to prepare himself for acting. Cooke lectured him, and pointed out the evil and its consequences, and after his discharge, supported him. But what was given for food or raiment, was bartered for poison; madness followed, and he was consigned to the hospital.*

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* This wretched victim of intemperance resided at one period in a garret room in Courtlandt-street, before his final discharge from the theatre; and has been known to go to the business of the stage, after a preparation of the kind above mentioned. He would find his way to his garret—drink again that he might sleep—what a sleep! and then in a species of raving somnambulism, escape by means of the garret-window, and ramble the streets, until exhausted nature deposited her loathsome burthen in some cellar, or some bulkhead. He died of apoplexy. In connexion with this case, I subjoin an extract from Doctor Francis's letter, before mentioned.

"As medical witness in our courts of criminal judicature, I have often been summoned to give testimony in cases of death occasioned by intemperance, or by other causes which have eventuated fatally: and for the better discharge of this duty, have, within the period of the last twelve or fourteen years, examined many bodies deceased by accident, or other causes, operating suddenly. The details, therefore, which I now communicate, are derived almost entirely from autopsic examinations thus made.

"The body of the dead inebriate, often exhibits in its external parts, a physiognomy quite peculiar, and as distinctive as that which presents itself when life has been terminated by an over dose of laudanum. Sometimes

Spiffard endeavoured to soothe him, and persuade him to return to the asylum. He offered to call a coach for him; and, as he appeared for a moment to listen, represented the comfortable state in which he had seen him in the hospital. Suddenly he broke out:

"Return! Return to the house of bondage! Ha! ha! I'm free! No chains! No wife! You are married! ha, ha, ha! Huzza for liberty and brandy! Go to your wife! To your wife! Ha, ha, ha!"

Shouting with violent gesticulations, he brandished his club; and the poor creature rushed past, crying—"Go to your wife! Your wife! To a nunnery go! To a nunnery go!"

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the surface, more especially at its superior parts, as about the head, neck, or face, betrays a surcharged fullness of the vascular system; and the cutaneous investure of these parts, and of the extremities, is characterized by the results of an increased action of the exhalents, by blotches, &c.: and this state, the consequence of previous over action has so impaired the vital energies of the surface, that effusions of a serous or sanguineous quality are to be observed. I remember a most striking instance of this last circumstance, occurring about eighteen months ago. The individual, a middle aged adult subject, had long indulged freely in the use of distilled spirits. He died of universal dropsy. Some few days previous to his death, hemorhagic discharges from the surface of the inferior extremities, were noticed in several places, and they continued until the close of his life. Nor would creosote, or pyroligneous acid, or any other means, modify in the least the sanguineous discharge. I have also known old cicatrized wounds to bleed anew in such subjects previous to their decease; and blistered surfaces to become extremely annoying.

"The brain of the intemperate is the rallying point of much disorganizing action; but to notice the morbid changes minutely, would be too technical for your purpose. Dissections have shown preternatural fulness of a venous character. The membranes of the brain over distended with blood. Effusions of serum, to a great extent, between the substance of the brain and its immediate coverings; and in the lateral ventricals large quantities of serum. Dr. Cooke, of London, in his work on nervous diseases, has recorded the case of a man who was brought dead into the Wesminster Hospital, who had just drank a quart of gin for a wager. The evidences of death being quite conclusive, he was immediately examined; and within the lateral ventricles of the brain was found a considerable quantity of a limpid fluid, distinctly impregnated with gin, both to the sense of smell and taste, and even to the test of inflammability. Dr. Kirk of Scotland, has demonstrated a like truth, by the dissection of the dead body of an inebriate. The fluid from the lateral ventricles of the brain, exhaled the smell of whiskey; and when he applied a candle to it, in a spoon, it burnt with a 'lambent blue flame.'

"I have repeatedly had cases of a similar character within my inspection. Upon removing the bony covering of the brain, the exhalation of ardent spirits, on several occasions, has been strongly manifested to the olfactories of the by-standers; and the effused fluid conspicuous for its quantity and quality. On one occasion, some spectators who were entering the room while the anatomical examination was going on, asked what puncheon of rum we had opened."

Even these words from a maniac—but in madness sel inflicted—sounded portentous to the ear of the husband, a recalled the scene of the past night. His new raised hop sunk, and he continued his walk with a sickened and despai ing spirit.

On entering the house, his hopes could not but revive upo seeing Emma Portland, with her book in her hand, sitting b a cheerful fire; and the breakfast-table ready for the famil as usual. He was welcomed with smiles, which showed th she was unconscious of aught amiss.

She supposed that Mr. Spiffard had gone to take a mornin walk. Mrs. Epsom, she knew, had gone to market. Mr Spiffard, as is usual with most players, passed the morning until late, in bed.

To look on innocence and beanty, is quieting to man's sp rit; and innocence and beauty were united in no commo degree, with taste and intelligence, in Emma Portland.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The denouement of a tragedy.

"Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done."

"——— these external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
Which fills the soul."—*Shakspeare.*

ıcy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time ght."—*Ecclesiasticus*

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand."—*Shakspeare.*

"——— So lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
And in her looks."—*Milton.*

ERE is a charm in simplicity of dress, a conviction of ought to be deeply impressed on the mind of every fe-

It is confessed by all, that when they look at a beauti- adonna, by Raphael, where the silken hair, parted on the ad, falls in natural ringlets on either side the face, adorn- at which it shades. Yet, what fantastic forms have been ed by females between the time of Raphael, and that of a Portland, who sat now before the hero of our story, might have sat before Raphael or Guido, for a saint or a

t even the presence of beauty, taste, purity, and virtue, not long quiet the troubled spirit of Spiffard. The ap- ıce of his wife, as he last saw her, was as vividly present n, although but in his "mind's eye," as that of Emma ınd, and attracted more of his attention. He sat down. circumstances under which he had parted from Mrs.

Spiffard; her figure so deplorably degraded; the wc had uttered as he left her; all recurred. He became of he knew not what. His suspense became intolerable, started up to proceed to his wife's chamber; but he h reached the door, and placed his hand on the lock, bef stopped. He returned.

"Perhaps your cousin is asleep?"

"I have not heard her stirring."

"You can steal softly into the room; my heavy trea awake her."

Thus his fears would thrust another before him. It be well if she should be awake, for another to tell her t had returned—had inquired for her—intended to see notwithstanding the word, "never."

With cheerful alacrity Emma proceeded on her erra with noiseless foot-fall. Spiffard sunk down on a chair, breathing, and endeavoured to catch the sound of her He heard her descending, and she entered the room.

"The door is locked, and I don't hear any mo within."

"Go up again, my dear; it is late; knock at the doo

She went. He opened (and stood listening by) the door. He heard her knock at the chamber door. E lessly he strove to catch a reply. He heard none. knocking was repeated; this time louder: and he heard call, "Cousin! cousin! cousin Spiffard!" But there answer. Again the knocking was repeated, and the cal his wife; but no answer. He trembled, and again sank chair. He heard the descending footsteps of Emma, wh tered, and having no cause to dread any sinister event, c said, "My cousin sleeps uncommonly sound, as well a this morning."

These words sounded like a knell on the ear of the hus He unconsciously echoed, "sleep—sound," and then l inquired, "does your cousin usually lock her chamber after I have gone out."

"No, never. I never knew her to do it before. I been accustomed to enter and call her to breakfast, know I am a restless one."

Spiffard conquered his prostration of muscular powe sprung suddenly from his chair. Almost before Emma c speaking he was rushing up stairs, and only paused wh had reached the chamber-door. It was a dreadful pause.

stened, though without hope. All was silent, and to his apehension it was the silence of death. He knocked, and alled, but received no answer.

"Mrs. Spiffard!—Mary!—My dear!—My dear Mary!—f you hear, answer! Forgive the words I made use of when I left you."

His impatience had arrived at that height, that it was disraction. He knocked louder. He attempted to force the he lock.

Emma stood trembling in the room below.

At this crisis Mrs. Epsom entered the street-door, having eturned with her servant woman from market. Spiffard did ot heed, did not hear, the entrance of his wife's mother, and he lock resisting his efforts, he called still louder for admittance.

Mrs. Epsom, hearing this clamour, demanded from the foot of the stairs to know what was the matter; and Emma, encouraged by her arrival, rushed out of the parlour. Her appearance was so dissimilar to that which characterized her, hat Mrs. Epsom's alarm was increased, and she began to ascend the stairs; but suddenly stopt, and descended, on hearing he crash made by bursting open the chamber door. Knowing he violent temper and habitually ungoverned passions of her aughter, her vulgar imagination (and perhaps her vulgar exerience) suggested as the cause of the noise she heard, some ifference between husband and wife; and her dread of her aughter's resentment, caused her to retrace her steps, and to arry Emma back, with her, into the parlour, where, after utting the door, she began to question her.

The apprehensions of Spiffard, which had a few minutes efore deprived him of strength, now gave him a tenfold porion; and by the exertion of his powerful muscles, urged by ears that drove him to madness, he burst off the lock, and, ushing to the bed, beheld the lifeless corpse of his wife.

The disheveled hair and disordered dress of their last interiew had disappeared. It was evident that deliberate prepaation had been made for the death-scene; and the corpse, but at it was habited in the dress of the day and not in nightlothes, and disposed on the surface of the bed, instead of eing covered, as the season required, for warmth, might have een mistaken for a sleeper, at the first glance, by a stranger. But the husband saw it was death, and doubted not. is agony was extreme, but, after the first moment, his thought

was to prevent knowledge of the cause. He listened. No one was approaching. He saw a paper near the bed and a phial. He eagerly seized upon these witnesses of suicide and secreted them upon his person. This barely accomplished, he heard the footsteps and voices of the females on the stairs. Before he could decide whether to prevent their approach, Mrs. Epsom and Emma entered the chamber.

The scene that followed is not for my purpose to describe, if I could.

When Spiffard had an opportunity he read the contents of the paper he had secreted.

"Let whoever finds this convey it, unread, if they value the injunctions of the dead, to Mr. Spiffard or Miss Portland.

"I have been most unfortunate—more erring. I was never taught my duty by my parents—parents? I had *none*. I was never governed by them, and I only governed myself but to accomplish some object I desired. From childhood I was indulged, and saw around me scenes of passion and appetite indulged—scenes of licentiousness applauded.

"Emma, the world I have lived in has been veiled from your eyes: I will not withdraw the veil. You can pity, and even love, the poor misled Maria.

"I have determined no longer to live enduring torments inflicted by conscience, and misled by habits which I have hitherto endeavoured in vain to counteract. I have endeavoured to drown the recollection of guilt in madness. I have justly incurred the contempt of my husband by the attempt.

"Mr. Spiffard, you have been misjudging in your treatment of me. I forgive you. I have deceived you.

"I did hope that time might have quieted remorse. I did hope that, by the aid of a husband, whose virtues I saw and could appreciate, I might, in time, attain to a station in society more congenial to my mind—my proud mind. I did hope to have been a source of domestic contentedness, at least, to my husband, although I had no warmer feelings towards him than esteem. But I could not confide to him the errors (perhaps I ought to give them a harsher title) of my former life; and I have lived in constant dread of his discovering them. I have at length been convinced that he does not confide in me. I have no cessation from torment, but when, by breaking my

ıises to him, I render myself unfit for the society of my and ; and then, for a moment's forgetfulness, I incur re- led torture for hours. Emma, from you I have, in some ıure, concealed my hours of degradation. Mr. Spiffard, ɜ meets your eye first, hide it from the pure eye of Emma. l not live the thing I am. I have no hope. I have sinking lower—lower—from shame to deceit. I did in- to reveal—but no. I forgive my mother! I ask for ıess!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A discovery; and another.

"Look aloft, sir, look aloft! The old seamen say the devil wouldn't make a sailor unless he look'd aloft."—*Fenimore Cooper.*

"How chequer'd is the web and woof of life!
Now bright with gorgeous colour'd threads,
Now blotted, torn, and stained: shrouded in darkness.—*Anon.*

"But in these cases
We shall have judgment here."

"Like poison given to work a great time after."

"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written tablets of the brain."

"This disease is beyond my practice—
More needs she the divine than the physician."

"Avoid!—No more.
We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

"Come, temperate nymphs! and help to celebrate
A contract of true love."—*Shakspeare.*

"I have no other notion of economy than that it is *the parent of liberty and ease.*—*Swift.*

"A man who admits himself to be deceived must be conscious that there is something upon, or respecting which, he cannot be deceived.—*Coleridge.*

We need not dwell upon the scenes which immediately followed at the house of Mrs. Epsom, after the death of her unfortunate daughter. It was soon to be abandoned by the personages we have considered as our hero and heroine. The cause of the unhappy woman's death was unknown to all save her husband. He renounced the stage as a profession, and never more returned to it. The links that connected him with society now, were Emma Portland, the Johnsons, Eliza Ather-

ton, and the Littlejohns. His friendship with the manager was unbroken; but he avoided the festive board. To Cooke he adhered until death severed the link.

Let not my readers think that our remaining pages are to be devoted to gloom. If there has been heretofore too much, it is not my fault. I profess to tell the truth, and if I looked for a subject all bright, all happy, or even all pleasure or content, I must look beyond this world. If I invented a story all joy and gladness, I should give a false picture of human life. Life is a tragi-comedy. Those dramatists who have mingled mirth and sadness, wisdom and folly, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, life and death, in their scenes, have been the only true copyists of the world's theatre.

Although the young and strong and brilliant Mrs. Spiffard had been consigned to the tomb and the worm, the dying Sophia Williams lingered in life. At the request of Eliza Atherton, (made through her nephew) Emma Portland accompanied him to the house of the general. Spiffard knew he was absent. The general made frequent visits to Philadelphia—some said to see his sister—some said, for other purposes. It was generally during these visits that the nephew visited his aunts.

Miss Atherton left the chamber of her suffering sister to receive Emma Portland. During their conversation a person unexpectedly arrived whose presence threw light on some previously detailed incidents of our story, which had been somewhat mysterious to Emma, and perhaps to our readers.

A gentleman entered, whose voice, as he directed a coachman to deposit his trunk in the hall, had made Emma start; but she was startled still more, and shocked, when he was introduced to her as General Williams. In this accomplished character she saw the man who had professed himself her lover—who had been so interested in her welfare as to wish to withdraw her from her theatrical relatives—had pursued her with such flattering perseverance—the worthy Alderman of Mott-street—the ardent Corydon of the theatre and its alley.

Miss Atherton introduced the general to Miss Portland, who opened *her* eyes as the military hero cast *his* to the floor. He bowed. Both were silent.

"Mr. Spiffard," said his aunt, "you know the general."

"Yes, madam," was emphatically answered, "I do know him."

Emma *thought*, "I do know him," but she said nothing. She was shocked to find in General Williams the detested pro-

fligate, ruffian and hypocrite, who had persecuted her; but her accustomed presence of mind prevented any marked appearance of surprise or recognition; and her prudence suggested that nothing in her deportment ought to attract the attention of Miss Atherton, or excite inquiry from her or Mr. Spiffard. She looked steadily at the blushing face of the criminal before her; coldly answered his profound bow, while he half articulated "Very happy that Miss Portland had called;" and before the sentence was completed, Emma took leave of Miss Atherton, (who not only reciprocated the American shake of the hand, but saluted her with a kiss,) and taking the arm of Spiffard, withdrew.

Can any one believe that virtue does not reward its votary, and vice punish its slave? Even "on this bank and shoal of time" does not the honest, the frank, the true, the well meaning, "look aloft" and breathe freely, while the conscience-stricken wretch writhes, and cowers, and shrinks in his presence.

Here stood the female orphan, poor in worldly endowments, without relations, and without fortune; but rich in conscious purity—with a mind unclouded by the remembrance of any act which might suffuse the face, or depress the eye.

Before her stood one possessed of wealth; endowed by education with knowledge, and the means of acquiring wisdom; enjoying the world's smiles, with health, strength, towering stature, and a person of nature's fairest form and proportions; —yet abashed, trembling, quailing at the prospect of detection and exposure; feeling the sickness that might wish for annihilation; scarcely breathing in the presence of the frail being who could testify to his deep depravity.

Such criminals say, with Macbeth, "We'll jump the time to come." But they cannot, (and they do not) escape the sword of Macduff, or the still more biting contempt they deserve. Of the hereafter—*we* judge not.

Mere human reason is an impartial judge. The criminal never escapes the condemnation of the court within him. The judge may be hurled from his seat; but there is neither harmony nor peace in chaos: and the judge regains his throne.

Spiffard and Miss Portland departed. The accomplished hypocrite turned to Miss Atherton, and inquired, in softest tones how Mrs. Williams did. Eliza thought there was something very strange in the behaviour of her friends, and of the general; but it might be attributed to their dislike to his character. Her mind was soon after occupied altogether by the

sufferings, both of mind and body, that thronged around her unhappy sister, and she forgot the introductory meeting of Emma Portland and General Williams.

He, much disappointed that the final scene was not over, was called by pressing business again to Philadelphia; promising to return at farthest in two days.

Happily I am not under the necessity of going into a detail of physical distress and mental agony; the sure followers of former follies, vices, or crimes. We may control causes, but effects are unavoidable.

Some weeks passed before the death of Mrs. Spiffard was followed by that of Mrs. Williams. Though these persons were in character and circumstances widely different, they fell by the same fatal errors.

The last moments of Mrs. Williams were soothed by the virtues and tenderness of a sister, who, to the common observer, might have been supposed a child of sorrow, passing through life in the midst of misfortunes, and ever borne down by a load of grief. But was it so? No. She had seen that the misfortunes of her family were occasioned by their faults—and she was armed against those faults, and their consequent sorrows. She strove to repair the injuries others had inflicted. She saw that it was the will of Heaven that sin should bring sorrow—she was resigned to the will of Heaven; but that resignation does not withhold the hand from exertion to save those who are under the influence of error; and although the good grieve for the faults of their brethren, it is a grief tempered by the consciousness of well doing, and alleviated by the exertions to save. The sorrows and faults of those who we love—of all our fellow creatures—but more especially those tied to us by the bonds of nature—will checker with many colours, the days of the most patient and pure of mortals; and Eliza Atherton had seen in her family a succession of events caused by folly and guilt, and ending in sorrow and shame: but she had been taught wisdom thereby; and in the practice of benevolence had experienced her share—her full share of happiness. And the future promised still more: for now, her conduct during the last scenes of her family's sorrows—at the death-bed of her once beautiful, admired, cherished, gay and deluded sister; while sustaining the withered, neglected, despised, and (but for her) desponding penitent; received *that* reward which her merits deserved, and her situation in life most needed; a husband worthy of herself. Not long after

the death of Mrs. Williams, Eliza Atherton became the wife Thomas Littlejohn.

I have said in the course of this history, (or intended to say) that no American can marry an English wife—(still less a French or Italian,) without imminent risque of confronting manifold domestic evils; unless he preferred passing his life in his wife's country rather than his own. There may be many exceptions to this general rule, as well as all others. Certainly the union of the Rev. Thomas Littlejohn and Eliza Atherton is one. She, when a child, had been brought into this country; and although surrounded in her father's house by the contemners of every thing American, *their* opinions she had learned to distrust, (for children at a very early age discern good from evil,) and her own impressions and opinions formed at school, and among Americans, were all favourable to the country. When carried back to her native land, although one of the best and most favoured on earth, her portion of its joys was overshadowed by the weaknesses of her family, their errors, and their poverty. That poverty had been removed by an American. From America she had received nothing but good. Relatives or intimates she had none in England. She had no London life to regret, nor any of the luxuries of refined society or literary facilities to contrast with a lesser degree of the same blessings in America. In consequence of the connection of her two sisters with the country, she had paid particular attention to its history and to its institutions. She had a strong mind from nature, improved by study and observation; and she was far from concluding that a nation was composed of rogues because one of its adventurers was a swindler. She could not contrast happy days of youth in her own country, with those of the more sober decline of life, (however blessed by circumstances,) which *must* arrive to all. Above all—she had a disposition from nature, confirmed by experience and religious feeling to be happy, and make others so. Such a woman, united to a man who could appreciate her worth, may be happy in America, let her be born where she will. We pass over the time of mourning, courtship, and other affairs. The youngest Littlejohn and Eliza were married.

The reader already knows, or may imagine, where General Williams was during the last scenes of his wife's pilgrimage. He found reasons for frequent visits to his relative in Pennsylvania. After the last trying scene he remained for a time at home. He was overwhelmed with grief at the premature

death of his beloved wife. He observed all decent forms and ceremonies, as may be supposed. He had still an income, (the fruit of the marriage) which he enjoyed as well, and as creditably, as such a man might be expected to do. Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn had no further intercourse with him. Emma never divulged the secret that was placed in her power. It is unnecessary to say that the other personages in whom *we are interested, cut his acquaintance.* I will do the same. He returned to Europe, either disgusted by the coarseness of republicanism, as Tom Moore, the disciple of Anacreon, and the mirror of elegance, has since been, or to avoid a kind of suspicion, (that was increasing upon him,) that his virtues, talents, knowledge and patriotism, were not so generally or highly appreciated as they ought to be. He passed the remainder of his days in France. A monument in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise commemorates his many virtues. As his wealth died with him, he was never canonized.

We will return to other personages of importance in our story.

Spiffard felt, as a man of principle with his peculiar character, may be supposed to feel, under circumstances of so extraordinary a nature as had occurred to him. He regretted the sternness of his conduct towards his wife. He sometimes reproached himself as the immediate cause of her death. He treated her mother with tenderness. He felt no ties of a strong or durable nature between himself and his former associates, Cooper excepted, who had always been *at bottom* a true friend; and who now yielded to his wishes of withdrawing from the stage, at least for the present. To Cooke his sympathies seemed to wax stronger, although it was apparent that the cord must soon be severed. When he accused himself of hastening the death of the unhappy Mary, by behaviour at times harsh, at times sullen, always wavering, and to her inexplicable; he conceived that his conduct in part to the distress of mind he had felt, while urged on by his companions to violence, and involved in a supposed quarrel entered into from regard to her. He could not but think with regret of the want of confidence in his wife which his conduct implied; and which must have rendered his behaviour onerous. He remembered every unkind word or look that had escaped him. The hints of the honest yankee traveller occurred to him. He feared, yet he wished to sound Trusty on the subject; and an opportunity offered which led to further knowledge.

Trustworthy Davenport was like his countryman Spiffard in

his attachment to Cooke, which seemed to increase as the veteran became more infirm. This faithful servant called with a note from the tragedian, and Spiffard, after reading it, and assenting to its request, felt impelled to approach the mysterious subject.

"Well, Trusty, all goes on famously at the theatre, I suppose?"

"I don't think, I guess, that it goes on so well without Mr. Cooke and you. However, I never go now."

"And how is it at the Manager's?"

"Much the same. The flies will come round the honey-pot."

"Open house still?"

"Open house and open hand. But as I stick close to the old gentleman, I haven't been called upon to help George as I used to be invited when the company was large, as it was almost every day, judges and generals, lawyers and doctors, and always Mr. Allen, the most mischievousest of all, and the old colonel, and Mr. Hilson—a good-natured laughing soul. But, as I said before, I stay at home, for Mr. Cooke wants me more and more."

"Davenport, do you remember what you said to me some time ago respecting quizzing—hoaxing—or something of that sort?"

"Not exactly."

"But you remember you said you overheard something that you thought might apply to me?"

"It's not extremely improbable but I might remember saying something of that nature, but I disremember the words."

"You had a suspicion which I then thought ungrounded, that I had been deceived—made a—

"Fool of."

"Yes, in plain language, made a fool of—and if so—a miserable fool indeed."

"Why, plain language is best, when one knows the body one is speaking to; and I verily believe there is not a man on arth that has less twistification in thought, word, or deed than you, Mr. Spiffard. I did think there had been a pretty considerable quantity of round-about-the-hedge and behind-the-bush-play in that there affair."

"What affair?"

"That's not like yourself, because you know what I mean. Now I verily believe—but I can't assert it—because I can't

prove it—that all the challenges, and letters, and messages about the duel—were all moonshine."

It is in vain to endeavour to portray the agitation of our hero's mind on hearing the confirmation of his misgivings. He wished to be certain—he doubted—he believed—he feared to know the truth—he was bewildered—the thought occurred, "how shall I act towards these men who have abused my unsuspecting faith?—Is it not better to remain in doubt?" These vacillating thoughts kept him silent.

Davenport resumed. "I did think, Mr. Spiffard, that it was a shame to make you unhappy by a will-of-the-wisp conjured up for these young gentlemen's sport; and I ventured to hint-like my conclusions from circumstances; but I was sorry for it afterwards, and I would not have said a word about it now if you had not a' asked me."

"My good Trusty, tell me all you know!"

"Why, the mischief of the case is, I know nothing certain. You must have known many times, Mr. Spiffard, when you have heard and seen just enough to make you draw conclusions, and yet the words you heard, if set to stand alone, would fall down, like an empty bag set on end, and mean nothing."

"It is true. But did you ever think that the whole affair—do you know what it was?"

"Lord bless you! I heard them talk of challenges, pistols, Hobuck, Love-lane, and all that, that I knew there was a duel, rale or sham, as well as if they had took me into the plot."

"Plot?"

"I thought, and think so still, and can't help it. I heard one of them say, 'could any one have believed that he could be persuaded that the blackguard he had silenced so easily, was a gentleman and a man of honour?' that I heard plain as preaching. And then what I told you before, about saying 'that such an one would not do,' and what I saw—and what I heard since—a word here, and a word there, makes me surer, by connexions, and concoctions, that they were all the time bamboozling you with a man of green cheese—what did they call him?"

"Captain Smith."

"That's the name. I've heard them name it again and again, and laugh, and ask, 'when is Captain Smith to come again?' and the manager would say, 'No, no, we've had enough of it'—and all put together, is as sure to me as con-

fessions to Father Luke. And so you see, sir, I know nothing that I can testify."

"Davenport, I hope you have said nothing of this to any one else."

"Certain, I have not. I hate a mischief maker. It was that Allen was the soul of it. I never said a lisp to any body; and I was sorry afterwards that I said any thing to you."

"Then, Trusty, keep your suspicions to yourself, as you value my friendship."

"You may depend upon me. I love fun; but I hate to see that made game of, which, as I take it, is the very best of a man; I mean that disposition to think other folks are as true-spoken as oneself; and that's you, Mr. Spiffard."

"I thank you, Davenport."

"There's no needs—for I can't help it."

"It is hard if a man cannot confide in the words of his fellow man. In the words of gentlemen."

"I never pretended to be a gentleman, and I never saw the fun of telling a lie, although I am a traveller. I have told you all I know, Mr. Spiffard, and what I *have* told you may believe."

"I do." Spiffard shook the hard hand of the yankee traveller, and if he had been any other than an American in the station of a servant, he would have followed up the impulse he felt to put money in the hand, but he knew his own countrymen too well.

Trustworthy departed, and our hero threw himself on a chair, and thought over all the late circumstances of an affair that had so agitated him at the time, and still perplexed him. His conviction that he had been made a dupe of, for the sport of others, and that his anxiety had soured his better feelings, and tended to produce the fatal event which hung heavy on his mind—his wavering in thought as to the conduct he ought to pursue towards these young men—the shame of avowing his credulity—his aversion to acknowledge that he had been moved as a puppet by a man so inferior to himself as Mr. Allen,—all these mingling and contending thoughts long unfitted him for business and society. He however became calm by degrees, and came to the wise resolution of suiting his companions to his habits; and so to behave towards his former associates, that they should have no clue to his suspicion, or his conviction of their frivolous conduct. With his friend, the manager, he made no change, except to withdraw himself from his hospitable board; recent circumstances *were* sufficient as his excuse.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The death of G. F. Cooke.

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

"Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is not of Heaven nor earth.'

"So happy be the issue * * *
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love."—*Shakspeare.*

THE murders (including suicides and deaths by duelling) that are the fruits of intemperance, constitute far the greater portion of those which stain the records of the judicial, or private history of society.

The brutal quarrels which end in the immediate death of one or both of the parties; the polite differences that are terminated in blood by the sword or pistol; the female victims who are sacrificed by drunken husbands, and who sink under violence more barbarous than the most ferocious soldier perpetrates, when in the career of glorious victory he sacks a city—or the wives who sink sorrowfully by the slow torture of disappointed hope; the deadly blow inflicted by jealousy stimulated to madness after the enticing draught; the self-murder committed under the immediate influence of alcohol; or the deliberate, suicidal, dastardly crime, which is weeks, and months, and years in the accomplishing: all belong to the same family, and fill the greater part of the history of guilt.

It is our task to record a few instances of the misery occasioned by this deplorable vice. They are not creations of the fancy, but the sad picture of reality, softened in feature and

colouring, rather than exaggerated, or even exhibited in a strong light. The story of the eminent tragedian who has occupied so many of our pages, is an example of the latter class of suicides. May his tale (the tale of thousands,) be a salutary warning to those who read it! and may this simple catalogue of murders, all springing from the same source, make the young turn from the temptation which besets them; and the old, who may have erred during the customs of "thirty years ago," abjure that which is destroying themselves, and is a snare to those who follow them!

Far be it from me to assert, or insinuate, that the detestable vice which is the parent of so many crimes, is (or has been) more prevalent in this country than in others. Lamentable as are the instances I have recorded, they are but a few of the many I have witnessed. Yet we know that in Europe the same destruction is going on triumphantly. Witness the gin palaces, and the theatres of London. I will quote from an American author of the highest character, who is known not to spare the faults of his countrymen. "On the whole," says James Fenimore Cooper in his Switzerland, "I repeat for the eleventh time, that I have come to the conclusion there is less of this degrading practice at home, among the native population, than in any other country I have yet visited. Certainly much less than there is either in England or France."

But let us not cease our endeavours to eradicate a practice that is so deadly to every faculty of body and mind!

The note from Cooke, mentioned in the last chapter, requested the immediate presence of his young friend; who accordingly repaired, after composing his thoughts, to the lodgings of the tragedian. He first told Miss Portland, who still for a short time remained with her aunt, where he was going.

On his arrival he found that the physicians were in consultation in an adjoining chamber. Davenport was in attendance on Cooke. Spiffard was struck by the evident change in the old gentleman's appearance, although he had recently seen him.

"I am glad to see you, my young friend. I have a request to make. You must introduce that angel to me who saved me, for a little while; whether for better or not, is something doubtful; but, at all events, I would thank her—I would see her sweet face instead of those of Davenport and the Doctor's. They are holding a consultation in the next room, as to the time of execution, I presume, for condemnation is past. There

is a gathering of them; for you know where the carcase is "there will the crows be gathered together."

"It is 'eagles,' not crows. You misquote," said Spiffard.

"Birds of prey—birds of prey—call them what you will, eagles or crows:—*these* are good fellows. They are consulting—but I know the result—I can't last many hours."

He spoke in a husky voice, little above a whisper; but smiled in the face of his friend, and pressed his hand affectionately.

The principal among the many liberal minded medical men of the city, were interested in the welfare of the tragedian. Doctors Cadwallader, Hosack, McLean, and Francis, were at this moment in consultation. They entered, and Cadwallader, as the oldest, communicated their opinion in as gentle terms as he could devise; for they had thought proper to notify the sick man that he had but a few hours to live.

"Doctor," said the patient, in the same low whisper, but with a look that seemed to contradict their opinion, "we must all play the principal part in life's last scene, and I am favoured in having such prompters and actors with me." He then added, with levity, perhaps to be attributed to disease, or the composing draught of the previous night, "I have for a great while played the *first part*—perhaps I have now the most difficult—the next will be mere dumb show, the part of a mute in the churchyard scene. I have played every speaking part in *Hamlet*, from the prince to the grave digger; the next will be the skull. Some fellow with a dirty spade will be thumping me on the pate; or some learned philosopher will read a homily on the effects of the passions or appetites upon the bones of the cranium, for the benefit of medicine or morals. 'Where be your gibes now!—Quite chap-fallen!—Well, well, 'And a man's life is no more than to say, one.'"

The dying man, for such he was, appeared less to feel his situation than any one present—Spiffard and Davenport more. There was silence for a time, which was broken by the audible sobs of Trustworthy, who had been sitting by the foot of the bed, but not being able to repress his emotion, started up and left the room.

Cooke, on hearing and seeing this, hid his face on the pillow for a few moments, and then looking up with recovered firmness, addressed Doctor Cadwallader.

"I thank you, Doctor, for being frank with me. I thought it must be so. I have often been racked with pain similar to, but more violent than I have lately felt; but I never thought

it was death's hand that was on me till to-day. I am now comparatively free from pain. I have whimpered, and whined, as you know, Mr. Spiffard, and have been as maudlin at one time, as brutal at another. I see it all now. I have no disposition to be lachrymose; but if I could undo some of the mischief I have done, I should be the happier for it. That's past—that's past!—but I have a strong desire to see and serve—essentially serve those who preserved me when I otherwise should have perished like a houseless cur in the snow of the streets. Mr. Spiffard, you know—that night!—O that night! It is present in my dreams; and oftener, in my waking reveries; oftener than my words have indicated. That night! That night."

"Your feelings are too much excited."

"I must prohibit talking."

"Nay, Doctor, a few minutes longer or shorter—an hour more or less—matters not now; but a deed of justice matters much. There was a young nymph-like figure that hovered around me—an angel—perhaps a token of forgiveness. I recognised her as one I had seen before—but then there were others that I thought I had seen and heard before; but that was madness. Mr. Spiffard, you have acknowledged that you know who the angel was."

"I have told you, Sir. It was the niece of Mrs. Epsom."

"Can I see her? Do I know her?"

"You once rescued her from insult at the theatre."

"I remember! and she rescued me from death. Can I see her?"

Spiffard assured him that he thought she would attend at his request.

The physicians interfered to prevent excitement, and told him that it was only on condition of his being composed, they could promise him the power to express his gratitude to Miss Portland. He promised obedience, and his physicians, leaving such medicines as were necessary, departed. Spiffard, promising him to bring Emma to see him, left him with his faithful attendants.

The next morning Spiffard conducted Emma Portland to the bed side of the grateful old man. She might have felt some reluctance at the thought of being brought forward to receive thanks for what appeared to her as the common duty of humanity, but she had higher views and holier hopes to support her.

She knew, though her conductor did not, the relation in

which her betrothed and his mother stood to the erring man. They had determined to remain unknown to him, and to continue the name and character in which they had heretofore appeared in the country of their adoption. There were perhaps engagements which he had entered into on the supposition of their death, which were not to be broken or disturbed. But Emma, among other hopes, felt a wish to be, although in secret, a link between the man who was to be her husband—the woman who was already her second mother—and the penitent who had abandoned them; and worse, driven them from him.

Unhesitatingly she approached the man who only twice before had been in her presence; once acting as her guardian and protector from insult, and once wanting even such protection as her weak frame, but strong mind, could give, to save him from death—the death of the unsheltered outcast wanderer.

Cooke held out his hand and welcomed the lovely girl. At his request, and with the permission of one of his kind physicians, he was bolstered up, as he said, "to look once more on the face of an angel."

"I am sorry, sir," said Emma, blushing, "to see you so reduced in strength."

"You have seen me in a worse plight."

"I have seen you a gallant knight rescuing a forlorn damsel from the attack of a monster," she said, smiling.

"Monster, indeed, that would injure *you!*"

"And I hope to see you again protecting the weak, and aiding the distressed."

"No, no!"

"Mr. Cooke," said his physician, "you must make your interview short."

"Well, well, I will obey. First, my dear young lady, receive my thanks for saving me from a dog's death. Don't say a word. I must be concise. You must do me a favour. I understand that the good people who received me under their roof on *that* right, have had a happy reverse of fortune. They, therefore, do not need, and have refused, pecuniary tokens of my gratitude. Be it so. You must mediate between them and me. You must prevail on the lady to receive and wear a ring, as a remembrancer. You must give it with my blessing and thanks—no one can deny *you*. Trusty! in my desk, of which you keep the key, you will find in the left hand drawer a ring-case. Bring it to me." It was brought

to him. "This ring has had no owner for twenty years and more—let it remind that good lady that George Frederick died gratefully remembering her."

He sunk back after Emma had received the jewel. The physician hurried her and Spiffard out of the room. In an hour from that time the worn-out frame of the great tragedian was lifeless.*

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* The *remains* of George Frederick Cooke were buried in St. Paul's Church Yard, New-York, (after certain portions were abstracted,) and a monument was some years afterwards placed over them by Edmund Kean, a man of great genius, who followed in Cooke's steps, and exceeded him, if not in skill, certainly in depravity; and of course sunk earlier in life to debility, disease, and the tomb. The writer of Kean's life tells us a story of Kean and Cooke's great toe. If other parts of his book are as accurate, his hero, who is represented as a profligate, may have been a saint. It is true, that Kean carried, as a relic, to England, a fragment of the man he imitated. It was the bones of that fore-finger with which George Frederick enforced the words of his author in a manner never to be forgotten by those who saw him on the stage.

It has been my task to exhibit, I hope for the good of my fellow creatures, the effects of intemperance upon the external appearance, conduct, moral character and happiness of this extraordinary man, and I have called upon Dr. John W. Francis, one of his physicians, to aid me, by showing the internal ravages of the fiend upon those organs which the beneficent Author of Nature has given for our comfort and usefulness, as evinced in the case of Mr. Cooke and others. I make an extract from his most valuable reply to my interrogatories: a portion of which is already given.

"Every body knows that intemperance exercises a singularly direct influence on the liver: the pancreas and the spleen are also deeply affected by long continued inebriety, particularly the pancreas. The researches of the pathologist have led him to describe several striking alterations in the liver. It may become, by free drinking, preternaturally hard or scirrhous; be converted into an entire mass of tubercles; and these may be more or less deep seated or superficial, with or without abscess; its whole structure may also be changed: it may be rendered, by undue excitement, congested and obstructed, and become extraordinarily enlarged; and we may here remark, that the inordinate plethora of the blood-vessels, which so repeatedly accompanies excess in eating and hard drinking, evinces its powers particularly on this organ. But many pages could be devoted to a description of the diseased changes which have been noticed in this important part of the human economy. I once asked old Mr. Fife, the anatomist at Edinburgh, who was dissector at the University, how great was the largest sized liver he had ever encountered in his examination of dead bodies for collegiate purposes? He answered *fifty-seven* pounds!! and this occurred in the person of an inebriate who had long lived in the East Indies. You may judge the more accurately of the ponderosity of this liver, when you reflect that the ordinary size of the organ may vary from four to seven or eight or nine pounds; and you might infer that such a liver would have formed bile enough for an army; yet this man died from the deficiency of this secretion. The livers of those who abuse their constitution by alcoholic, or distilled drink, is, however, generally preternaturally diminished and found in a scirrhous state; while fermented drinks will the rather augment the volume of the organ; such at least I have found to be the fact in several dissections. In poor George Frederick Cooke, as you may recollect, the liver was very small, studded with tubercles, and as hard as *cartilage.* The pancreas, so important to serve healthy digestion, under-

On the return of Spiffard and Emma to Mrs. Epsom's, they found Henry Johnson. It was Emma's intention to visit Mrs. Johnson and execute her trust in private; but before she left home for this purpose, Davenport brought the tidings to Spiffard of the death of Cooke, and in all haste the young man repaired with the messenger to the spot, where he still found the physician.

Henry and Emma repaired to Mrs. Johnson's. The young bearer of thanks delivered the message. But on the sight of the ring Mrs. Johnson was deeply affected.

"My children," she said, after being relieved by tears, "this ring was a present to me before marriage. When I fled my country I returned it. See how it has come again. Henry! ought I not to see him?"

"It is too late, madam, if it were right—it is too late. This message to you was the last sentence he spoke."

Strange as it may appear, the health of that amiable woman was restored; seemingly mending from that time. She lived long to witness and enjoy the happiness of Henry and Emma. He, after a time, the prosperous partner of Littlejohn & Co., as well as of the once Emma Portland. She a thriving partner in a no less prosperous concern. The prosperity of both houses based on the immoveable foundation of temperance.

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goes many alterations in the bodies of inebriates; a scirrhous condition is perhaps the most frequent. The spleen seems most to suffer from the consequences of inordinate excitement, and becomes overloaded."

"Other parts of the economy are also brought to suffer from the rebellious influence of alcohol; but I should trespass far beyond the prescribed limits to detail them here. Enough has perhaps already been given in these imperfect notes; a large catalogue would neither suit your plan, nor my present convenience. Moreover, *ex pede Herculem.*"

Very sincerely your friend,
J. W. FRANCIS.

WM. DUNLAP, Esq.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

All disposed of.

" To say nothing, or to say all you think, and at all times, provided no personal offence is intended, or sought to be given, is the course for an honest man, for a lover of truth, invariably to pursue."—*Anon.*

" Thither in a sieve I'll sail."

" To what issue will this come."

" Read on this book."

" I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."—*Shakspeare.*

" Fame is the wise man's means; but his ends are his own good, and the good of society.—*Bolingbroke.*

" Purpose is but the slave of memory. Farewell.—*Shakspeare.*

The Rev. Mr. Littlejohn sat between his father and wife. He had been intently reading the Scriptures.

" I strongly desire again to become a teacher of the lessons of life, but I must refrain for years yet to come. I will employ those years in those studies which enrich the mind and fit the student for his high calling. I will not ascend the pulpit until the world is convinced that the former aberration of my reason has left no traces but those of salutary humiliation and self-doubting."

" My son, the perfect restoration of your health and reason are already proved."

" To you—not to the world—not to the public—who are more prone to observe the failing than the amendment. I do not mean to censure them for it. The failing was glaringly obtrusive; the amendment is quiet, and shrinking from observation. Quiet does not catch the attention of the busy or the gay; and the busy or the gay are the world. Man may justly require a long continuation of the interrupted exertion of reason, to give assurance of perfect restoration and habitual

health of mind, in one who professes to teach truth. I have in you, my father, and you, Eliza, a double assurance that I shall continue in the paths of peace."

He pressed his father's hand. The old man's eyes filled with tears of love and joy. Eliza threw herself on her husband's neck and wept. He alone could speak.

"The restoration of physical and mental health; the gifts of fortune and of such friends, might be thought enough for earthly happiness; if we did not know that happiness can only be gained by continued efforts to bless our fellow men—by doing our duty to man, and thereby doing the will of God."

With such views and resolutions we may leave this domestic circle.

One of the personages introduced to the reader, and for whom I hope some interest is felt, was not inclined to quiet.

George Frederick Cooke had not neglected his faithful servant; and Trustworthy Davenport found himself, by the accumulation of wages, and a handsome legacy, in possession of what he said was "a considerable small fortune."

After he had most sincerely mourned for his friend and master, he told Dennis Dogherty that he was "railly at a nonplush as to what next to do."

"Why don't you set up for Congress?" said Dennis.

"No. I don't like to talk and do nothing; besides I like to have my own way. I have determined to travel; but I am at a loss to make up my mind as to the how, or the which way."

"Travel. For what would you travel?"

"To see the world and bring home notions. I never was tied to one spot so long before; and now that I can't help the only cretur on arth I ever called my master—now *that* good man—that mought a' been, if he would a' took the water naturally—now that he is gone, I must go."

"Not the same way, sure?"

"Not yit. But I was born with the desire to travel. My mammy never could keep me long enough on her lap to feed me. I have got the name of the Yankee traveller, and I well deserve it. To be sure I might, now that I have serv'd a sort of 'prenticeship to the stage—I might make my *debutt*, as they call it, and then go to London as a star, "slow rising from the west," as one of the poets has it. But I have an objection to stand up, without any breast work, to be shot at by *encores* or *hisses*, just as any drunken blackguard or conceited coxcomb pleases, and have no chance to fire back again. No! Free trade and travel for Trusty!"

"But what will you get by it?"

"Knowledge and seal-skins. I never envied any man so much as my brother Yankee, that Ledyard, who kept going round the world, as long as he could go ahead, by land or water, and rather than not be going he would go barefoot to Siberia. Then there was another Yankee, that Shockford, a rale water-dog, that mann'd his own vessel with his own hands—"

"Niggers, I suppose."

"And steered her with his own head. Himself captain, mate, cook, cabin-boy and crew! How grand that fellow must have felt when he danced on the waves, and buffetted the winds! When he had the whole ocean to himself, and could say to the sun, "You and I are the only creturs above this wide and boundless prairie of salt water, and for aught I know, I am the greater of the two!"

Trusty, who could not be stopped by Dennis's "Niggers," was now silent in the contemplation of his imagined sublimity; and the Hibernian was as much bewildered as one of that clear-headed race could be.

"Mr. Devilsport," he said, at length, "Dis is not the first time that you have bother'd me: and what you mane by yourself and your son, and your hands and your mate, I don't comprehend exactly at all. But is it how you are to manage to spind your fortune now you are Cooke's executor?"

"His legatee. Heaven bless him, I didn't call him master for the sake of a legacy. He is gone, and so I'll travel. I am rich—that is, I am well to do in the world, if I do well. Plain dealing and switchell for that."

"If I understand, you have not yet made up your mind."

"Pretty much. Travel I will. But whether I shall invest my funds in a carriage, horse, and a stock of wooden clocks and tin ware for the western states and territories, and so travel by land; or whether I shall build a vessel, load her, and navigate her round Cape Horn to trade with the savages and cannibals of the South Sea Islands; then cross the Pacific to China, and return by the Cape of Good Hope, I have not yet determined."

"Blood and tunder! Why you must have a bank or a treasury department of your own to do all that. Build a ship—man her and victual her! You have big notions, Mr. Devilsport!"

"Yankee notions. Did you not hear of a man who crossed the Atlantic in a boat just big enough to carry himself, his

provisions and water; mann'd her with himself, and by himself, and was owner, captain, mate and crew?"

"That I did not. And what countryman was he?"

"What country but Yankee-land could grow sich a cretur? Now if he could do that thing, I'll be swampt if I don't do more."

"And swampt you will be, sure enough."

"I've a conceit that I'll be the greatest Yankee-traveller the world ever saw. Yes, Dennis, I think the south sea voyage is more sublime than the tin-cart!"

As we have not heard of any extraordinary sensation produced by Trustworthy in the territories, or the Rocky Mountains, we suppose that he indulged himself as a navigator, and is now luxuriating in the Sandwich Islands, or exploring the yellow sea, or making discoveries at one or other pole. We doubt not his safety, and unless when he returns he should write his autobiography or reminiscences, we hope to be employed for the benefit of posterity in doing both for him.

Dennis aspired to a seat in congress. His first step was a corner grocery, by which he found that the city elections were to be influenced through the naturalized. How high he stands on the ladder we know not.

George Frederick Cooke died on the 26th of September, 1812. Attended to the last by his family physician, his trusty valet, and one who had been his faithful nurse throughout his illness. None knew the story of Mrs Johnson and her son, but that son's wife.

Of the inferior actors in our tragi-comedy, one more shall be noticed. Old Kent married a second wife, but never forgot the first. In process of time, with his younger wife, and a brood of young Kents, he wisely determined, for his children's sake, to remove to Liberia, where we hope he is still usefully employed as a teacher, and keeper of a circulating library, his school well attended, and his books (among which we hope this will be placed) much sought after. He writes occasionally to his friends in New York, particularly Mrs. Emma Johnson; and joins in blessing the leaders and supporters of the society for removing the descendants of Africans to the land of their fathers, imbued with those principles and precepts—instructed in that knowledge and those arts, which will make the desert bloom as a garden, and cause

the white man to blush at the thought that ever there should have been a day in which it was necessary for the negro to cry, "am I not a man and a brother?" while exposed for sale to the highest bidder in the city of Washington.

Before the marriage of Eliza Atherton to Thomas Littlejohn, she insisted upon Spiffard's receiving such accumulation as had accrued of the proceeds of the annuity which he, in his days of supposed wealth, had liberally purchased for the Atherton family. After her marriage, the benefit of the whole was transferred to him. This made him independent: the Littlejohns insisted upon his receiving that which was no longer needed by those who had enjoyed his benevolence. He became a traveller; but a less ambitious one than his fellow Yankee.

Twelve years after the death of Mrs. Spiffard, a little thin gentleman was seen mounting to the pulpit of a church in Virginia; and to the surprise of the stranger, who had arrived from New York, he recognised Zebediah Spiffard, his old acquaintance of the Park Theatre. After hearing a most excellent sermon, the stranger waited in the street to accost the preacher, and accomplished a meeting, after the reverend man had passed through the kind and affectionate greetings of a large congregation. He was, after due study, ordained. He enjoyed the fruits of his experience and of his benevolent disposition, having all the comforts of life about him, except a wife. But there existed in Virginia circumstances which, after struggling against them in vain, forced him to return to the north. Many were the inducements to remain in that favoured land: frank manners, kind dispositions, unbounded hospitality; but he, even at that day, *he* set his heart upon establishing a "temperance society," foreseeing that if such a plant could be made to take root, it would spread, and be nourished and cultivated by all who saw or tasted of its fruit. Yes, Zebediah Spiffard, who had seen and felt the evils of intemperance, was the projector of the scheme which has saved thousands from destruction. But, alas! the obstacles that have always opposed projectors, did not fail to oppose our worthy clergyman. The mint-julep before breakfast in summer, and the egg-nogg in winter; the enticing toddy, with ice, at one season, and smoking hot at the other, as a prelude to dinner—with all the varieties of good old Jamaica rum, French brandy, real

Hollands, Irish whiskey, cordials of names innumerable, (although of one unchanging nature,) and wines from every part of the globe—all were in dread array opposed to the water-drinker's scheme.

Who can describe the Vermonter's astonishment, when on the morning after his arrival, (it was in the month of June,) he opened his eyes at the noise made by opening the chamber door, and saw a negro approaching his bed with a huge bowl, crowned with the fresh and fragrant herb, cool from the garden, and mingled with transparent ice.

"Master says, please to take a drink, and make you sleep till breakfast bell."

Somewhat oppressed by heat, and feverish from the previous day's travel, he looked on the green mint and ice—he smelt the odour only of the dew-spangled leaves, and took the bait from the hands of the slave—but the hook was soon obvious to his unsophisticated sense—and as the fumes of rum mingled with the cool atmosphere that surrounded the tempting draught—it was rejected almost with disgust.

The negro stared! "Him very good to make sleep, master."

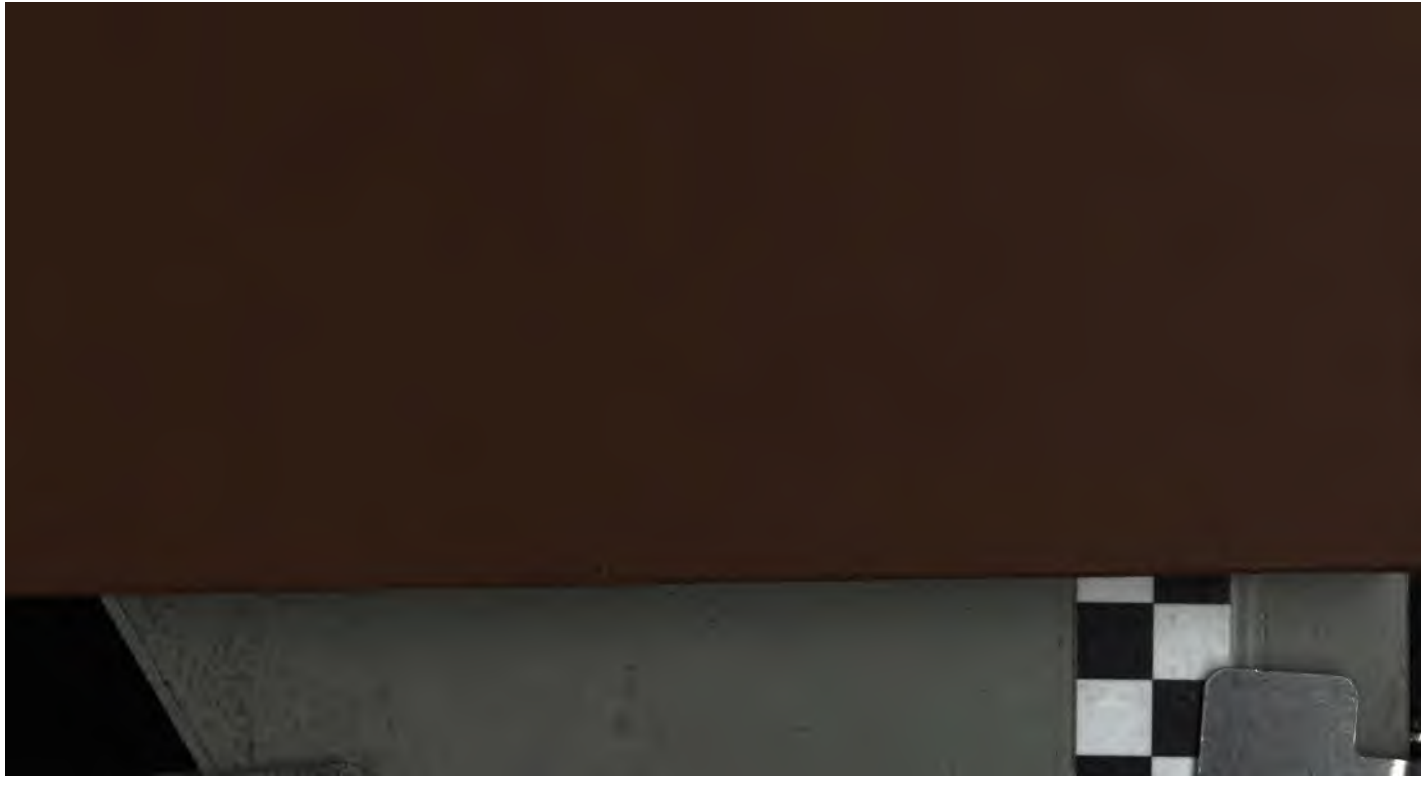
Spiffard excused himself—sent his thanks to the hospitable planter, who wished to welcome him with that which delighted himself—and instead of mint-julip, took water and a walk before breakfast.

Another repulsive enemy to his peace was ever before his eyes. It was *Slavery*. I may be permitted to mention it as an evil, although it is cherished at the seat of my country's government. But whether I have permission or not, I will say that I think and know it to be an evil; and (any sophistry to the contrary, notwithstanding) it is an evil that congress have power and right to root out of the district, which is appropriated as the hallowed spot where freemen meet to deliberate for the welfare of freemen.

Spiffard knew he was in a slave-holding state, but he believed, until he became a resident, that slave-holders considered slavery an *evil* entailed upon them, which they wished to throw off, and he was willing to assist them. But when he saw that negroes were bred for exportation—that they were *pen'd* in appropriate places, men, women and children shut up together, and kept in drunkenness until the prison ship was ready to carry them to the Mississippi—and that most of the male part of his congregation ardently desired the creation of more slave states as recipients for this growth of their plantations—he, in

melancholy mood, turned his face home, and now lives with the Littlejohns, assisting to rear the children of his aunt Eliza, and his friends Henry and Emma Johnson, in the precepts of heavenly love, and in promoting schools and societies for the diffusion of that knowledge which will bring peace to individuals and to nations.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say (but if only the necessary had been said or written, how few would be now our books, and how short the records of public speaking) that a moral is to be drawn from the story of Zebediah Spiffard, almost as useful as from that of George Frederick Cooke. For although temperance guarded the Vermonter from the ills which the tragedian drew upon himself, yet the water-drinker provided a train of other ills to torment the early portion of his life. First, by his disingenuous conduct toward his uncle—then by yielding to the allurements of a theatrical life, and renouncing the profession intended for him—and lastly, by his precipitate choice of a partner for life. The ills flowing from these false steps were consummated in the last; and the faults themselves were, *each one*, consequent upon *the other*. Experience, the great castigator, at length rendered him wise, and many years of his life were passed happily, employed in the offices of teaching and assisting others. He established temperance societies, organized schools, and assisted in every good plan proposed by others, for enlightening and ameliorating the condition of the poor or the erring.

THE END.

NOTE. To prevent any misapprehensions respecting Mr. Cooke's matrimonial affairs, be it remembered, that *the fiction* of a marriage with Miss Johnson must be dated in 1790. In 1796 he was *really* married to Miss Daniels, from whom he was divorced in 1800. In 1808 he married Miss Lamb, who took refuge from him with her friends, in March, 1809. In November, 1810, he arrived at New York, and on the 19th of June, 1811, he married a lady of Baltimore, who faithfully nursed him until his death, in September, 1812.